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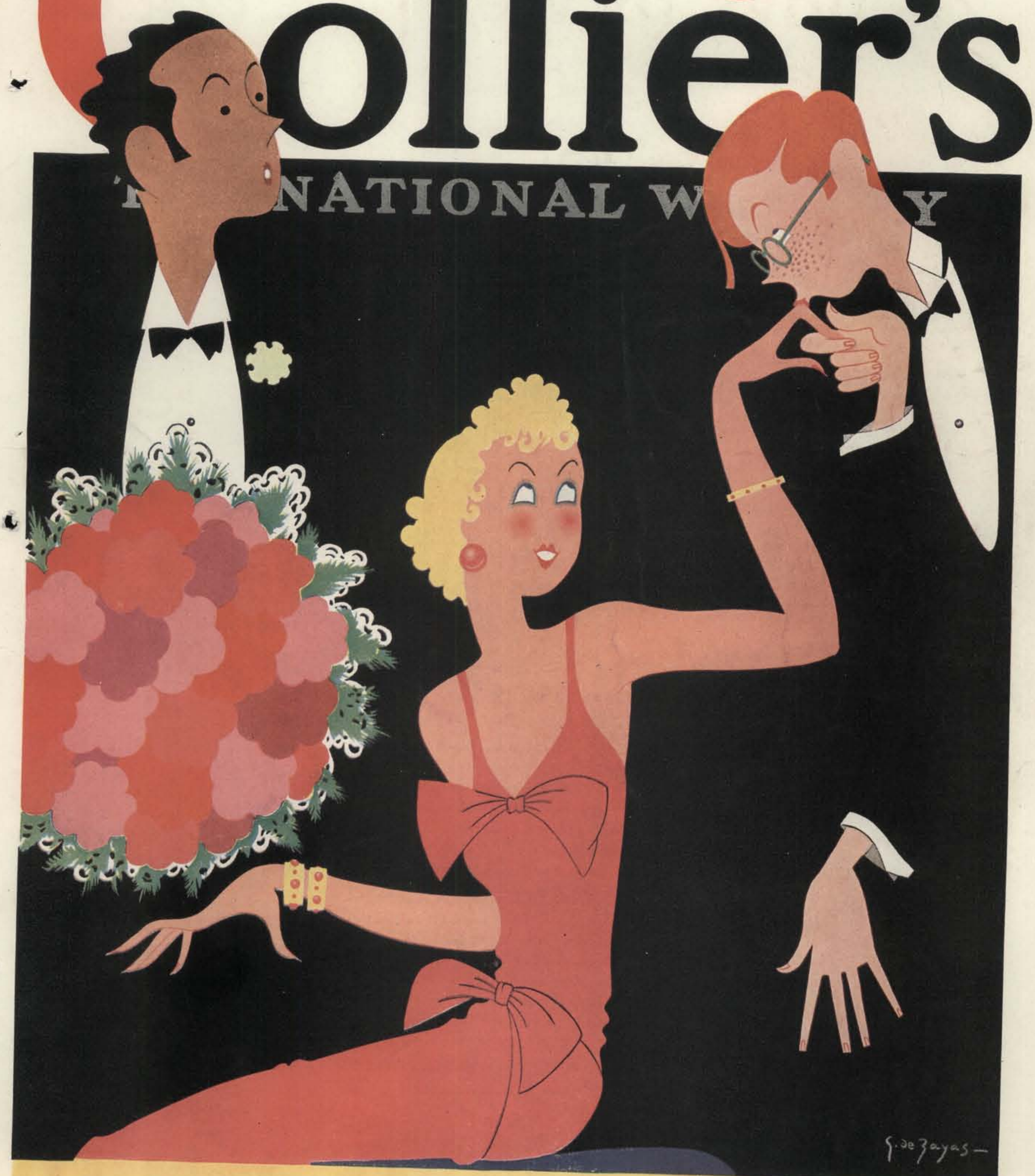

Traveling Light a short story by W. R. Bu

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Dec. 7, 1935

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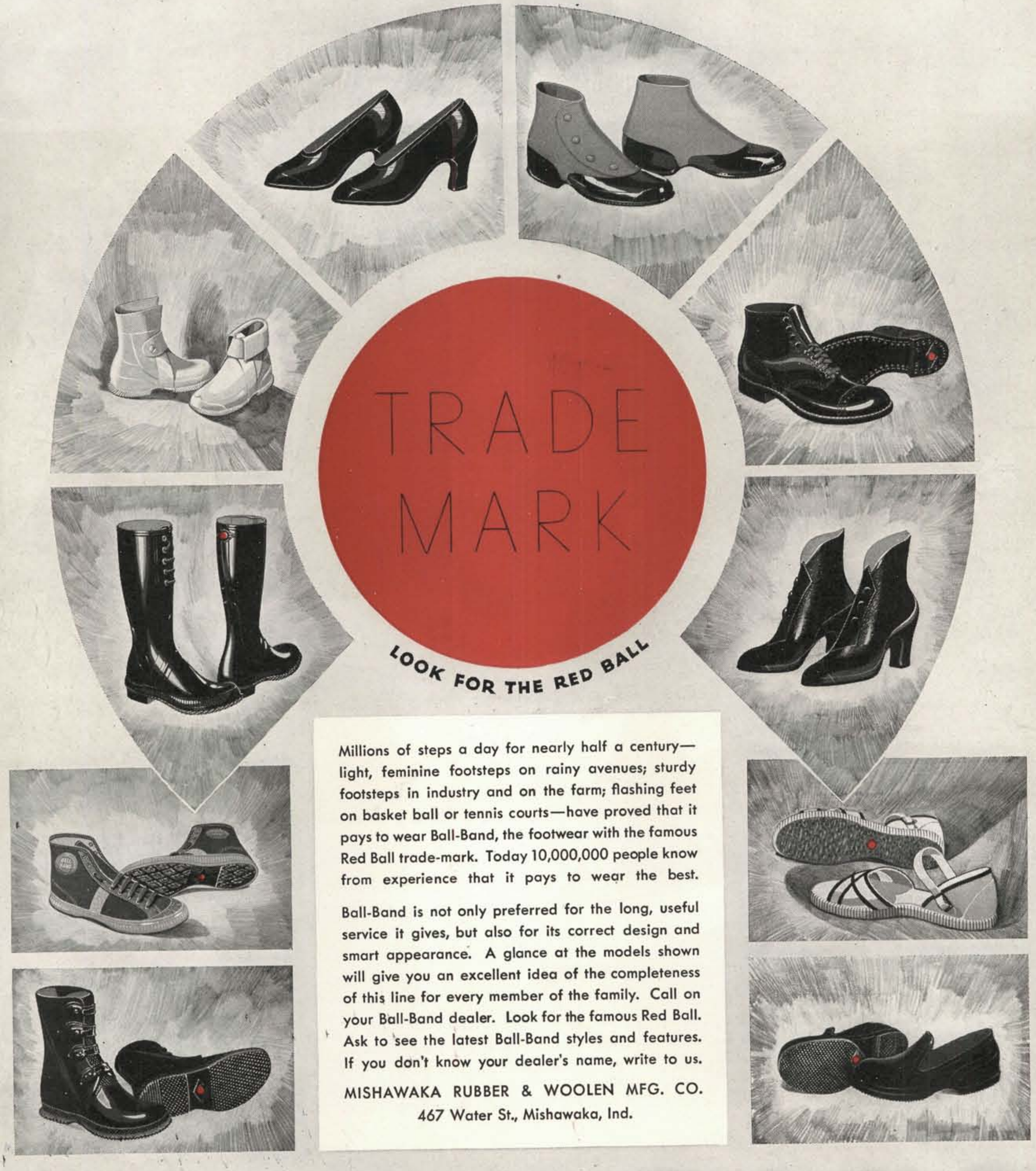
It pays to wear *the best*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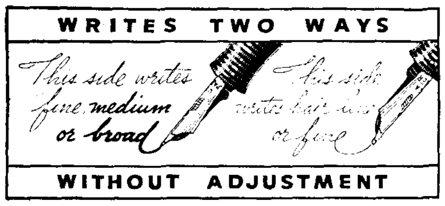
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Associate Editors

Next Week

IT WAS the day after Joe Morelli lost his fight to Danny Malone that the fleet steamed past Monterey Bay, and it was the morning after the basking sharks got into Joe's seine and ripped the net to ribbons. In fact, it was the hour when things looked blackest to Joe Morelli. And in that battle line was Number Forty-eight, Joe's ship in the time when he was Seaman Morelli, first class, and All-Navy featherweight champion.

Joe stood on the cabin of his boat and signaled to the fighting ship sweeping by. His heart was with the Navy, but his duty lay with the fishing fleet. In "Navy Bound" Talbert Josselyn tells his exciting story.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON first got the idea in the days before South Florida had begun to raise her crop of celery, citrus fruit and bathing beauties. Very likely if the canal had been dug then little would have been said about it. Now the opposition is violent and vociferous. Walter Davenport takes you to Ocala to watch the dirt fly on the transflorida canal and listen to the comments "Splitting Florida."

WHEN Melinda set out to buy her "Party Dress" she expected to be waited on by a salesgirl and not by an artist with unruly red hair and a highly disrespectful smile. The fact that his conversation was more impudent than his smile made things no better. Melinda would have left at once if she hadn't needed the dress so much. Thus blossomed a very pretty romance, truthfully reported by Rebecca Stevenson.

WHENEVER you see the cast and directors of a picture stealing down back alleys under cover of night you can be pretty sure that a sneak preview is about to take place. As a special and unusual treat Henry F. Pringle takes you, in all secrecy and under promise of silence, to see this unique form of "Star Torture."

JIMMY COLLINS was an orchestra leader. He knew a lot about music. The first time he heard Dixie June sing he felt that he knew all he wanted to know about love. In "Without Music" C. S. Montanye shows you how he saved her from the lengthening shadows of the underworld.

HENRI DUVERNOIS writes the Short Short Story. Francis Wallace, in conclusion, proves that, whatever the odds, honor will triumph. Grantland Rice, Thomas McMorrow, George Creel, Ernest Haycox, Freling Foster and other celebrities will appear. And each will speak his piece.

This Week

December 7, 1935

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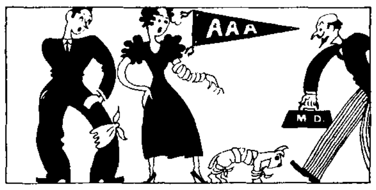
Any Week

AN EXTREMELY Republican Mr. Bauxmann in Topeka, Kansas, told us he didn't exactly believe in the AAA corn-hog program but had voted for it and would vote for Mr. Roosevelt because "while I'm not a superstitious man, I still can take a hint. I was arguing against the AAA at dinner," said Mr. Bauxmann, "and my wife and two daughters were giving me fits, saying I was ungrateful and an old fool. My wife got so excited she scalded her arm. I had to call in the doctor. Out at the barn afterward one of the horses kicked me in the leg and I had to have the doctor. The same night somebody ran over my dog and he had to have the doctor. So you see how it is. I stopped arguing and am voting for my AAA check. I have to give it to the doctors."



BUT in Kansas City, Missouri, we talked to a gambler who has definitely and permanently deserted Mr. Roosevelt and all his works. Business, said he, was rotten. His business. "Everything was going fine," said he, "until the government began welshing on relief. The government used to hand out straight dough to the unemployed and many a check I cashed for the poor souls who wanted to take a small fling. A guy's got to have some fun even if he is on relief. But this work relief's knocked hell out of my business." We asked him whether other businesses weren't picking up a bit. "How would I know?" he demanded. "I'm a sporting man."

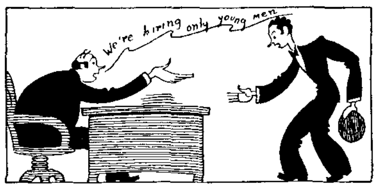
NO DOLDRUMS of that sort from Mr. Leverett, though. We fell in with Mr. Leverett, who lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and two of his companions. Young, brisk, bright and conquering they were too. They are organizers of Townsend clubs. They cover three or four states getting signers-up for the doctor's old-age-pension movement. They get so much for every signer who pays his dues. With them business was positively glittering. "It's a joke on the government," said Mr. Leverett. "A lot of the signers are on relief. Congress turned down the Townsend Plan but it is helping to support it just the same. Lots of the signers pay with relief money—lots of them." We asked Mr. Leverett why the old folks themselves didn't do the soliciting. "My dear sir," scoffed he, "don't you know that selling is a young man's game?"

NO ONE has ever accused us of being static. Mrs. Joe B. Russell of Fort Smith, Arkansas, thinks that "it is too bad you folks spend so much time running off in the wrong direction so much but we can always depend on you to get back on the right track soon. It saves us lots of time. Just be careful you don't get all tired out."

YOU can't fool Mr. Kenneth Gideon of Seattle, Washington, about the recent seismic disturbances in the West. They are, he holds, the direct and immediate result of a chance remark by his favorite waitress, who hoped that Roosevelt will be reelected, even though "he'll never be the President his father was."

AND Mr. Carl O. Dorff of St. Paul has a new motorcar. Anyway, he had it when we left. We've never seen so many gadgets and helpful devices on anything. And very powerful, too. "It's so powerful," said Mr. Dorff, "that it can take me over the hills to the poorhouse in high."

LATER we became deeply involved in a discussion about age. When did a young man become too old to be available for high-pressure work? Mr. Harold Jacoby of Minneapolis (University of Minnesota, 1925) said a man became obsolete at thirty-two. We were, of course, pretty scornful. "Well," said Mr. Jacoby, "all I know is that I've applied for jobs for several months now and when I told them I was going on thirty-three several of them waved me aside and said they were hiring only young men."



We're hiring only young men

AND just to show you how things go, we saw two volumes of the late Huey Long's Every Man a King on the ten-cent counter of a bookseller in Superior, Wisconsin. We asked the man about them. "I forgot I had them," he said. "Nobody wants them, anyway. I had three but somebody stole one. Wouldn't you think people would pay ten cents—ten cents for any book no matter how bad it is? Lot of philosophy in Senator Long's book—anyway ten cents' worth. But these days I can't get ten cents for Plato or Schopenhauer. People don't need philosophy. All they need is dumb patience." But we bought a book anyway.

LIFE of Eugene V. Debs for a nickel.

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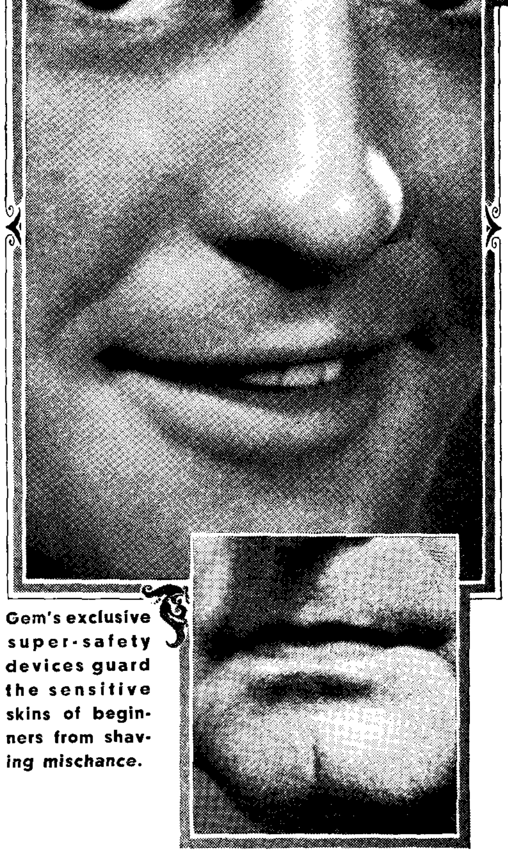

Gem's exclusive super-safety devices guard the sensitive skins of beginners from shaving mischance.

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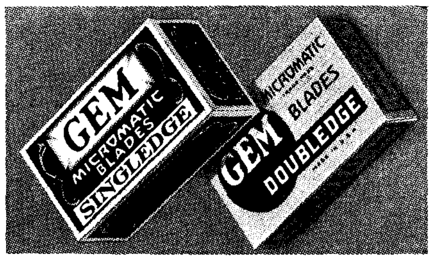

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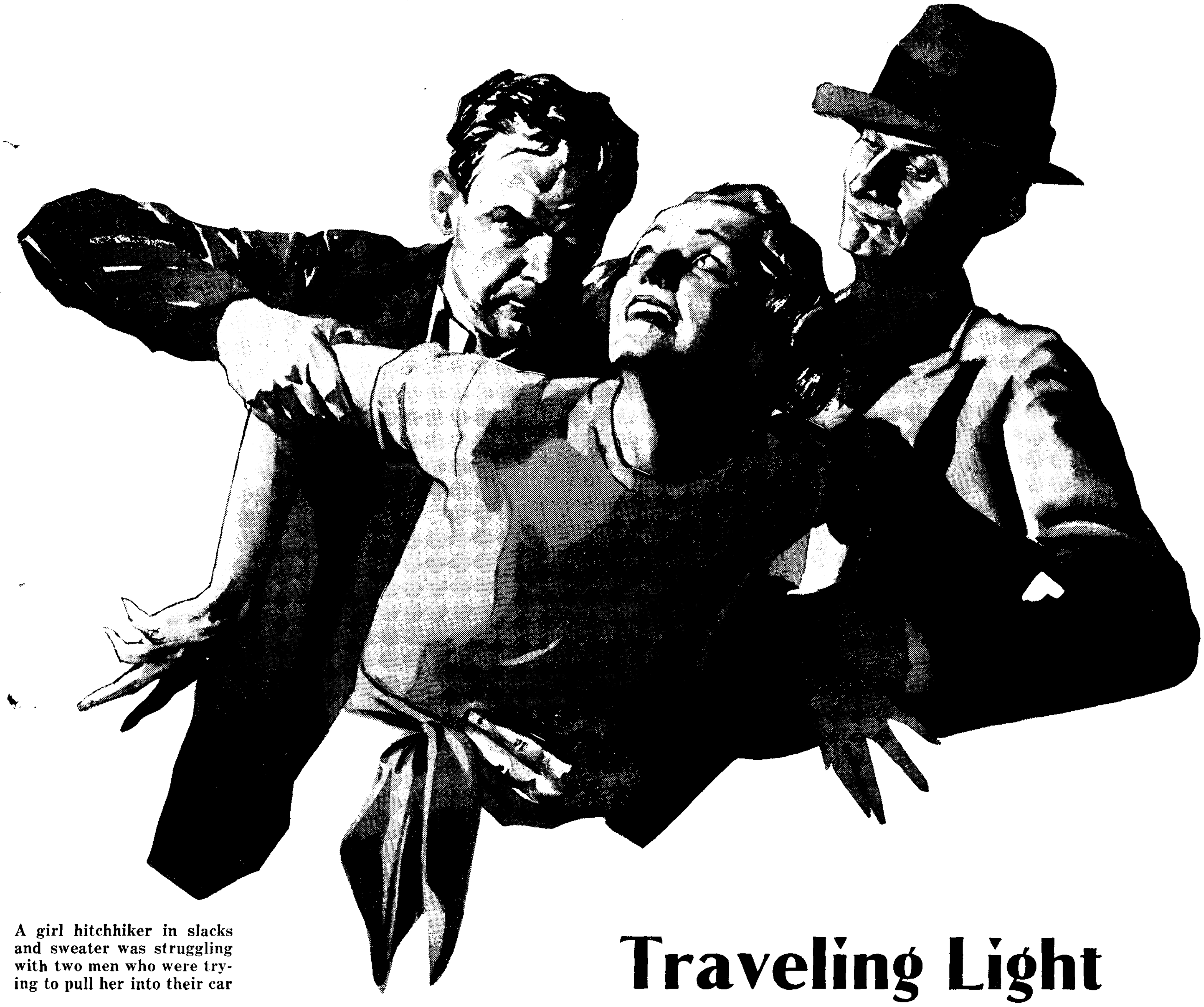


A girl hitchhiker in slacks and sweater was struggling with two men who were trying to pull her into their car

Traveling Light

By W. R. Burnett

The boy who was driving wondered why the cops were after them. So did the girl beside him. But the two men on the rear seat knew the answer. It's a tense, vivid drama of our roaring Age of Speed

JOHNNY ate slowly, relishing the good hot coffee and the combination sandwich. He had intended getting a plain ham sandwich, as he wanted to conserve his money, but the smell of cooking had been too much for him.

The counterman leaned on his elbow and stared past Johnny at the broad macadam highway in the glare of the Arizona winter sun. To the counterman Johnny was just another weary hitchhiker. Hordes of them passed every day; some of them headed for California, some of them headed East. Only one thing about Johnny interested him; he was wearing an old football sweater, and the numeral 7 could still be made out on the faded fabric across his shoulders, though the number itself had been ripped off long ago. The counterman turned from the road to stare languidly at Johnny.

"Come a long way?"

"Only from Ohio." Johnny grinned feebly.

The counterman whistled. "Football sweater you're wearing, ain't it?"

"Yeah. Freshman team at Ohio State."

"Make the varsity?"

"Yeah. I played my sophomore year. Halfback. But my old man ran out of dough."

"Hitting for Southern Cal?"

"Yeah," Johnny answered. "Los Angeles."

"Everybody is."

There was a loud shriek of tires and a big, expensive-looking sedan turned suddenly from the highway and stopped at the filling station with a jerk. Two men got out. One was big and broad-shouldered and redheaded; the other was small and frail-looking with a narrow face and black hair.

"Fill 'er up, Cap," called the big man. "We chow. Back in a minute."

"Boy," said the counterman, "that car's been places. Look at the dust all over it."

The men came in and sat down at the counter. Their well-cut clothes were covered with dust; their eyes were bloodshot and they both looked haggard and done in, the small one especially.

"Hey, pal," said the big one, "we want two club sandwiches and a couple o' coffees. And make it fast, will you?"

The counterman went to make the sandwiches. The little man stared at Johnny for a moment; then he leaned forward and whispered something to the redhead, who turned, stared briefly, then said:

"Hiya, kid. Hoofing?"

"Yeah."

"How'd you like to drive a couple guys to El Portal?"

"That's right on my way."

"Okay," said the big man. "Eats, if any, and transportation; maybe a little dough if you give us service. We're in a hurry."

"I'll do my best."

Red smiled.

"Buddy, you'll have to push that hack to hit the road like we want to hit it."

"Yeah," said the little man, "my wife's sick over in El Portal. We got a telegram saying they thought maybe she might kick off, so I want to get there and get there quick."

"I'm sorry," said Johnny. "I'm not afraid to open a car up."

"Good," said the big man. "Let's get acquainted. Call me Red; that's practically the only name I got. My skinny friend here is George. What's your name?"

"Johnny."

"Okay, Johnny. As soon as we chow we start."

The counterman came with their sandwiches. They wolfed them down, then gulped down their coffee. The counterman watched them with raised eyebrows; never in his life had he seen anybody eat so fast. They got up. Red threw a dollar on the counter.

"Okay?" he asked.

"You got some change coming."

"Keep it. Go out to a good restaurant and get your lunch."

The two men walked so fast Johnny could hardly keep up with them.

Red paid for the gasoline, then he and George got into the back seat. Johnny jumped in and started the motor with a roar; this was a real hack; he hadn't driven one like it since his freshman year in college, when the real estate business was good and his dad was in the big money.

The counterman was standing in the door of the barbecue joint when Johnny drove past.

"Luck, eh?" he called.

"You tell it," said Johnny.

IN a few moments Johnny had left the little Arizona town and the barbecue joint far behind. In the rear-view mirror he could see Red and George, leaning back against the cushions, their hats over their eyes, their legs stretched out. Those two birds were certainly worn out, all right; they were already half asleep.

Once Red sat up suddenly and, leaning forward, looked at the dashboard.

"Atta stuff, buddy," he said. "George was right about you. He said you looked like you wasn't scared of no blowout. Don't worry. These tires are good. Keep moving."

Johnny nodded and Red lay back. They passed through some Mexican villages and Johnny slowed down. At several places they saw Indian hogans with fat squaws sitting in front of them. There were no towns in this desolate region; only a handful of Mexicans and Indians lost in this gigantic flat valley, hemmed in by gigantic lavender mountains.

For some reason traffic was very light on this national highway and when Johnny saw a car running slowly ahead of him he slackened his pace a little, then gradually slowed down almost to a stop. George didn't miss a beat in his snoring, but Red sat up at once.

"Keep moving," he said harshly.

BUT Johnny pointed. A girl hitchhiker in brown slacks and a green sweater was struggling with two men who were trying to pull her into their car. A third man was inching the car along, keeping up with them as the girl pushed her way forward, trying to get away.

"She's doing all right," said Red. "A little ride will do her good. Keep moving."

"No," said Johnny, jamming on the brakes. "I won't keep moving." He turned and looked straight into Red's chill gray eyes. He saw Red clench his fists; he saw the huge muscles rippling under his coat sleeve, but he wasn't intimidated. That girl needed help and she was going to get it.

"Okay," said Red wearily, turning away. Then he grinned and said: "It's your party, Johnny, old sock. Let's see you go to work."

Johnny jumped out of the car and ran toward the struggling girl. The men let loose of her when they saw Johnny coming, and one of them drew back his fist.

"Stay out of this, partner, if you know what's good for you," said one of them. "This is my gal and she's trying to beat it."

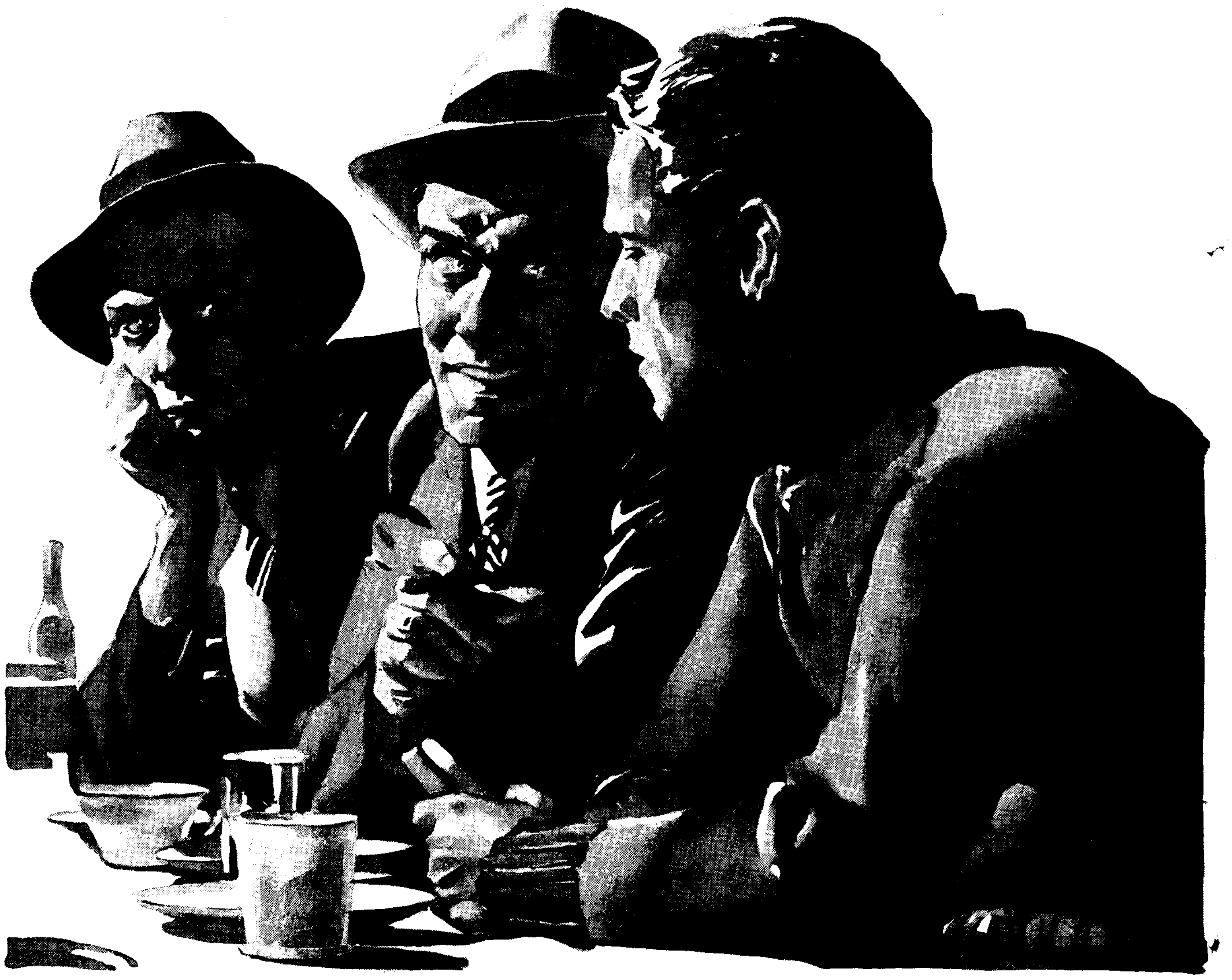
Johnny hesitated. The men looked tough. The girl didn't; quite the contrary. She reminded him of some of the girls he had gone to school with back in Ohio.

"What about it, sister?" he demanded.

"I never saw these men before."

"It's a lie."

"Okay," said Johnny. "You guys leave this girl alone. Beat it."



"Good," said the big man. "Let's get acquainted. Call me Red; that's practically the only name I got"

"Sez you!" said the man in the car.

The two men, who had been struggling with the girl, jumped Johnny. One of them hit him behind the ear and turned him half around; the other kicked him hard three times. In a moment one of them hit him on the jaw and he went down. But he was boiling now and came up fighting. The third man jumped from the car and got into the fight. Johnny had never seen so many fists before in his life, but finally he landed a good solid blow and one of the men moved out of the fight, holding his stomach. Johnny went down again. Dazed, he sat looking up at the blazing blue sky. Much to his surprise, Red, with a broad grin on his freckled face, moved into his line of vision.

"You ain't doing so good, Johnny," he said. Then he turned to the two men who were waiting for Johnny to get up: "Now, now; you boys are getting too rough. Mustn't play rough." Then he threw back his head and laughed.

The men looked at each other uneasily. This redheaded guy was big as an ox and looked plenty tough.

"You, baby," said Red, turning to the girl, "give us the lowdown quick. Family affair?"

"I never saw these men before."

"Wouldn't like to go by-by with 'em?"

"Of course not."

"No use, boys. Get in your kiddie car and shove off."

"Sez you," one of the men said feebly.

Suddenly Red reached out and, taking the men by their coat collars, jammed their faces together. They both staggered back, dazed.

"Sez me."

The man who had been hit in the stomach was already sitting at the wheel; the other two climbed in beside him groggily. The car moved off.

Johnny was still a little dazed; he stood rubbing his jaw. The girl came over to him and put her hand on his arm.

"Thanks. I'm glad you came along."

"Don't mention it."

Red looked on, smiling sardonically; then he said:

"Sister, we're going as far as El Portal and we're going fast. Hop in, we ain't got all night."

"Well, I . . ." She looked at Johnny for a long time, then she said: "All right."

When they got back to the car, Johnny held the door open for her.

"Wouldn't like to ride back here with old Red, would you?" Red demanded.

THE girl said nothing. She didn't know just what to say. She climbed in with Johnny.

Johnny drove in silence for a long time. In a few minutes he picked up the car with the three men in it and went past them blowing the horn. The girl glanced at the speedometer. It read, 76.

"Do you have to drive that fast?" she demanded.

"Yes," said Johnny. "The little one's wife is very sick. Afraid she'll die. She's in El Portal."

"The little one?" She turned to look. "That's a funny way to . . . aren't these men friends of yours?"

"No. I'm hitchhiking to sunny Cal. I'm just the chauffeur. They drove all night and are worn out."

She turned again and Red grinned at her.

"I didn't thank you," she said. "Thanks."

"Just routine," said Red. "I always go round fighting over dames. Or else they're fighting over me. You know how it is. Like to come back here?"

"Nix," said George. "Let the kid alone."

"Can't I have any fun?"

"You just had your fun. Beating up guys is your fun." George groaned and lay back. "I'm tired! Only clucks use their fists. You always was a cluck, Red."

Red yawned and, lying back, put his hat over his eyes.

There was a long silence. The monotonous, burned country rushed past. Suddenly the girl leaned forward and began to cry.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I've had about all I can stand. I hitched from Texas. It's my first time. I never had any idea things would be so bad."

Johnny patted her on the shoulder. She tried to stifle her sobs. Red leaned forward.

"Johnny," he cried, "let that girl alone. Where was you brung up? Look at the state you got her in."

Johnny turned slightly.

"Listen . . . I . . ."

Red burst out laughing, delighted, then he leaned back and put his hat over his face.

"What a man!" said Johnny, shaking his head. To the girl, who was calmer now: "Going far?"

"El Portal."

"That's fine. That's where we're going."

"I know. I could hardly believe my ears."

"Live there?"

"Yes. My boy friend lives there, too. He's a lawyer, trying to get a start."

"It's tough now for anybody to get a start."

"We were going to get married but we had a row. I wanted to go to work. He wasn't making enough for us to get married on. Oh, we had a beautiful row, and I ran away."

Johnny turned to look at her.

"Yeah? You wanted to go to work and he wouldn't let you? I'd like to see that guy."

"He wins. I give up," said the girl, smiling slightly. "But I'll never let him know what a time I've had."

Turning, Johnny glanced out of the corner of his eye at the girl. She was mighty pretty with her wavy light brown hair, her blue eyes, and her clear-cut, refined face. He began to envy the lawyer.

They were nearing the California line now and were getting into a true desert region. Great drifts of sand rose on either side of them; they went for miles at a time without seeing any vegetation. It was early afternoon and the sun was beating down with almost summer intensity.

George was sleeping peacefully, but Red had had a good rest, he said, although he had seemed to sleep but little, and was sitting up with his legs crossed, smoking a cigarette and whistling.

FROM time to time the girl looked out across the mile after mile of dazzling wasteland, which stretched unbroken to the enormous lavender mountains to the north. Finally she shuddered:

"What an idiot I was to think I could hike through this place. It's awful."

"Pretty bad," said Johnny, nodding. "It gives me the creeps. There ought to be a law."

"Too many laws now," said Red, leaning forward. "You never know when you're going to break one. Eh, baby?"

"My name's Edna," said the girl. "I don't like to be called 'baby.'"

"Don't you, baby? That's tough, baby. I always call my babies baby."

The girl turned and looked straight into Red's eyes.

"Why don't you be nice?"

Red lowered his head and made his shoulders shake.

"George," he said, punching his companion, "she's appealing to my better nature. Now that touches me. . . . Say, Johnny, what're we making?"

"Little over sixty."

"Slow down till this copper goes past."

Johnny saw a motorcycle cop coming toward them from the opposite direction. He slowed the car gradually. Glancing into the rear-view mirror, he saw that George was sitting up, alert now; Red's face was hard and menacing. The cop looked at them sharply as they passed him.

"He's turning," said Red. "Outrun him, Johnny."

"They sting you here for speeding," said Johnny.

"You're feeling so good, Red," George sneered. "Take the wheel."

"No time," said Red, leaning forward. "Outrun him, kid. You heard me. Fifty bucks if you outrun him."

"That's different."

Johnny pushed the accelerator to the floorboard and the car shot away, roaring over the black macadam.

The girl touched his arm.

"Do you think? . . ."

"Right now for fifty bucks I'd climb a tree in this hack."

"Now you're talking," said Red. "Give her the gun, boy."

Mile after mile the cop trailed them; there'd be a dip in the road and they'd lose him, but when they got on the flat again, there he'd be. The strain was beginning to tell on Johnny; little pains began to run up and down his back and his accelerator foot was numb and he could feel the heat of the engine through the sole of his shoe.

"Curve," cried Red. "He's gaining a little. We may lose him here."

Just as Red spoke, the cop's motorcycle began to wobble; he had either blown a tire or had hit a stone in the road; the motorcycle slewed round, then rolled end over end, throwing the cop in a long arc over into the mesquite.

"Yow!" yelled Red. "A nose dive. Nice work, Johnny."

"But, good heavens . . ." the girl began. Johnny nudged her with his elbow. He knew they were in a spot. Red and George were real bad ones; he was sure of it now.

"Keep her moving," said Red. "We shook that rat off but he might get up."

JOHNNY glanced at the girl. He could see that she was very nervous. He laughed to cover up, and said the first thing that came into his head:

"That boy friend of yours expecting you?"

The girl started.

"No. It's a surprise. He thinks I'm still in Dallas."

"Oh, just a little surprise. Well, we'll soon be in. I wish you luck."

"Thanks. Going to stay in El Portal a while?"

"Maybe I'll stay the night. I've got to get on to Los Angeles."

"Good luck to you, too."

"Thanks."

They were close to El Portal now. The girl saw the familiar ragged line of hills to the north and smiled. They had left the desert and the lavender mountains behind.

George said: "All right, Red. You take the wheel—we're getting in close."

Johnny slowed down as they passed through a little village on the outskirts. Red started over the seat and Johnny, still holding the wheel and keeping his foot on the accelerator, moved over out of his way. The girl made room for them.

Just as Red took the wheel, they heard the roar of motors. Turning, Johnny saw a couple of squad cars skidding into the main highway from a side road.

"It's a trap," yelled George. "Give her the gun, Red."

The girl screamed. George was knocking the glass out of the back window with the butt of an automatic. Gasping, Johnny pushed the girl into a kneeling position on the floor.

"Stay there, honey," he cried. "We're in for it."

THEY were getting into the suburbs. Cars swerved to the side of the road as the huge sedan bore down on them at eighty miles an hour. Red had his jaw set and the accelerator to the floorboard; with a slight twist of the wheel he miraculously avoided car after car. Behind them the sirens were going full blast.

George pulled up the back seat and took out a sub-machine gun; then, kneeling, he poked it through the back window.

"Where does this next road go, baby?" yelled Red, reaching down and slapping the girl.

She looked up.

"I . . ."

"You're a great help. If we don't get off this main highway we'll be right in the center of town."

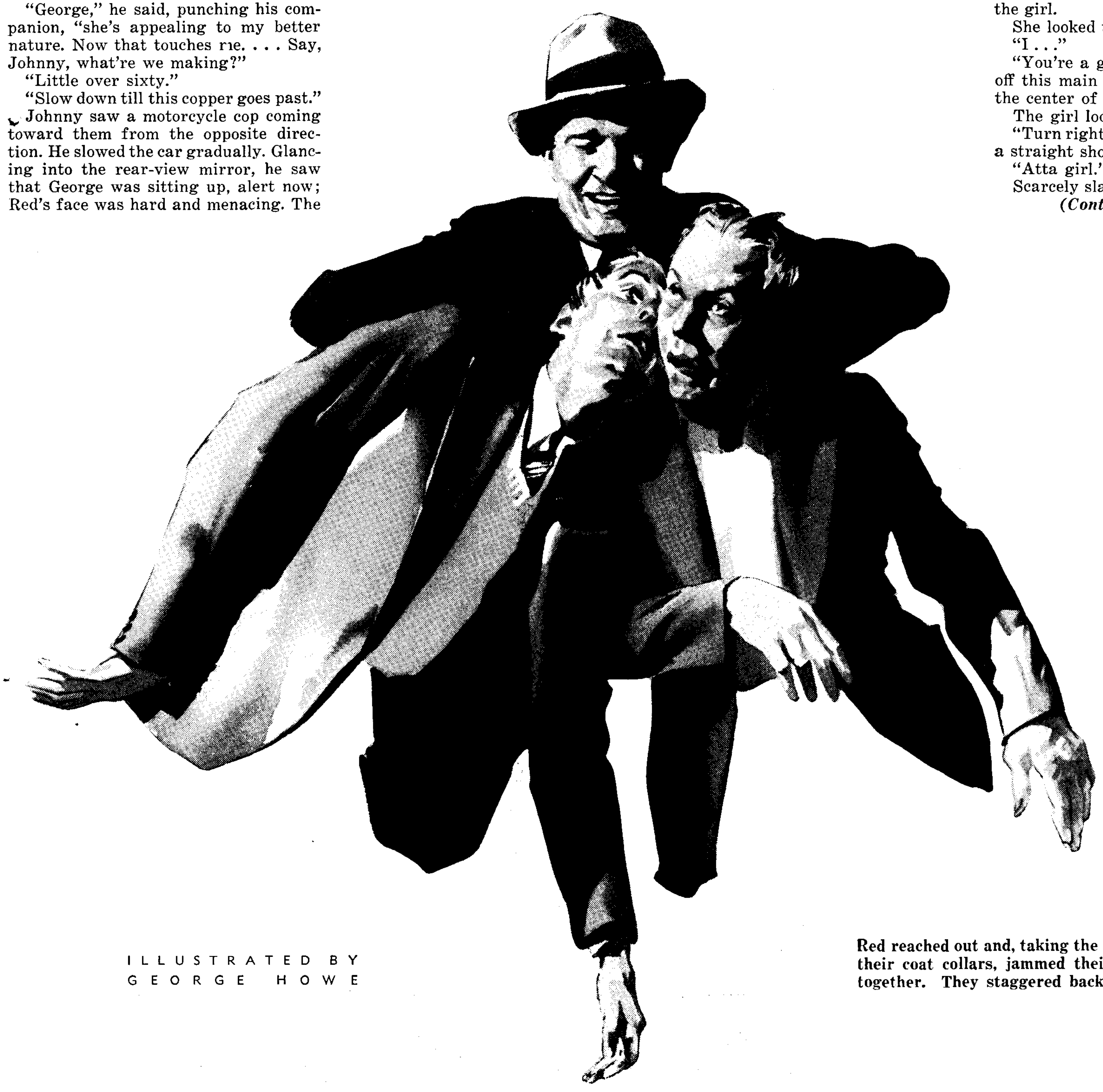
The girl looked over the car door.

"Turn right, next road," she said. "It's a straight shoot to San Diego."

"Atta girl."

Scarcely slacking speed, Red whipped

(*Continued on page* 64)



Red reached out and, taking the men by their coat collars, jammed their faces together. They staggered back, dazed

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE

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Food for the Hungry

Three and a half billion dollars spent so far to feed the hungry and house the homeless. "A criminal waste of money," say some. "An exaggerated and mishandled situation," say others. Here is the dramatic story of what went on under the imperative pressure of human need. It is told by the man who felt the pressure and met the need

By Harry L. Hopkins

HEAD OF THE WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

WHEN people talk about the mistakes of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, reciting sins of omission and commission, I never dream of defense or denial, for it is still a wonder to me that we didn't blunder *more*. Almost overnight we were called on to feed fifteen million workless, hungry people, with the problem further complicated by the necessity for speed and the fact that we did not have a single chart to go by. It was almost as if the Aztecs had been asked suddenly to build an airplane.

Congress created the Federal Emergency Relief Administration May 12, 1933, with an initial capital of $500,000,000, and President Roosevelt named me as administrator on May 22d. At the time there were 4,650,000 families on relief, getting subsistence from loans made to the states by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation out of the $300,000,000 fund provided by the Wagner-Costigan-La Follette bill. A wretchedly makeshift business for the most part, meager and unorganized.

My first talk with the President lasted five minutes, and he told me just two things: first, to give quick and adequate relief to the unemployed, and second, not to pay any attention to politics or politicians. Thirty minutes later I was at a desk in the RFC building, and had made the first of a series of grants that at this present moment total the enormous sum of $3,694,000,000, every cent spent to feed the hungry and house the homeless.

Of course there was a slapdash quality about our work in those first days. The need was too pressing for long surveys. Landlords would not hold up dispossess notices while we deliberated, nor would grocers furnish provisions. The President's program called for action, not debate. And we *acted*, not stopping to pinch pennies or go into huddles.

Almost immediately, however, we started in to put relief on an intelligent business basis. A first step was decentralization. It was well enough to control standards from headquarters, but the actual day-by-day administration of relief takes place in the cities and towns of America. People might starve to death while we were unwinding red tape in Washington. We broke our organization down to states and districts, and inside of sixty days had a machine that clicked. There were bad selections, to be sure, and time developed the need of changes, but, on the whole, it was a loyal, honest, efficient working force that we scrambled together under terrific pressure.

There was and is, I know, a certain prejudice against "social workers," but what does the record show? In community after community, where well-meaning volunteers had been handling relief, we cut costs in half by installing a trained social service personnel. The "professionals" paid for themselves a hundred times over.

The next step was to get facts. There were no statistics of any kind, nor had any investigation ever been made of the relief rolls themselves. Just what people were entitled to our help? It was not until July that we got exact figures, and found that we were caring for 3,451,874 families and 455,000 single persons, a total of 15,282,000 individuals. Able at last to individualize cases, we combed the rolls for ineligibles. Thousands who had been receiving relief were dropped, not because they were panhandlers but because they had some life insurance to borrow on, or well-to-do relatives to sponge on. For the same reason we rejected two out of every five fresh applications that came to us. Hard-boiled, perhaps, but necessary. Our job was to feed only those who could not possibly feed themselves.

September saw our load reduced to 13,338,000 individuals, but November saw it shoot back to 15,080,465. The cause? Well, savings were exhausted, and there were no more loans to be had on insurance policies or homes. There was also another factor that, strangely enough, has never been considered. It was not the depression alone that gave us our relief load. In 1929 there were two and a half million disemployed men, and for long years before 1929 the country had from one to two million families who lived in squalor and on the edge of starvation. These were the people that began to pour in on us when the Roosevelt administration declared for *decent* relief and decided there were certain American standards of living below which we must not fall. Although it added to the burden, who will deny that it's a good thing to have uncovered these "sore spots" in America's economic life?

All of which brings up the question of extravagance and "pampering." Instead of apologizing for a raise in relief allowances, there is nothing of which I am prouder. In Georgia, for instance, we lifted from $4.58 a month to $14.58 and again to $17.16; in Mississippi, over a two-year period, from $3.86 to $15.23; in New Mexico, from $3.98 to $12.32. Will anyone publicly dispute the decency of these raises, or attack them as permitting recipients to "lead the life of Reilly?" For the nation as a whole, the average amounts of relief per family have been lifted from an average of $15.59 to $29.34. Try "living in luxury" on that sum each month, and see how you like it.

A thing I dreaded most at the start was political pressure and political interference. You see, we were not exactly free agents, for the Relief Law of 1933 provided that grants should be made to the states, and that the FERA administrator could step in and take over only when and if, in his judgment, funds were being improperly handled. As a whole, the governors were splendid, but a few were persistent in their effort to gum up the works.

"Alfalfa Bill" Murray decided that he wanted to sign his own name to all relief checks, and investigation convinced me that he was using relief funds for political purposes. After trying repeatedly to work out a decent plan for relief in Oklahoma, I had no other alternative than to bar Governor Murray from all connection with the work.

Safeguards for Federal Money

The same thing happened in Georgia. Governor Talmadge refused to coöperate in any way to provide Georgia's share of the relief expenditures, although the people were eager to aid, and made it impossible for the unemployed to get proper care. As a result, I was compelled to take the administration of relief out of his hands, and work directly with cities and counties throughout the state.

In Ohio we were given plain evidence that Governor Martin Davey's campaign committee, shortly after the election, proceeded to solicit money from men and business firms who sold goods to the Ohio Relief Administration. The frank purpose of this shakedown, because it could not be called anything else, was to help pay off a deficit and the expenses of the inaugural. Officers of the relief administration were made to solicit these funds in order to hold their jobs.

The evidence of corruption was incontrovertible. Our investigators secured the signed and sworn confessions of those who solicited, and the names of those who paid. These affidavits showed definitely the sources of an amount in excess of eight thousand dollars. This evidence, of course, not only established the utter unfitness of some of the men who were in high position in the Ohio Relief Administration, but demonstrated the necessity of safeguarding the expenditure of federal funds in Ohio. There was no alternative but to take over the responsibility of directly administering federal funds, and I did. My action resulted in a comic opera threat of arrest, the fiasco finally coming to the point of swearing out a warrant which was later withdrawn.

On the whole, however, my experience with politicians has given me a pretty good opinion of them. They hounded me for jobs, of course, for every one was the victim of unbearable pressure from his constituents, but when I explained that political considerations could not possibly be put ahead of efficiency, they admitted it and "laid off."

To be quite honest, however, I established the rule that while fitness came first, a second test was a belief in what we were trying to do. Why not? Wouldn't a bank be naïve to hire an executive vice-president out of sympathy with the bank's policies? Can you imagine General Motors putting the management of any important department under somebody, no matter how competent, who thought General Motors a poor concern? I kept thumbs down on partisan politics, but I was insistent on getting people who wouldn't go home at night saying, "Oh, this FERA is lousy! It's terrible!" Few were furnished by political sources, however, the majority coming from social agencies, the professions, colleges and the business world.

Food Where Food Was Needed

With decentralization accomplished, our machinery of investigation in full swing, and political messes cleaned up, we looked around, and straightway ran into this anomalous situation. With fifteen millions lacking food, farmers had vast stores of grain they could not sell, and in every section foodstuffs rotted on the ground. The obvious thing was to put these surpluses where they were needed, and the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation was organized with me as president of the board, and Secretary Wallace and Secretary Ickes the other members. Before dissolving, we spent $254,000,000 in purchasing, processing and transporting commodities, the benefits going directly to the farmers, railroads and the processors on one hand, and to relief roll families on the other.

Within six months we bought from the farmer and gave to the unemployed 253,000,000 pounds of pork; 18,333,000 pounds of beef; 4,998,000 pounds of beans; 142,444,000 pounds of flour;

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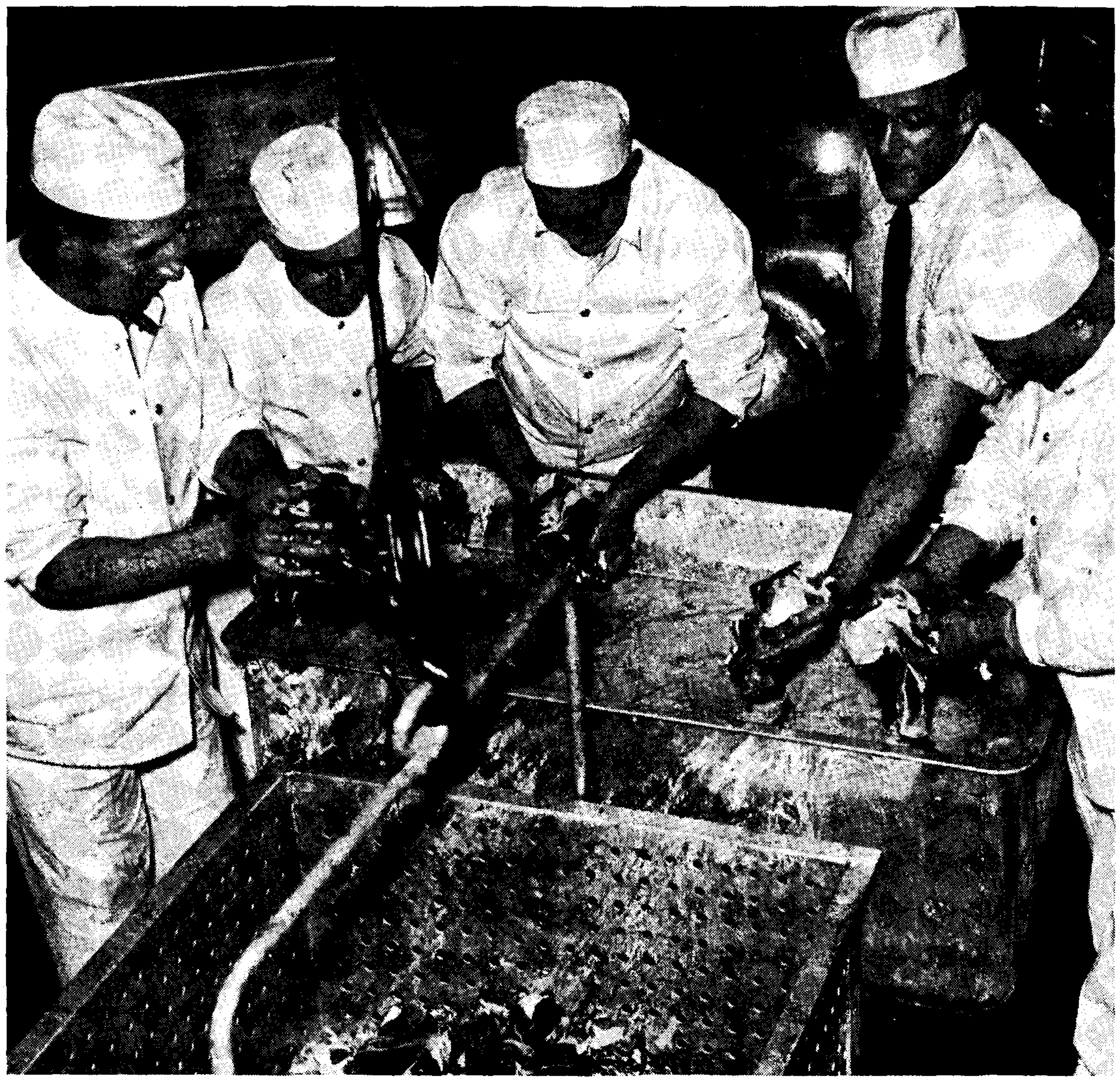
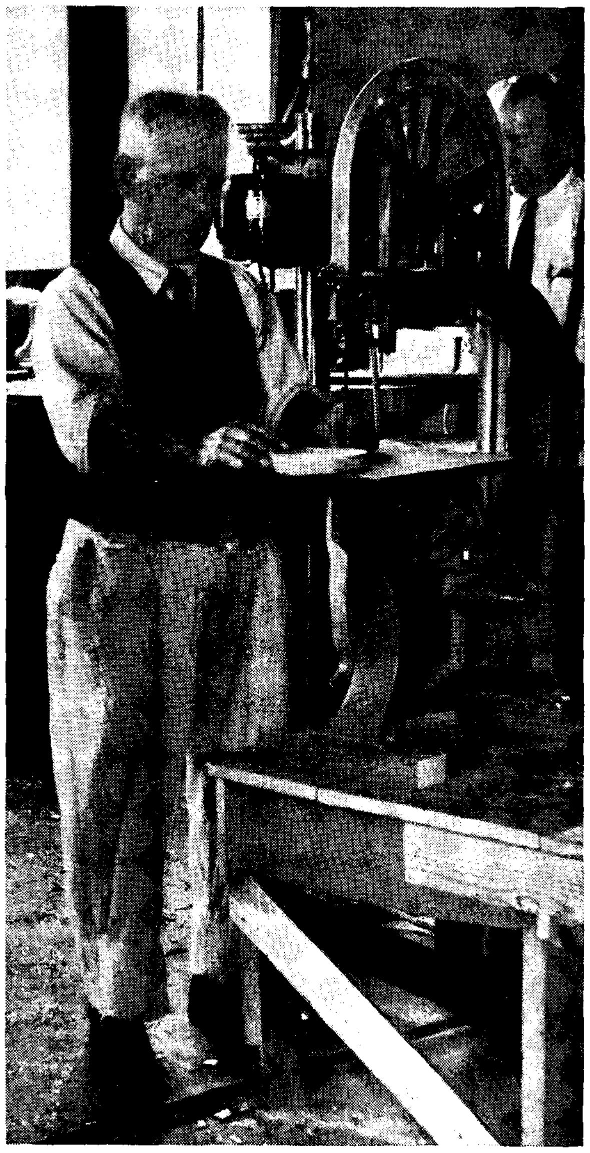




Fighting Man

By Quentin Reynolds

Spotlight on a champion who thought he loved a girl more than his game

THEN you'll marry me—really?" Terry Hart asked in a voice which was one part amazement, one part incredulity and one part delight.

"Yes," Lota Thompson said. "You big goof, I made up my mind to marry you long ago."

"Well, now, what do you think of that!" Terry said, still a bit dazed.

"From now on, darling, I will do the thinking for the family," Lota said thoughtfully, carelessly stroking his short curly hair. "And my sweet, I may as well begin now."

Terry looked at his watch. "Think fast then, honey. I've got to hurry. It's time for that weighing in. Lota, darling, I'll murder that gorilla tonight. I felt that I could beat him all right, but now with you rooting for me how can I lose?"

Lota winced. Lota's eyes were blue and candid and she was smart and wise—as well as blond and golden. She looked at this man whom she had just promised to marry. He was tall and very dark and when he wasn't in the ring his eyes were laughing. When she had first met him she had scoffed at the thought of taking a prize fighter seriously, but his devotion to her and his sweetness had broken down her barriers of indifference; and then suddenly she was in love with him. How or why, she didn't know—she hadn't planned it or approved of it, but there it was and she couldn't do anything about it.

"I suppose it will make quite a story for the papers," she suggested, automatically wiping a bit of rouge from his cheek with her handkerchief.

"Your marrying me?" Terry laughed. "It certainly will. 'Heavyweight champion marries society girl.' I can see the headlines now."

"No, no, I don't mean that," she said calmly; "I mean your retiring from the ring after this fight tonight."

Terry's mouth fell open and the laugh went from his face. He looked at her blankly. "Retire? Who, me?"

"Yes, dear—you. You are retiring after tonight's fight, and after this I don't ever want to hear the word fight again. You are cutting loose from that terrible Spider Swanson and his silly-looking derby and his awful-looking cigar, and as for that dreadful little Greek—darling please, you must promise never to see either one of them again."

"But, honey"—Terry was bewildered—"you don't understand. Fighting is my game. I'm at the top now and I'm good for five more years anyhow. I'm only twenty-seven and . . . and anyhow, honey, I'm under contract for two more fights, if I win tonight. Why, those two fights will bring us a million dollars."

"What of it?" Lota said coldly, and wasn't all blond and golden now. "Fighting is a nasty, brutal, disgusting game, Terry. I've heard stories of men getting—what do you call it—punch-drunk? I don't want to marry a half-wit, sweet. I want you as you are now. I want you to stay as you are."

TERRY interrupted her. "I'm no slugger. I don't get hit often. You don't see any marks on me. Have I even one broken nose? I am, honey," he said, apologetically, "the best boxer in the world."

"Well, darling," Lota said and he would never know how she fought to say it calmly, "if you feel that way about it, run along. It's nice to have been in love with you."

Terry felt for a moment as though heaven had been offered to him on a platter—and then as he reached for it the platter had been withdrawn.

"You can't mean that," he pleaded. "Let's talk it over. Let's. . . ."

"Sit down, Terry," Lota said.

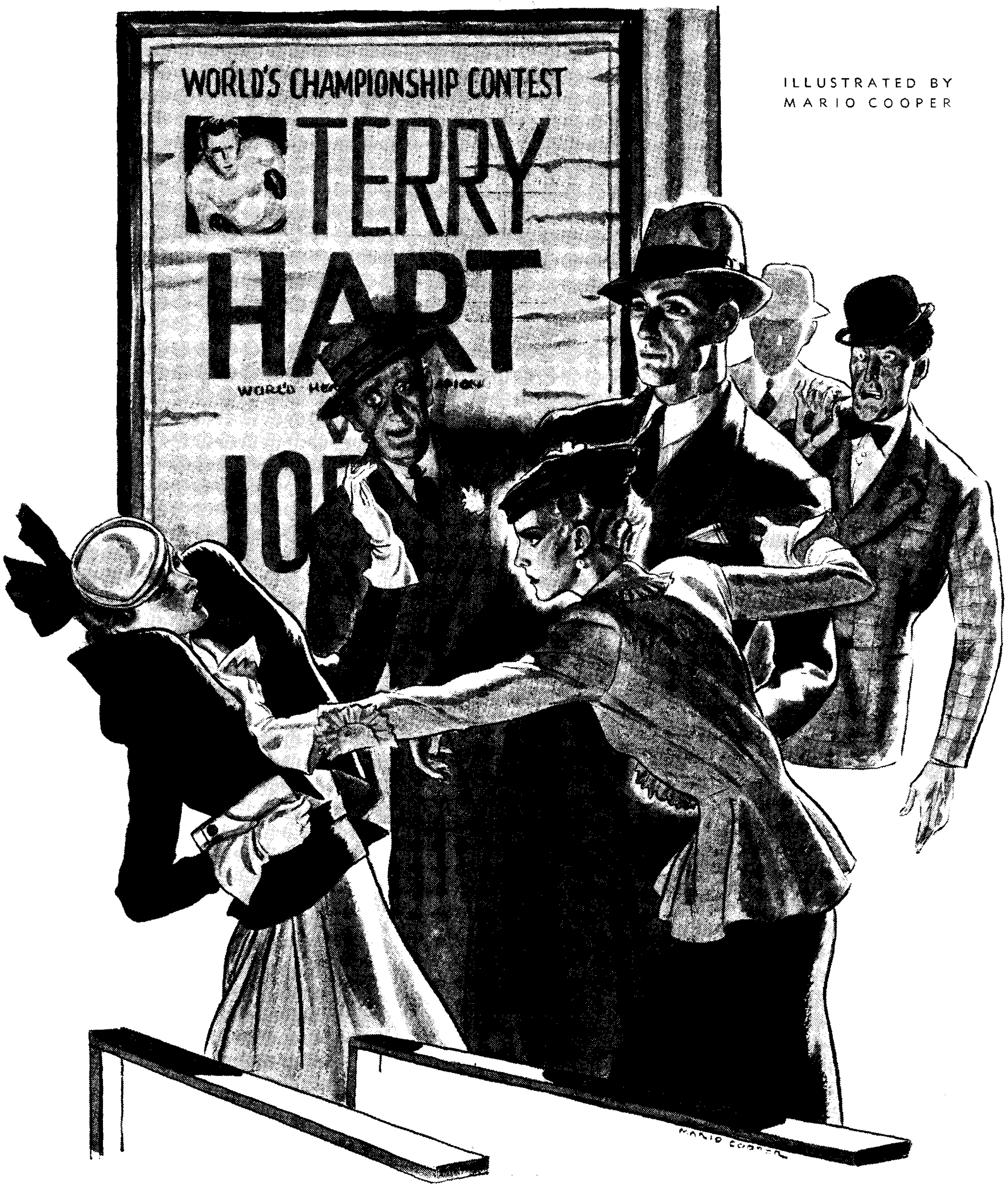
She talked for an hour. She talked about many things. She had inherited the gift of her father—the gift of persuasiveness and of course she had her upturned nose and her blue and candid eyes and her blond and golden beauty to help her.

"You are too fine to be a fighting man," she pleaded. "Fighting is all right for the Joe Bergs of this life—he is the man you fight tonight, isn't he? But it isn't all right for you, honey. You can do so many other things. Darling, you can enjoy sunsets and climb mountains and swing on the moon. You and I can do these things, Terry. We can live and love and laugh and explore a world the Joe Bergs never even heard of."

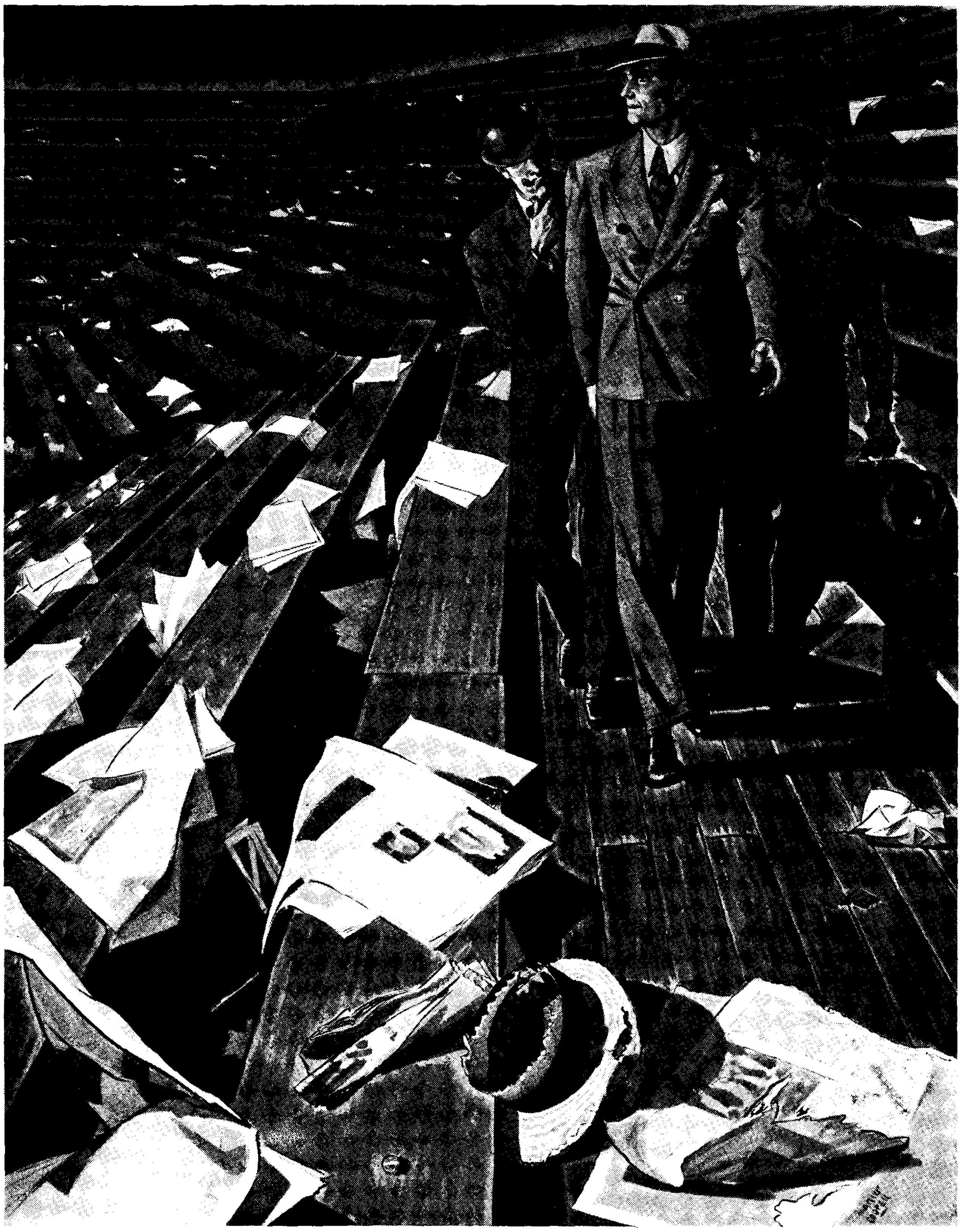
"Just the two of us. . . ." Terry whispered.

"I've read the newspapers about this fight. They say you are the cleverest of all boxers—and that you are a killer in the ring. Don't you see how that sort of thing will eventually harden you? You'll become coarse. Life for you will mean only beating some other man into

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"Get away from him. He's tired. Leave him alone." He saw a small arm push the strange girl away



He walked on, miserable, unhappy, and Spider had understanding enough to keep quiet

insensibility. Then the Terry I love will be dead, and my love for him will be dead, too."

She went on and Terry saw visions, visions far removed from the deadly monotony of the training grind. Visions of strange places which he had always wanted to visit. Why not retire? He had worked hard during the past six years. True, he had a million dollars to show for those years, and he had. . . .

"YOU must be true to yourself, Terry," Lota said, and with her head on his shoulder those words sounded very sweet. "Be true to yourself. You are too fine to fight. . . ."

"But"—he suddenly lifted his head—"I signed up only yesterday with Jimmy Johnston for two more fights if I get past Berg. I can't throw him down. I can't throw Spider and the Greek down. They made me—those two."

"You have made more money for Spider and the Greek than they ever knew existed," she said. "And as for Johnston, he's the promoter of the fight, isn't he? Well, maybe you won't win. He wouldn't care if you retired then, would he?"

"Maybe I won't win?"

That was a funny thought for Terry to have. Why, he always won. Until now the winning of a fight seemed to him to be the most important thing in the world. "You wouldn't like to see me lose, would you?" he asked Lota.

"You've often said that fighting is only a business," she reminded him. "Father loses lots of law cases—I don't love him any the less for it. We have important things to think of, Terry. Winning or losing a fight—who cares about anything so ridiculous except people, perhaps, who bet on fights?"

"If I lose tonight they won't care," Terry said, half to himself. "Then I can retire, all right. Then you and I can. . . ." Terry came to a decision. "I'll go now, darling."

IF THERE was a slightly triumphant look in her eyes, Terry didn't see it. He only saw their blueness and their softness and his mind was full of wonder that anyone so adorable could care—for him. What did fighting matter? Why, he hated fighting. Didn't he? Well, he complained often enough about the horrible training grind. Lota was right.

"Goodby, darling," she whispered. "Remember, be true to yourself and I will love you forever. . . . You know I might go and watch you fight tonight. I never have, and Father asked. . . ."

"No, no, not tonight," he said sharply. "I don't want you to see me. . . . Oh, not tonight, darling. Promise."

She laughed. "Well, all right, I won't."

Then he left—and she lifted the telephone to call her father.

Five hours later Terry Hart was lying on a rubbing table in a small dressing-room. The roar of the crowd, whetting its appetite for the main bout with small portions of boxing served by dull-witted preliminary boys, came vaguely through the door. The Greek ran capable hands over Terry's muscles. The Greek grinned toothlessly as he rubbed this body he knew so well. The Greek rubbed oil of wintergreen into the deltoid muscles behind Terry's shoulders and he caressed and awakened the slumbering trapezius muscles in back of and just below Terry's neck. He'd never heard those muscles called by name, but he knew that a fighter didn't hit with his hands or his arms—he knew that something mysterious back of them generated a powerhouse and he knew that this powerhouse needed oiling and rubbing and talking to.

And he talked to Terry's muscles as you'd talk to a baby. He rubbed Terry's legs and kneaded the strong biceps femoris of the upper leg and the chunky gastrocnemius muscle of the lower leg, and he whispered, as he rubbed, "Chomp need you tonight, hey, boy? Chomp need you—no monkey business now, hey? Don't you get tied all up like knot, hey, boy. We need you tonight. We fight good boy tonight. . . ."

Spider Swanson stood watching, changing neither expression nor the angle of his unlighted cigar. There was no one else in the dressing-room—just the three of them. These three had conquered the fistic world. Spider had found Terry in the ranks of the amateurs, had found him a good natural boxer with tremendous speed and a great heart, but with little else. He had made Terry, just as a painter paints a picture. He had taught Terry how to hit, had taught him how to block and jab—but, above all, he had taught him how to hit.

"A straight line is the shortest distance between two points," he'd tell Terry. "Look at Tunney. He did pretty good with a straight right-hand punch—tore Dempsey's ears off; that's all. Don't swing—hit straight—except when you hook. Hook with your shoulder and your body and turn your wrist into the hook. Don't hook with your arm alone—you'll break it. Get inside. . . ."

Terry had learned and had prospered. And the Spider was satisfied that he had done a good job. He couldn't avoid allowing a proud gleam to show in his eye. He had taught Terry how to beat Joe Berg, too. Berg was a tough proposition, a Maxie Rosenbloom who could hit. A mauler, a spoiler. . . .

"You go in five minutes," a voice called in through the door.

"We go in five minutes, kid," Spider told Terry. "Let me look at those bandages."

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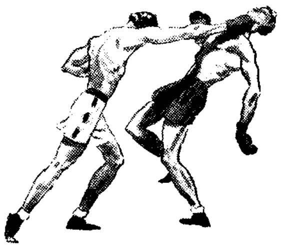
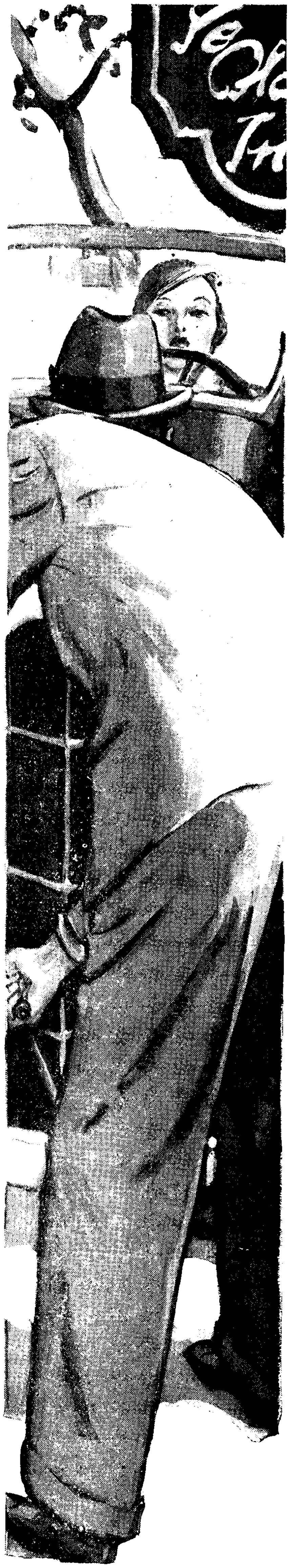


Love and Congratulations

By Sylvia Fuller with Lawrence Mortimer

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

How Janie Elliot missed a wedding and remained happy, brilliantly assisted by Mr. Bill Webb, who thoroughly disliked all bridesmaids



It wouldn't start, although she was doing what he told her to

IRREVOCABLY aboard the train, Janie Elliot realized that she didn't want to go to the wedding. Even the thought of her pale green organdie bridesmaid dress and the huge green hat, becomingly floppy, didn't reconcile her. She expected to be bored and not a little irritated.

It wasn't just this wedding that annoyed her; it was any wedding. She was fed up with men, she told herself, and weddings seemed to present them in a peculiarly unflattering light. It was odd, for instance, how the most attractive man deteriorated in the process of becoming a bridegroom; he would either get too flushed and artificially genial, or wan, damp-palmed and jittery. She wondered why more of them weren't left at the altar. Then there were the ushers, she ruminated. Some would be too young and have collars too loose for them, and others would be too old and have collars too tight for them. The attractive ones were usually married to the bride's sisters, or else.... But it was useless, after all, for her to pretend that most of her animus toward weddings wasn't because of Bill Webb.

They had met because he was an usher and she a bridesmaid at Ann Carver's, just a year ago. He had come from up around Boston somewhere, but that wasn't why he was different from all the men she knew. There was something about Bill. She couldn't describe it. At any rate, they had played about together, liking each other more and more; she was, she thought, really in love with him, and, if anyone could tell about such things, he was with her. They'd met again on a rainy week end at Loon Lake, a very trying test, and it had been perfect until the episode on the way back.

THEY were all driving down in several cars; she and Bill were together, of course, in his roadster. The whole crowd stopped somewhere for lunch, and when Bill tried to start the car again they found that the starter wouldn't work. He fussed with it for a while, and then decided to crank it. It wouldn't start, although she was doing what he told her to with what he called the spark, and suddenly he grew white, gave her a frantic look, and began swearing horribly. Swearing at her! She didn't stop to find out just what he thought she'd done; she grabbed her bag, got out, and jumped into the Hitts' car just as they drove off. They had to rush for the train, and Bill didn't make it. That, in fact, was the last of him. She had never heard from him again.

There were other men, of course; she always had plenty of them hanging around. But she wouldn't risk liking one too much again. She didn't think there were any nice men, really. They must just seem so until you knew them and then the very one you liked most, the one who was different, would pull something really dreadful, and there you were again. Life was pretty depressing.

Take that man over there, for instance, reading a magazine and trying conscientiously not to look at her. Didn't he look nice? Didn't his tweeds have just the right casual look, like his boots, not new and beautifully burnished? He was tall, and his face wasn't unattractive either; he had a short, straight nose, very blue eyes, and a mouth with a quirk in the corner; he looked as if he would smell of good tobacco and Russia leather. Wouldn't you think *he* might be different, really almost a knockout? Not when you got to know him. He'd be capable of looting a poor-box or slapping his grandmother.

DISMISSING all men, she returned to the wedding. Another thing she didn't like about it, she thought vindictively, was the place it was being held. It was very sweet and sentimental of Caro and Dick, if you still believed in that sort of thing, to want to have it where they first met, but why couldn't they have arranged to meet in some nice, convenient place, like Grand Central Station, instead of at Saugatuck? She had to change along the line somewhere, and she was carrying two suitcases and this enormous hatbox. It was pasteboard, decorated with Bouvet's smart signature; the hat was far too large for any leather case. Would they have porters at this Wantook, where she changed? Not if the station was like these, she thought as they filed by. They all seemed alike, small wooden buildings with baggage platforms and freight sheds; she was lulled by the monotony of the landscape and the droning murmur of the conductor, announcing stops, so that she almost failed to recognize Wantook when they drew in. Grabbing her luggage, anyhow, she tumbled out onto the platform with everything intact. The suction of the departing train, however, was too much for the hatbox. It rose suddenly into the air, separating into two parts; from it, like a somewhat oversize green flower, fluttered the bridesmaid hat. With a horrified cry she sprang to recover it, and bumped smartly into a hard, rough object.

"Sorry," said a voice contritely. It was the man who had been on the train. He had the hat in his hand.

He handed it to her politely, and she thanked him, a little out of breath.

"Not at all," he answered with equal formality, and went to retrieve the box. As he swung down onto the track to pick up the lid she reflected that her list of his merits might include his voice. . . . Nice smile, too, she thought bitterly as he came back with the box.

"I hope you don't mind my guessing," he said, "that you are going to Caro Smith's wedding?"

"Not in the least." Let him make what he could out of that. She might have known that he was bound for Caro's. It was just her luck. . . . When she looked at him again he had upended his suitcase and was sitting on it.

"I hate weddings," he observed.

"What?" She hadn't meant to speak, but she was startled out of her aloofness.

He nodded. "It's because of the bridesmaids."

"Bridesmaids!"

"There's something in the air at a wedding," he explained. "You pick out the prettiest bridesmaid and if you have any luck you drink champagne with her and dance all night with her; after a while you think she's the girl you've been looking for all your life."

Janie stopped fussing with the hat.

"But something always happens," he went on, "and she's just another girl."

Something happened inside Janie's head.

"That's *her* fault, I suppose," she said, in a rage. "I don't suppose *you* ever do anything wrong?"

He looked at her gravely. "Could that possibly interest you?" he asked, with maddening self-control.

She winked back irrational tears. Her outburst must have seemed absurd. He couldn't realize how she felt about things. She had let herself in for that retort. She became suddenly very busy with her bags.

"Do you know when the train goes?" she asked presently, with dignity.

"Sorry." He got up at once. "If you'll wait here I'll find out." After some minutes he came back looking serious. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish. We got out at the wrong station. This is Wantook, not Wantook Junction. There isn't any train through here for three hours."

"Good Lord," said Janie.

"Tough luck, isn't it?" he said. "But don't worry; I'll scare up some bus or other and drive you on to the Junction. It's only ten miles. We're sure to get a train from there. You *are* going to Saugatuck?"

She nodded.

"I'll go see what I can do. You may sit on my bag," he added graciously.

JANIE sat still and waited. . . . They were going to be late for the wedding. Well, neither of them wanted to go anyway—and here she was, bracketing herself contentedly with the man; she didn't even seem to mind being stranded in Wantook with him. This was a bad sign, but she wouldn't be caught napping this time. She'd be momentarily expecting him to revert to the loathsome type he really was.

He came back presently with what some people might consider an engaging grin on his face.

"I thought we'd better telegraph Caro and Dick. The wedding's at three, isn't it? It's after twelve and we may not make connections," he said, producing a yellow blank and a pencil. He put her hatbox unceremoniously on his suitcase, making a desk of it. "How about this, 'Missed train Wantook motoring on May be late ceremony love and congratulations'? What shall I sign for you?"

"You may write another for me," she said frigidly as he gave her back her box. "Just sign it Janie."

"Ouch," he said as if she'd hit him. "Okay."

She was mistaken, however, if she thought she had subdued him. He seemed irrepressible. He loped off cheerfully while she went on sitting and looking about her. If he found a car in this place he'd be good, she thought. There was nothing here but the station, freight house, and a road leading pleasantly away into the woods. . . . But he had, though.

That was apparent as he came jubilantly back.

"I've chartered a car," he cried. "It's behind that baggage shed. Wait till you see it; it's a lulu. It belongs to the baggagemaster. We're to leave it at the Junction and his brother will pick it up. . . . What's the matter?" he asked, looking at her solicitously. "Are you mad about something? If you're mad at me," he went on, "you should stop trespassing on my hospitality."

She gasped. "We'll divide everything evenly," she said, "or I won't go a step. How much is this car?"

"Don't be silly," he said, laughing. "I'm talking about my suitcase."

SHE rose quickly and he picked it up with her two and walked off toward the shed. There seemed nothing else to do but to follow. She realized as she went that any attempt at dignity was useless. It made the whole thing too important. She'd just treat him as if he didn't exist. She could drop him politely when they got to Caro's.

The machine was as he'd described it, a touring car of uncertain vintage. Janie considered the baggagemaster, however, the more attractive antique. He was at least seventy; his small head emerged from his spotless blue shirt like that of an elderly and benevolent turtle. She could see that he liked her companion, and also that this was more or less an accolade.

"She'll get you there, son," he said proudly of his vehicle. "Been running for ten years straight, and sort o' got the habit."

They expressed entire confidence in its consistency and thanked him. While they piled the luggage carefully in the back he gave them detailed instructions for the road.

"Just do what I say and you can't go wrong," he told them. "It don't do to be late to a weddin'. . . . Leastwise not your first one," he called after them as they jolted off.

"Nice guy," said the man approvingly, "but what a bus! Not still mad, are you?" he asked presently as they hit a bump and she landed on his shoulder. Too bad, she thought conscientiously, that he isn't really like this.

"How many different rattles do you think this car has?"

"Forty-eight, not counting body squeaks," she answered.

"We should christen the thing," he said a little farther on. "What about General Knox?"

"Only fair. I prefer Bluebird."

"That seems a little *too* ironic. Irony," he added, "has no place in its make-up."

She couldn't grant him much on that one. "I have it," she cried after some moments of concentration. "The Spirit of St. Vitus."

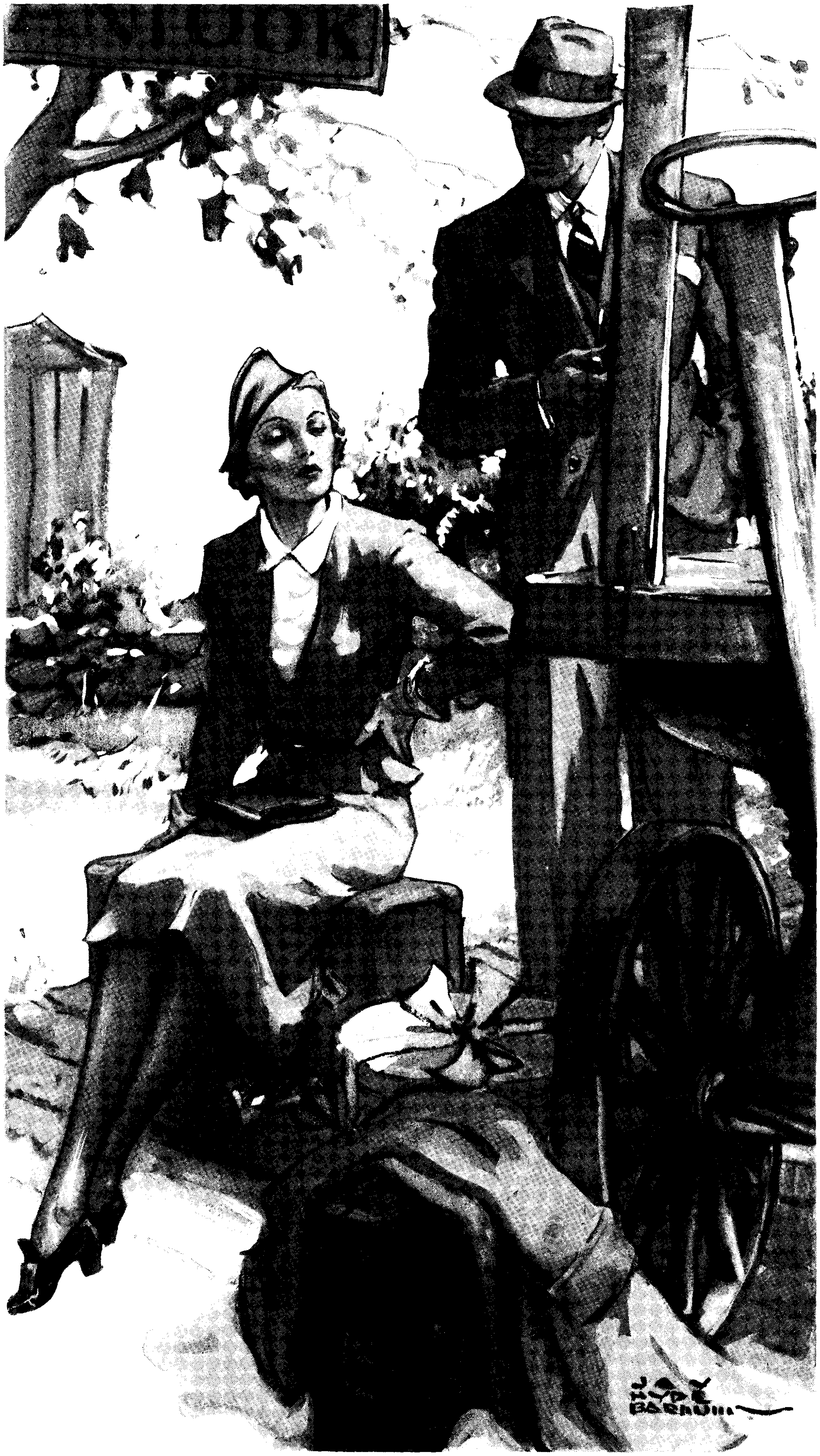
They giggled jerkily as they bumped along.

THE road led through woodland, delicately green with spring, and between quiet stretches of farmland; apple trees were white against the tender May sky. It was all very romantic, or so she would have thought a year ago. As a matter of fact, she might almost have been back on that Adirondack road. Her heart began to ache; it made her want to slap him. She became suddenly very polite instead; but she found she couldn't keep it up. He put himself out to entertain her. He was friendly, he was gay, he was everything a whited sepulcher had no right to be. After a while she couldn't help responding.

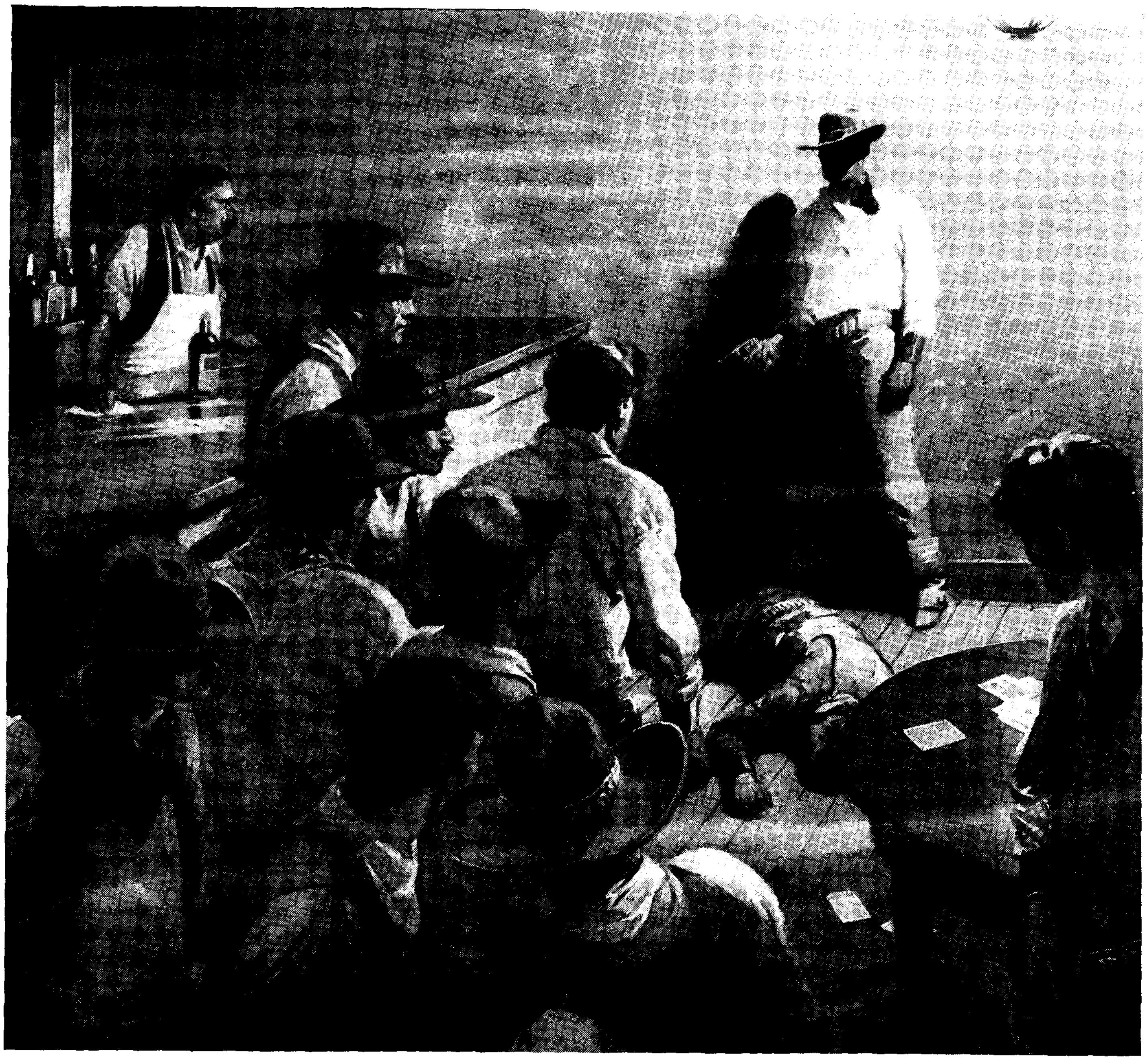
They didn't mention the wedding until she said, out of compelling curiosity, "Are you, by any chance, going to be one of Dick's ushers?"

"I'm not at all sure," he grinned, moving down the throttle. "But I'm supposed

(*Continued on page* 53)



"Are you mad about something?" he asked. "If you're mad at me," he went on, "you should stop trespassing on my hospitality"



Those directly facing him looked at the point of his gun and stood uneasy and sullen and watchful

Trail Smoke

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Buck Surratt, *a roving young cattleman,* drifts onto the range about Morgantown, trouble is brewing. On the one side is Sam Torveen, backed up by a hard-bitten lot of riders; on the other a combine of big ranchers—Old Martin Head, his son Bill, Ab Cameron, Dutch Kersom, Ab Peyrolles and Henry Ranier. . . . The fuse is touched off by the mysterious murder of Les Head, son of Old Martin—and, because he spent the night close by, Buck Surratt is suspect. But Surratt *is not a man to be taken easily:* he defies Marshal Tom Bolderbuck and his men—and, surprisingly, Sam Torveen defends him. Surratt accepts Torveen as a friend and goes to work for him.

But Torveen's men regard the newcomer with suspicion. One of them, Chunk Osbrook, deliberately starts an argument with Surratt—and is soundly beaten in the fist fight that follows. Then Ferd Bowie, a gun-crazy youth, openly advertises his enmity for Surratt—who accepts the challenge quietly.

The morning after Marshal Bolderbuck makes another unsuccessful attempt to arrest Surratt for the murder of Les Head, Buck rides out alone on a tour of inspection—and meets Judith Cameron. The girl's beauty attracts him strongly, but something she says *puts him on guard.* "Buck Surratt—what was it you found in the cabin near Les Head the night he was killed? Give it to me, Buck. . . ." Surratt keeps his own *counsel and the girl,* after warning him vaguely, rides away. A little later Surratt is fired upon by Nick Perrigo, one of Torveen's men. "Just to tell you, Surratt," Perrigo says, "that I don't like you—we think you are a Head rider. Next time, maybe, I'll shoot to kill." To which Surratt replies, "It's a game two can play, Nick. . . ."

Back at the ranch house that night Sam Torveen calls his men together for a mysterious trip across the hills. And Surratt knows *at last why the cattlemen of the country are* closing in against Torveen. He is running sheep onto the range! "I hate the woollies myself, Buck," Torveen tells Surratt, "but we've got to live." Surratt grins, "You ever been in a gunfight, Sam?"

Despite Torveen's attempt to get his sheep into the hills that night, unknown to the cattlemen, two people are aware of it. One of them is Judith Cameron, the other a Head rider—one Blackjack Smith. . . .

III

OLD MARTIN HEAD, who was master of Crow Track, sat on the west porch with a blanket covering his crippled legs and watched twilight face across the land far below him. The lights of the Cameron ranch began to wink through a thickening cobalt air and the white-washed house of the Peyrolles, in the valley beyond, slowly sank under darkness.

Just before the final dark closed in, Old Martin saw riders converge on the Cameron valley road and join and turn up toward Crow Track. He swung his shoulders a little, calling for his son. Bill Head came out and stood beside his father, saying nothing.

"Company's coming," said Martin. "Why?"

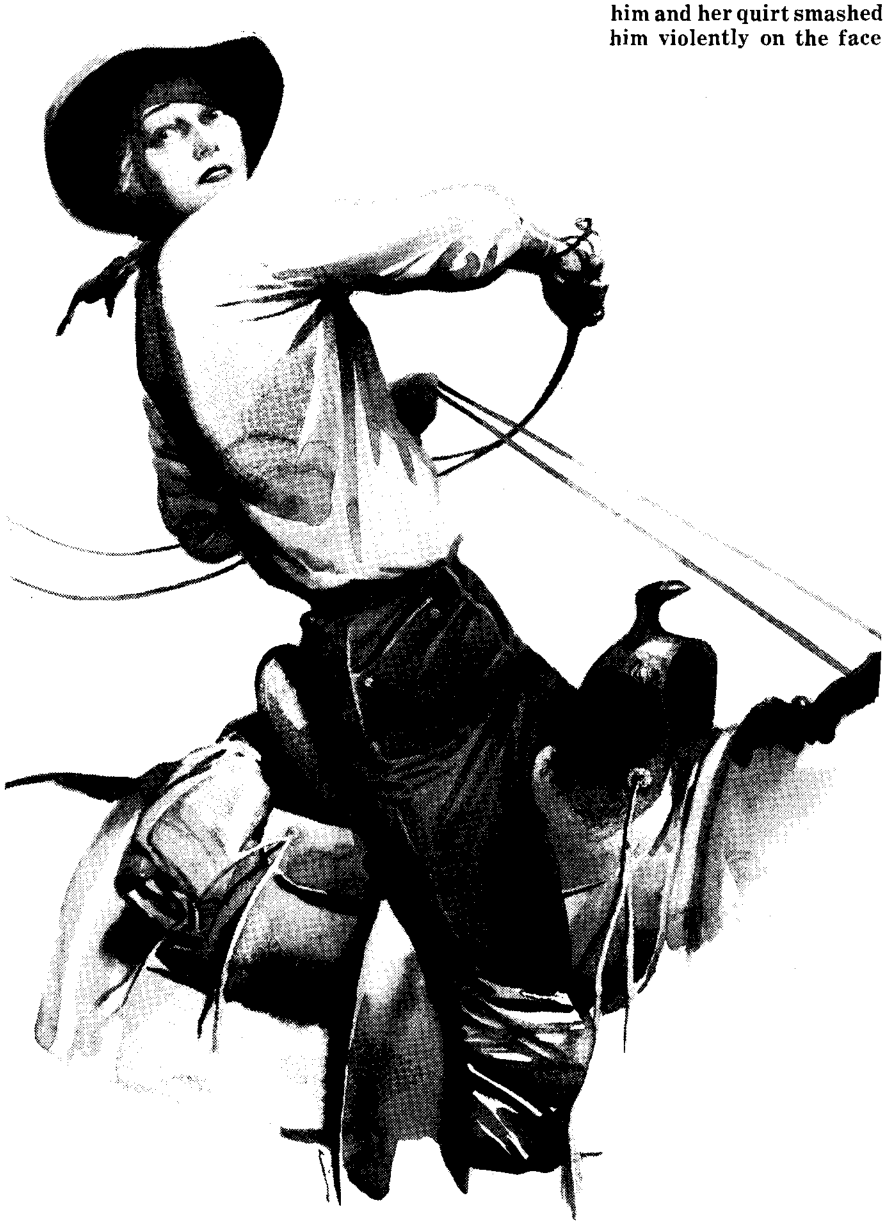
"I asked 'em," explained Bill Head. "That all right?"

Martin Head rolled back against the chair. Silence enveloped him and hid away his feelings and his thoughts. It did more than that—it definitely pushed his son away from any hope of affection. He gripped a cigar between his teeth and above his high cheekbones two powerful eyes narrowed against the night with a kind of slit, Mongol passivity. A cropped black beard, like General Grant's, concealed all expression; he was engrossed in this colossal, brooding indifference when his neighbors rode up the hill.

They hailed him and came to the porch—Cameron and Dutch Kersom and Ab Peyrolles and Henry Ranier. Martin Head had known these men for a good many years. Yet he said, "Good evening, gentlemen," with the inflexible, courteous tone he used for all men of whatever degree. Bill Head came forward then and got behind the chair and lifted it and carried his father into the living-room. He put the chair beside the fireplace and stood back, not exerted enough to show it by deeper breathing. The visitors followed. Dutch Kersom, himself a burly man, spoke with a touch of admiration.

"You're a powerful brute, Bill."

Martin Head said, not looking at his son: "The bottle, Bill, and the glasses." Bill Head turned out of the room, leaving behind him stillness that wasn't comfortable. Pine knots on the fire-



She flung her horse at him and her quirt smashed him violently on the face

place hearth exploded and the light swelled and rippled across the low ceiling, against the whitewashed walls. Out in the kitchen men were talking, and dishes clattered. Above the fireplace a cavalry carbine and a saber with a heavily ornamented hilt hung half crossed. Below the weapons was a lithograph of General Jeb Stuart, under whom Old Martin had ridden during the Civil War. There were no other pictures in the room, which was a measure of Martin Head's mind. Beauty Stuart was a bright memory to him and never would cease to be; and the Southern cause was still a thing Old Martin believed in with the hard and full partisanship of his nature. But of this he never spoke; for he had come to a period of life in which the spoken word could not cover all that he felt and remembered; and so, contemptuous of the paleness of sound against the bitter, turbulent brightness of things he carried in his head, he remained still. He had lost a son in the war; and afterwards had created two sons to carry his name. His wife was dead and now one of his later sons was dead.

Bill Head returned with the whisky; and poured a drink for Old Martin, who waited until the rest had served themselves. He said then: "My son Leslie's funeral will be in Morgantown tomorrow. But do not bother to come. A dead man is dead, and the living have too much to do to waste time on sentimental ceremonies."

All, save Ab Cameron, downed the drink. Ab Cameron was fifty-five, but an old man in this rough country; he had a white and narrow and sad face, with a long mustache stained a little on the edges by tobacco; his hands were like those of a scholar, blue veins showing through transparent skin. His voice was soft, it was unassuming.

"It is a sad thing, Martin. God rest his soul."

But Martin Head's tone ran blunt and growling through the room. "He lived in his own fashion—and died that way. In bed, with a bullet through his chest and his own gunbelt hangin' on a peg, the other side of the shanty. No doubt he was thinkin' of a woman when he died, as he was always doing."

Bill Head said resentfully: "He was your son."

"I keep rememberin' that," growled Old Martin. "He was my son, but he was a worthless man."

The silence grew grayer. Peyrolles, who had a little more feeling for the amenities than the rest of them, changed the subject. "You wanted to see us, Martin?"

Old Martin's shoulders shrugged. "My son did. He seems to be running this show." He leaned back in the chair and wrapped his massive silence around him like a blanket.

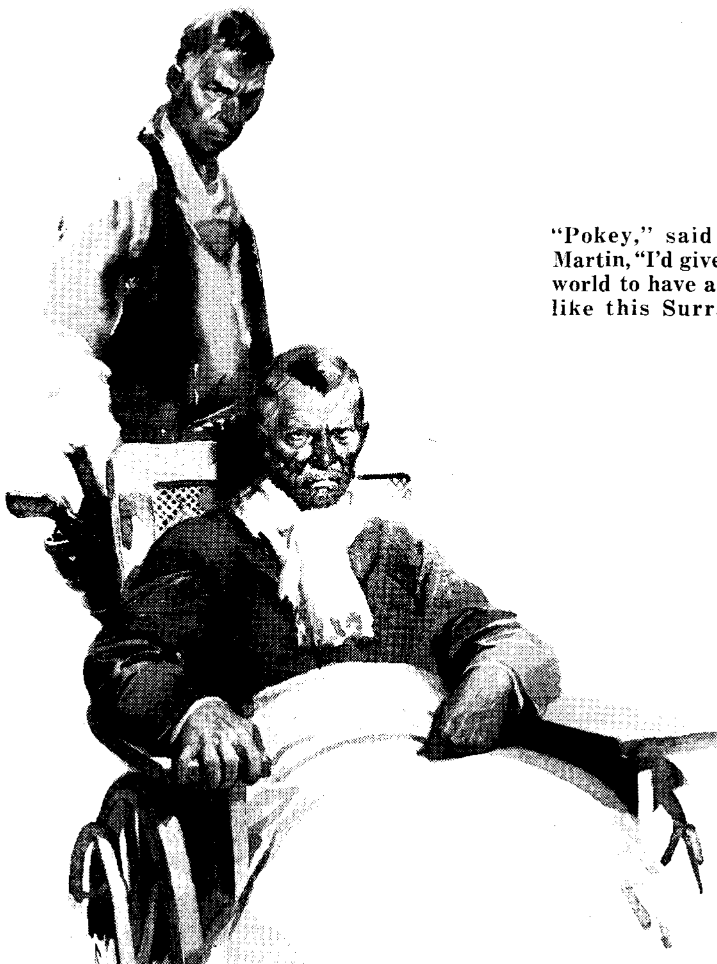
BILL HEAD stepped forward, as though he wanted to free himself from the wide shadow his father made across that room. His body was a huge, straight column in the lamplight; color flushed his fair skin and a stubbornness lay along the forward throw of his chin, along the very broad lips. His eyes were light—and at this moment rather calculating as he faced these older owners.

"Ranier and I went up to Sam Torveen's last night to take this Surratt back to Morgantown. Torveen made an issue out of it. I didn't like the idea of a fight right there on his own doorstep, so we didn't get Surratt. That gives you an idea of Sam's frame of mind."

A little interval of absorbed reflection came to the room. Peyrolles smiled then in a tight, acid way. "The boy," he murmured, "wants to be tough with us, does he? Well, Sam Torveen's dad was a friend of mine, and I rode Sam in my saddle when he was a kid a good many times. But I do not take presumin' ways from any man, let alone this boy."

Dutch Kersom cocked his bullet-round head; not a great deal of emotion got through that swarthy skin. "What's he stickin' up for this newcomer Surratt for, I want to know?"

"Just one more maverick to add to that wild bunch he's got," said Peyrolles.



"Pokey," said old Martin, "I'd give the world to have a son like this Surratt"

Ab Cameron's talk was uncertain. "I always used to like Sam. I always thought well of his family. As for the men he's got in his crew—"

"They stink, for a fact I say," stated Dutch Kersom.

"Certainly," agreed Bill Head. "He needs them for the sheep he's bringing in."

"Sheep?" said Ab Cameron. "It's all talk. The lad wouldn't try it."

"You don't know Sam," remarked Bill Head.

SHERIFF RANIER had remained thus far in the background. He spoke now. "Sam's stubborn. He don't change his mind."

"We will change friend Sam's mind," murmured Peyrolles, still showing that faint streak of acid smiling.

"If he tries it," added Dutch Kersom, unemotionally.

"He's got the sheep all right," said Bill Head, driving the information home in a quick tone. "They're up around the Peaks, waiting to come in."

"Where?" jerked out Peyrolles.

"I can't find out. They've got a herder posted on the peak with a rifle and good eyesight. I don't want to get my men shot up. Not yet."

It was as though the wind swung around from west to east. The temperature of this room seemed to drop and the air to become cold and furious. These men had been idly discussing something they didn't believe would happen. Now they were faced with it, and now they changed with the suddenness of their kind. Bill Head knew it and saw it, and was pleased. They were good men, large-handed and proud of their oral word, loving laughter and freedom; they could curse and storm and fight passionately when their authority was questioned, but they could be kind when that had passed. Yet upon this one subject they had an adamant singularity. A man who ran sheep became an enemy, no matter how long he had been a friend; an enemy beyond the bounds of decency or scruples. It was a passionate belief, so embedded in them as to be like a religious conviction—and their sense of its rightness made them merciless. A man who ran sheep flew in the face of clear warning and he had no pity and no generosity coming to him. Peyrolles bent in his chair, his desires impetuous and glittering in his eyes. Dutch Kersom was stolid, as always, yet Bill Head knew that this man's mind had locked out Torveen forever. Ab Cameron bowed his pale, benignant face. He spoke in a grieving way. "I am sorry to hear it."

"Sorry?" challenged Bill Head—and flung his willful glance on Cameron.

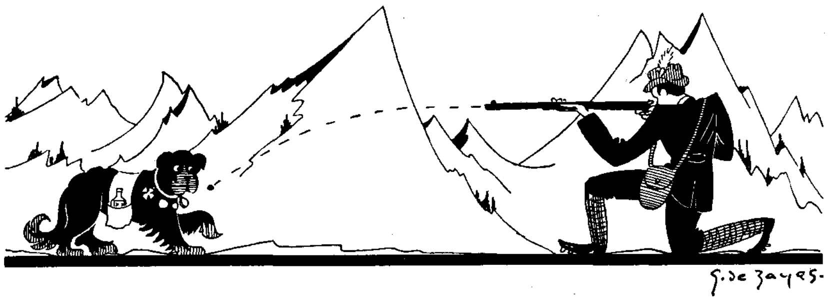
"We will send an outfit up there and find the sheep," murmured Peyrolles. "We will destroy them."

Sheriff Ranier said anxiously: "What do you think, Martin?"

But Martin Head looked upon them with a fixed, hooded stare; and not the power of all their eyes could detect his sentiments. He said briefly: "It is my son's show."

A ranch hand came to the door and said laconically: "Man here wants to see you, Bill."

Bill Head wheeled out of the room at a long stride. There was a rider near the corner of the porch. He made a formless, top-heavy shape on the pony and the



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

One of the most intelligent dogs was "Barry," a St. Bernard belonging to the famous St. Bernard Hospice in the Swiss Alps. Before he was shot by a man who mistook him for a wolf, he saved the lives of 40 travelers who were lost and near death in snowstorms, one being a little girl whom he carried to safety.

An implosion—a bursting inward from external pressure—can occur with as much force as an explosion. This was proved when a clinical thermometer, wrapped in heavy cloth, was lowered into very deep water. The resultant implosion did not blow the instrument into "a thousand pieces," but into a spoonful of fine white powder.

More names, dates and records of achievements are carved in the rocky cliffs of the Dog River near Beirut, Syria, than in any other spot on earth. For the past 3,000 years this gorge has been a favorite pass for armies marching between Africa and the East and few conquerors, from the pharaohs of Egypt to the marshals of France, have failed to leave inscriptions on its rocks.—*By Corwin C. Roach, Gambier, Ohio.*

In order that her hands may be free to work in the field or to trade in the market place, one of every ten mothers in the world still follows the ancient custom of carrying her baby on her back the greater part of the day.

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Ludwig II, the "Mad King" of Bavaria from 1864 to 1886, never saw or spoke to anyone if he could avoid it. When in Munich his chief amusements were to attend performances at the Royal and National Theater for which he purchased all seats so he could be alone, and to row a gondola on an artificial lake which he had built on the third floor of his palace so he could not be watched by servants.

Although street names have been used for more than 2,000 years, some great cities have existed without them almost to the present day. For example, Constantinople was 1,600 years old and had a million population before it named its streets and numbered its houses less than 20 years ago.

When a man arises suddenly from a sitting position, the additional weight momentarily created by the action nearly equals his normal weight. Therefore, grandstands and stadiums are usually constructed so that each seat and the standing space in front of it will sustain a load of at least 300 pounds.—*By Maurice Sagoff, Boston, Massachusetts.*

"Lechah Dodi," the Hebrew hymn that is sung as a part of the Sabbath ceremony, has about 2,000 different melodies, the record number of musical compositions, it is believed, to be created especially for one song.—*By Miss M. Jagrin, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.*

Noises sound louder at night than in the day because their propagation is not impeded by ascending currents of air which have been warmed by the sun.

Of the 23 states that now levy general sales taxes, only five—Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, New Mexico and Washington—issue tokens, square or round "money" worth from one to two mills, with which to pay fractional taxes. The classic, issued by Missouri and valued at a mill, is larger than a silver dollar.

Despite the fact that industrial workers now earn the highest hourly peacetime wages ever paid in this country, their average income is reduced considerably by the shorter work-week. In 1929 they received 58.9 cents an hour. Today they are paid 60.1 cents, an increase of two per cent. In 1929 they made $28.50 a week. Today they are able to earn only $22.28, a decrease of 21.8 per cent.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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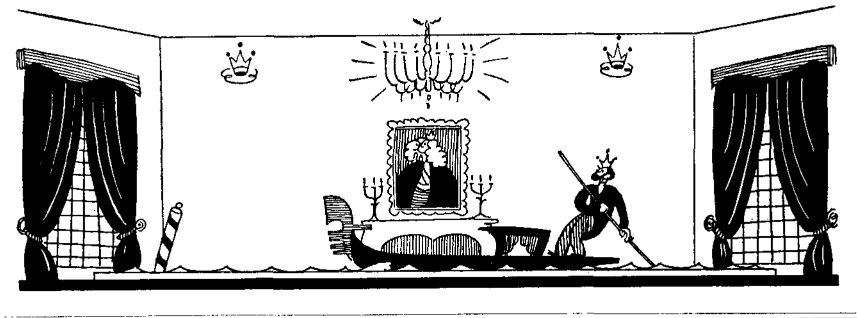


darkness of the night covered his identity. But when he spoke to Bill Head the low, vast roll of his voice betrayed him.

"I didn't tell you to come here," said Bill Head irritably.

"Sheep's started in," said Blackjack Smith. "You wanted to know that, didn't you?"

"Where?"

"On the pass road."

Bill Head turned back into the house. He said: "The sheep are coming in."

Peyrolles was out of his chair at a single motion. The angular frame of the man bent and turned. "We'll stop that, now."

Bill Head said, sharply: "Wait a minute," and checked Peyrolles with a shake of his head. "We don't do it that way. Torveen's primed for trouble tonight. He'll be waiting for it. No. Let him bring his sheep in. There's plenty of other nights to come. We'll do this in our own way."

PEYROLLES' smile was a bright, sharp thing. "You got an idea, Bill?"

Bill Head said: "When I call on you fellows for help I want to know I'll get it."

"You'll get it," said Dutch Kersom. They all rose and stood a moment; and they seemed to await Martin Head's final word. But he said, "Good night, gentlemen," and nothing more, and then they left the room. Bill Head went to the porch and stood there until they had ridden away. Afterward he came back into the room. He rolled himself a cigarette and lighted it—and stood waiting.

"Bill," said Old Martin, growling out his anger, "only a fool would take a posse to Torveen's to get a man—and go away without the man."

Bill Head's pink face showed a resenting defensiveness. He was not quite easy in the presence of his father. He said: "I told you Sam had fixed himself up to make a fight of it. Why throw lead in his own yard?"

"You've been taught better," grunted Old Martin. "Never start a play you can't go through with. Either you should have known better than to have gone up there, or else you ought to have taken this Surratt, regardless. So you made two mistakes—going there underestimating Sam Torveen, and going away with your hands empty. You backed down."

Bill Head flushed. He was restless and angry. "Never mind. I'll take that Surratt when I want him—you can count on that."

"Who's this Surratt?"

"A stranger driftin' through the hills."

Martin rolled his shoulders. "It wasn't a stranger that killed Leslie. Somebody did that who knew Les too well. Surratt's clear of that."

"I know it."

"Then," said Old Martin bluntly, "what you want him for?"

"I don't intend to have him strengthen Sam Torveen's hand any."

Old Martin judged his son with a cold, black glance. There was something unsparing in this man that would not relent, not even for his son. "You're a schemin' man," he said at last. "I do not trust your word. I have been harsh in my time and I've done things I regret now. But they were honest mistakes. You're not honest, Bill. I sit here tonight and listen to you speak about sheep and all the while you are not thinkin' about sheep but about Sam Torveen, whom you hate."

"One reason or another," said Bill Head coolly, "I'm after Sam Torveen."

Old Martin's hands gripped the chair arms. He pushed himself forward and let the full blast of his temper thunder out. "If you've got a quarrel with the man, go out and settle it—but don't lie about your reasons!"

His voice rushed along the walls and filled the room massively—and died to a creeping silence. Bill Head stared at the floor with a still strain. He said, very quietly: "Yes, sir. You want me to carry you upstairs now?"

Old Martin remained crouched in the chair, inspecting his son in that bitter, friendless way. "It is my opinion that Nick Perrigo shot Les. I know Perrigo well. A tricky little scoundrel who worked for me long enough to hate all Heads, and Les in particular. The man never forgot an injury and never forgave one. If I had two sound legs I'd go find Nick and I'd kill him. Since I cannot do it, you will do that for me."

Bill Head pulled up his chin and stared. "I'm to personally do that, sir?"

"Les was no good," stated Old Martin. "But he had our name and we'll see that it is protected. There's our answer to the hills. You go get Nick Perrigo." Then he added with a dismal grimness: "They are not Christian reasons, Bill, but they're honest ones."

"If—" began Bill Head; and stopped. A woman's voice came through the door. "Dad's gone home?" And afterwards Judith Cameron walked in. She crossed the room, smiling at Old Martin, and bent down and kissed him on a cheek. Old Martin sat motionless, his hands still gripping the arms of the chair. He was a seldom-smiling man, but when she drew back, laughing a little at his stony manner, his eyes softened and were pleased. He said, more brusque than usual, "Ab's gone. A girl like you, Judith, has got no business rammin' around these hills at night alone. Ride home with her, Bill."

Judith looked at Bill thoughtfully. She said: "Is he supposed to be protection, Martin?"

Old Martin scowled at his son. "If he turns bad on you, Judith," he said, "use a gun."

Judith walked out with Bill Head following. Martin Head lifted his voice again and yelled, "Pokey!" A thin, time-whipped little man came instantly in and stood in front of Martin Head, his countenance faithful and sly and sad.

"Who rode up here with news for Bill?"

"Blackjack Smith."

Old Martin's throat growled. "We're havin' fine company on the ranch these days, Pokey. Turn me around—and get out."

Pokey swung the chair toward the fire and left at a silent shuffle, and took up a kind of sentry duty on the porch. Martin Head leaned back against the chair, with his eyes on the lithograph of Jeb Stuart. He spoke to Stuart, across time, as an equal to an equal.

"There ain't as much honor and courage in the world as there used to be, Beauty. And the fun is gone. You died young, which was proper. It's hell to be old."

JUDITH and Bill Head rode down the trail in silence until they came to a meadow dimly shining in the night. Bill rode abreast of her at this place. He was disgruntled and irritated. "Was that the sort of thing to say to the old man?"

"About your dependability, Bill? Well—"

"Judith," he burst out, "treat a man a little kinder!"

"You get kindness," she told him softly, "by being kind."

"You can cut the heart out of a fellow with your words," he said, vehemently. "Good God, what do I have to do if I want a little encouragement from you? Don't hold me off like that!"

Her talk was candid and hurting.

(Continued on page 48)

Gray Gloves

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By John McClain

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA E. SCHWINN

SCHOFIELD had to admit, as he stood there looking in the bathroom mirror, that the mustache made him a very funny-looking little guy. It was much too big, to begin with, and it was fuzzy at the ends, like the ones he had seen drawn on the faces of girls in subway posters. The reason it was there on his face, the reason he was amused at the sight of it, was that it was the second time in his life he had seen it. An hour before, he had returned to New York with a full beard, after a two-months' canoe trip in Canada. Checking in at a hotel, he had sent at once for the barber, expecting to emerge clean-shaven. He would have, in fact, had not the barber asked, "Leave the mustache, of course, sir?"

"Of course," he had said. He was always afraid of barbers.

It hadn't looked so bad when the barber held the mirror for his approval after the shave, but now, viewed in the bright light from all angles, it was no bargain.

Schofield turned on the hot water in the basin, opened his traveling case and took out his shaving things.

"Pretty Louise would chase me right out of town if she caught me in this," he said to himself, chuckling—"if she recognized me."

AND as he said that Schofield surprised even himself by turning off the water and opening the drain. "If she recognized me—" he repeated. It might be a good gag, just for a day, anyway. He put the razor away and ran a bath.

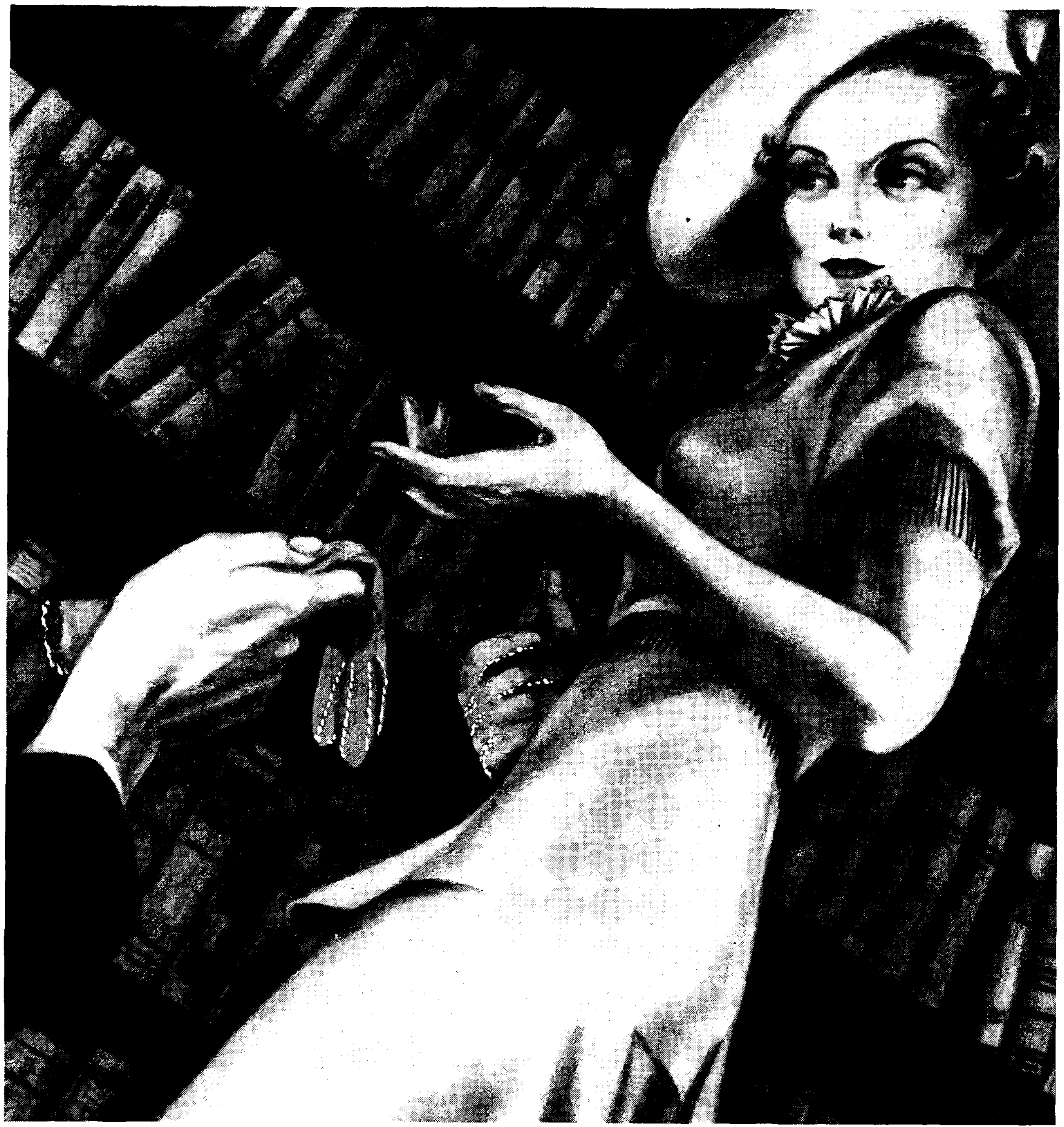
When it was ready, Schofield got into the tub and slid down so that only his head and neck stuck out. Then he leaned back and found a spot, rounded to fit the groove where his head joined his spine, and with that he experienced as complete comfort as he had ever known in life.

"I have a reasonable amount of money," he thought. "I have good health and life does not bore me. And I have Louise—I hope!"

He recalled the way he met Louise. It was a Saturday afternoon the summer before, when everybody was in the country. He had been walking around aimlessly, fighting a hangover, and had dropped into a bookstore in the sixties. The place was nearly deserted, but he had been there only a minute, he recalled, when he had the feeling that he was not alone, and then he saw, out of the corner of one eye, a girl standing there quite close to him—a girl who might or might not have been attractive. He was turning to find out when she dropped her glove. It was a gray glove, with white stitching, clean and small, and he thought as he picked it up: "This is much too nice a glove to be dropped by a girl who drops gloves to pick up men."

But then when he handed it to her, he knew he had made a mistake. She would not have to drop her glove to get guys, he thought—the eyes would be enough.

"Thank you," she had said, not smiling too much.



He knew he had made a mistake. She wouldn't have to drop her glove to get guys

"Why—why, Miss," he had replied, "danged if you ain't the purtiest gal on the range."

Then they had both laughed, and pretty soon they were talking about New York and after that they were in the Prado bar, drinking cocktails and talking about themselves.

In the weeks that followed, before he went away to Canada, he had seen her twice a week—sometimes more. He learned that she was a model, that she lived in a Tudor City apartment with a girl called Grace, who had come from her home town in Michigan, and that she came from a good, middle-class family. She had lots of other dates, he knew, and when they went places like Jack and Charlie's and the Stork Club there were always several men, some of them rather old, who spoke to her, calling her by her first name. He believed, and he was being honest with himself, that she cared more for him than any other man, and he thought he was in love with her. And then he wondered, with a start, why he had not asked her to marry him.

Schofield's reverie, which had occupied fifteen minutes, came to an end for two reasons: his mustache began to itch violently and a large Irish lady with towels over her arm opened the bathroom door and backed in. He scratched his mustache with one hand and made a loud splashing noise with the other, so that the lady gave a surprised cry and hurried out.

After he had dried himself and combed his hair, Schofield went to the phone, called room service and ordered a Scotch-and-soda. Then he began dressing leisurely. When the drink came he had on shorts, shoes, socks, and his hat, which he put on to keep his hair in place. He took the drink and walked over to the window, where he drank it abstractedly, looking down on the city.

HE THOUGHT: "If I leave here in fifteen minutes I will be at the Marson in another fifteen, which will give me time for two drinks if Louise is on time—four or five if she isn't. And I will certainly need several drinks to carry this mustache, especially if she doesn't know me."

Schofield was pleased to note that the elevator man made no outcry about his mustache, nor did anybody else in the hotel. A cab driver on the curb gave him a strange, double look, but that was all. As he walked down Fifth Avenue people passed him by with the same unconcern for which, he remembered, he had once condemned all New Yorkers.

At Fifty-second Street he stopped to check his watch with the clock on the jewelry store and, realizing he had ten minutes more than he needed, went over to look in the window at some rings. He had looked at only one ring when he suddenly knew that he would buy one.

His eyes were on the ground, and he was just starting for the entrance to the store when he saw the glove lying there. He stooped, almost by reflex, and then, halfway down, with his hand outstretched, he stopped and the blood came rushing to his head. It wasn't because the glove was gray with white stitching, and clean—he had noticed that almost as he noticed the glove—nor the similarity of incidents leading up to his seeing it. It was rather a sudden, numbing realization that he was not sure about Louise and that, for all the faith he had in her, for all he really knew about her, she might be standing there beside him somewhere, waiting for the strange little man with the big mustache to fall for her cheap trick, to pick her up, and take her out, and buy her presents.

Then he stopped thinking and bent farther and picked up the glove. An elderly lady, rather overweight in a well-groomed way, was the only other person near the window.

"I beg your pardon, is this your glove?"

The old lady turned, looked at her purse, and smiled back at him. "Oh, thank you so much," she said. "I hadn't even missed it."

Schofield walked away from the jewelry store, down Fifth Avenue. He would have just about time for a quick shave before meeting Louise, he figured.

The Odds Against Honor

By Francis Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

THANKS to the financial aid of Tony Scotti, a gambler, Clark Jenkins leaves his home in a coal-mining section and enters Atlantic University. There he and his roommate, Cal Calhoun, become football stars; and there, presently, he falls in love with Margaret Bailey, whose father, Jim Bailey, is wealthy.

In love with Clark, Margaret hears disturbing gossip about him. According to the scandalmongers, he is in league with a football gambling ring of which Scotti is a member. As a matter of fact, it is not Clark who is coöperating with the gamblers; *it is Cal Calhoun.* Suspecting the truth, following a game preceding which the news of an injury to his knee had leaked out mysteriously—a game in which Scotti and his crowd had backed Atlantic's opponent heavily, Clark accuses Cal of the treachery; after which the two players are enemies.

Sensational newspaper stories, however, make it appear that Clark is guilty, and only a courageous defense by Gates, Atlantic's coach, saves him from expulsion. Exonerated at last, he learns that henceforth neither his brother, Pete (an ex-pugilist with a none-too-savory reputation) nor Scotti will be permitted to associate with the members of the team.

The season advances. The team moves forward toward its great climactic game with Erie, reputed to be unusually strong. . . . Thanksgiving Day, the day of the game, arrives. The crowd gathers. The Atlantic team trots out on the field.

But (although few in that vast gathering know it) Clark is not there. He has been kidnapped by a gang of gamblers. Shortly before the kickoff, he is seated in a hotel room, where two guards, Charlie and Jake, watch him carefully.

One of the guards tunes in on the game, on the radio. The announcer names the men who will play for Atlantic. To the amazement of the three listeners, he says nothing of Clark's absence—on the contrary, *he says that Clark Jenkins, No. 20, is at quarter, as usual!*

Clark smiles. "The laugh's on you, boys," he says. But the "boys" are not in a good humor. Together, they advance on him menacingly.

VII

BLACKIE DAWSON, at the moment, was looking fiercely at Wayne Harlow. Tony Scotti grinned.

"Onasquare, Blackie, I thought you had Clarkie."

The two gamblers ignored him. Their eyes were angry quicksilver. Tight lips formed thin pencil lines.

"Hey—" Tony suddenly roared, "if you ain't got him, who you got? You ain't got Cal—I see him—you in tough spot, boys—"

"Pipe down, you small-time punk," Blackie hissed. "Come on," he muttered to Harlow, "we've gotta see—hey, you, move!"

He was speaking to a big fellow who wore a monogrammed sweater beneath a camel coat. He wore no hat. He did not move. He said, "You're not going any place, skunk."

"Oh, yeah?" The little man, enraged, reached for his pocket. Young giants surrounded the two, held their wrists, forced them to their seats. The incident was lost in the commotion of the kickoff.

MARGARET'S first reaction was a childish squeal of joy. She glanced in triumph at her puzzled brother and impulsively hugged the little old lady with her left arm.

Clark's mother was quiet. There was a worried look about her eyes.

"Well, I'll be—" Pete exclaimed. "I wonder where he came from."

Jim Bailey caught his arm. Margaret thought that her father's smile was too tight—he didn't seem to realize yet that there was nothing to worry about—

SPIKE ADAMS, who had braced himself for the blow, almost collapsed when it failed to come.

The announcer, giving the lineup, had calmly said, "Quarterback, Jenkins, number twenty," as if this were not the most important single statement made thus far in all the millions of words which had been uttered or written about college football.

Spike was still trying to catch his breath when his operator nudged his arm and pointed to a note.

"Anthony just told his paper to quit bothering him with pipe dreams. He said that Jenkins was on the field and that the guy who said he couldn't be was as wrong as Broadway columnists usually were about sports."

Spike wondered a thousand things—how, what, when—perhaps there had been nothing to it at all—perhaps Clark *had* been held up by traffic.

Then he stopped thinking. He had his glasses on Jenkins. Something about his walk—

Spike knew his players at a distance as race observers know a horse a mile away.

He knew this wasn't Clark Jenkins.

He knew that Joe Gates wanted the press box to think it was Jenkins.

That was thin ice. The skipper was shooting the works. Spike remembered what he had said: "We've got to *show* Jenkins on that field."

He was showing him; but how long could he get away with it? Bennett was far from a Jenkins. At a distance he looked like him. He could tackle—but that was all. Every minute he was in there the game was in danger. Inevitably, he would be recognized.

Brad Anthony was smiling. "Well, Spike, don't tell me you're going collegiate and getting hopped up about this game?"

Spike laughed. His pencil drummed the paper before him. He could not stop himself. He was thinking that Brad Anthony would be hopping over seats if he were sitting in Spike's seat.

The kickoff.

Bennett couldn't kick—why hadn't the skipper let Cal do it—no, he had to go through with the masquerade—but with Bennett punting they wouldn't have a chance—

The swish of Bennett's foot started a wind that swept around the stadium in a mighty roar—

The kick was short but it rolled along the ground almost to the twenty-yard line. It was picked up on the run, the interference formed—

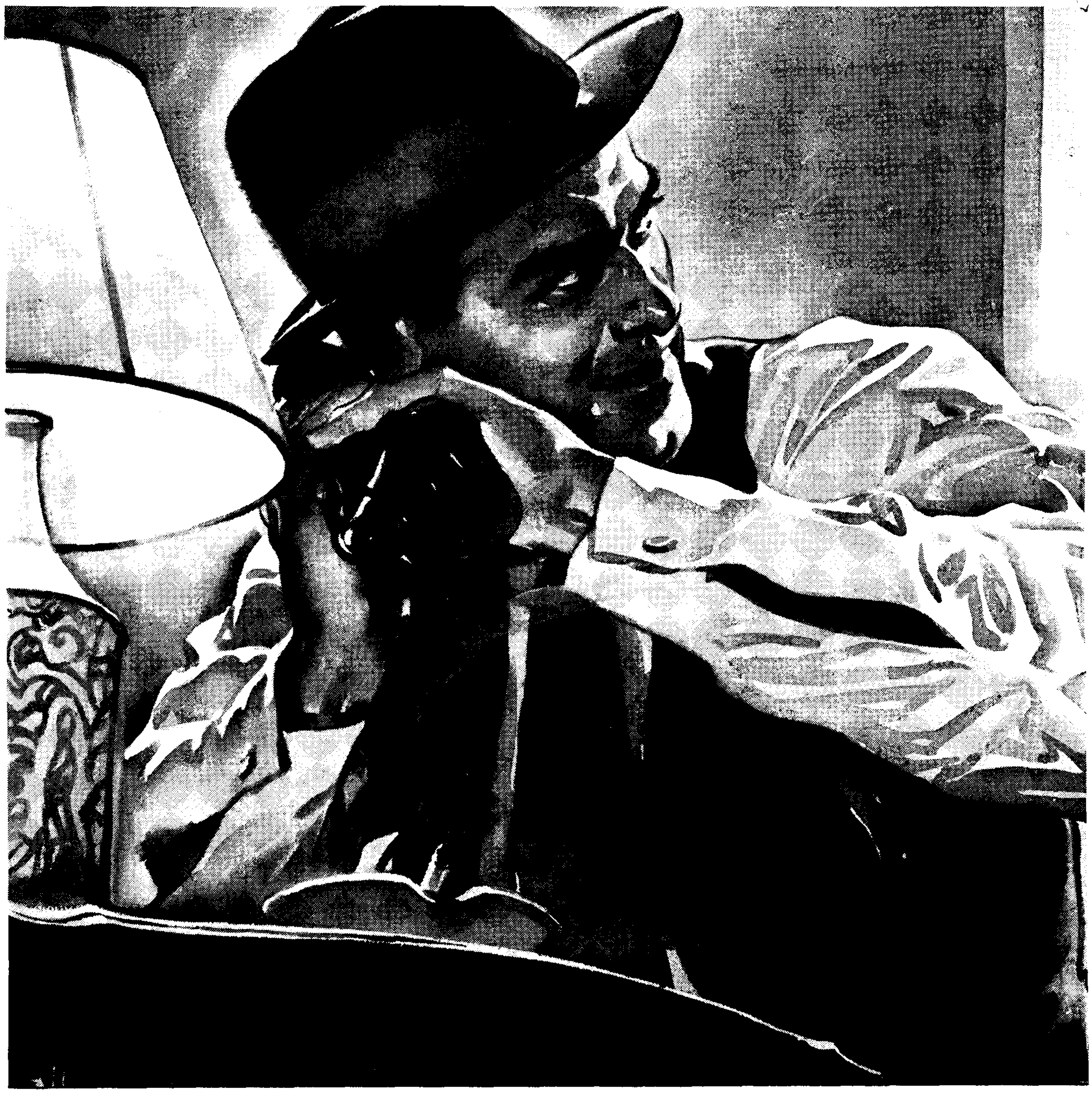
The battle royal between blockers and tacklers as they converged upon the ball carrier—he popped through—

He was met.

Whooo! A groan of astonishment, of sheer awe, came from the crowd.

BRAD ANTHONY was shouting. He was almost hysterically shouting: "Did you *see* that tackle—who was it, Spike? If he gets up, I'll be surprised. If either of them gets up I'll be surprised. Christopher, he left his feet and wham! Who was it?"

"I don't know yet. They're all around him. There goes the trainer out—now they're lifting him, he must be hurt pretty bad—"



"Careful," Jake counseled. Charlie listened; he tried to talk, then listened; then he put the phone down

"No wonder," Anthony cried, "he's got more guts than sense. I never saw a tackle so vicious."

"They're taking the Erie man out. He's limping and rubbing his head. I can get his number, twelve—who's that?"

"Sarto. Huh. They'll need that boy. Who's your man?"

Spike dropped his glasses and swore in utter discouragement.

"Jenkins."

"What!"

"Yes. There goes Carewe, his substitute. Well, there goes the ball game. Gee—why did he have to do that—he hit that guy—"

Spike was thinking: Nobody but the skipper would have thought of that.

Anthony was sitting back now, staring. The noise and excitement about him seemed not to touch him. He wrote a message. His operator got an answer. Anthony then sent another. Spike waited until he felt the nudge at his elbow.

DESK: JENKINS OUT OF GAME HURT ON FIRST PLAY. BRAD.

BRAD: LOOKS LIKE MIDWEST SCRIPT FROM HERE. ED.

ED: IF I HADN'T SEEN THAT TACKLE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SO TOO. WILL KEEP HEADS UP. BRAD.

Margaret gasped at the impact. Her heart did a queer leap, something it had never done before.

Clark's mother was quiet. She looked at the spot where the players were gathered.

Pete was standing. He was biting his nails. Jim Bailey's eyes were narrowed, keen. He seemed to be more interested in watching the reaction of the people than in the injury of Clark. She thought she heard him muttering: "Hurry."

They were helping him off, now. It was hard to see him, the way they surrounded him.

And this old lady stood there and took it like a soldier! She had seen her husband carried home once.

Margaret was fighting tears. The poor kid. He had tried. He had never harmed anybody. He had just wanted to do something with his life. That was his crime. So gentle, so strong, so true, so brave—

His mother was saying: "Somehow, I don't feel like it was Clark. He didn't seem to walk like him or run like him—"

"Give me those glasses—" Jerry snatched at his father's binoculars. Jim Bailey calmly put them to his eyes. "I can see him." He spoke slowly. "Oh, he'll be all right. He's smiling. I suppose it's one of those things they're careful about—maybe a little rest and he'll be back."

Margaret searched her father's eyes.

BLACKIE DAWSON and Wayne Harlow were sitting calmly now. Blackie's smile was like a copperhead's smile. "Okay, buddy," he said to the young giant next to him, "you don't need to break my arm."

Harlow added: "You boys don't need to worry about us. I think we're going to enjoy this now." He grunted to his partner: "Who do you suppose—do you think he got away? Or did we have him?"

"What's the difference? He's through for the day."

Tony listened to their mutterings. "I think you guys pretty lucky, you ask me."

"Nobody asked you, hick. Ain't you down, too?"

"I forget. But I like Clarkie, see. He's my boy."

Blackie snarled: "Okay, ginzo, after today you can have him."

Tony grinned. "Okay, Blackie, old boy."

The crowd was up. It was an evenly divided crowd, cheering, moaning, shouting, groaning.

Carewe, Atlantic safety man, fumbled a punt. Erie recovered on Atlantic's fourteen-yard line.

In four plays, whistling, bruising, clever plays, Erie had a touchdown.

They failed to convert as Tom Vavra blocked.

And the score was 6-0.

Cal Calhoun waited to receive the next kickoff. This was the perfect spot—bring it back for a touchdown, kick the point and steal the show.

Erie never should have had that score. Bum information from the scouts. They had reported that Kitchen couldn't cut back. So, when he had started off tackle, Cal had swung over back of the line with him—then he had cut back.

They would say in the press box that Cal should have been there to stop him. They wouldn't know anything about the bum scouting.

Cal took the ball on the run, straightened out and looked for a path—but he had no chance—two men were on him. They let him have it high-low. While they were lying there one said: "So this is what they call All-America around here."

"Wait till I get a chance to run."

"Next time we'll stand back, Goldilocks."

Erie was attacking again.

ON THE bench Joe Gates sat tensely. This was a critical moment. If the team didn't hold, if that first touchdown had upset them, the game might become a rout.

But the team held!

Kitchen was back to punt and Cal poised to receive it. He would run this one back—he would run it through the whole team. He would show them what an All-America looked like.

It was high and twisting. It would hit near the sidelines on about the twenty. He heard the ends coming down. If he fumbled that twister and they recovered again, nothing could stop them. He'd let it bounce out of bounds.

But the ball took a freak slither away from the sideline and toward the goal. Cal followed, swearing. If he picked it up he might fumble—if it kept rolling it would go over. The first end was coming now to fall on it—Cal took a block at him and knocked him down. The other end got it on the one-foot line.

Now they would say he had played it badly. He had used good judgment—but everything was going wrong. Going wrong.

Cal was standing in his end zone—near the very edge of the field of play. He must not step backward—that would mean an automatic safety and two points. He must get that kick away—if they blocked and recovered it would be another touchdown—and they would blame him. He'd show 'em.

He did.

The crowd yelled approval. Cal talked to himself. "Attababy, Cal, they'll like that." The ball had traveled to midfield—fifty yards on the fly, over the head of the safety man who hadn't thought Cal could punt that far.

"Now," he yelled at the linemen, "get in there and stop something."

Kitchen twisted through for a first down on the Atlantic thirty-two. He made four more and Cal began to edge closer to the line to help back it up. Enright, the Erie quarter, saw him and threw a pass over his head—the receiver was beyond him—if he caught it—touchdown!

CAL flew back, made a great, twisting leap, tapped the ball, caught it coming down, found an avenue near the side line and ran back, swiveling, snaky-hipping, dancing, to his forty-five before they penned him in.

The crowd loved it. Cal got up, made no effort to remove the sneering smile from his face. "Well," he said to the man who had driven him out of bounds, "would you call that All-America or not?"

"I'll be seein' you, Goldy."

Cal tore around end—or started—but when he tried to cut back three men smothered him. On the ground, somebody's fist hit him in the nose and somebody said: "How do you like it, Goldilocks?"

"Okay—if that's the way you want to play."

In the huddle again, his face smeared with blood and dirt, he snarled, "Listen, you guys, I'm not going to go anywhere if you don't block somebody."

"You left your blockers—the hole was outside end—"

"Say, you shrimp—are you telling me how to run?"

Tom Vavra cut in: "We're not going to get anywhere arguing. We're in a tough spot. They're laying for you, Cal, and we haven't got Clark to cut that first man down. Carewe just isn't big enough—but he can run. Run yourself this time, Johnny."

"Okay—and let's see *you* try a block for a change."

Cal swore. "Make it the left end."

Carewe made it the left end. Cal rode him out with his shoulder, drove him into the ground, gave him the elbow in the ear as he went down. "How do you like it, wise guy?"

The end grinned.

In the huddle again. Cal's teammates were slapping him on the back. "Nice going, Cal—" Johnny Carewe laughed. "Think you can do it again?"

"I can do it all day."

This time the end sparred; as he backed away he jabbed a neat left into Cal's lips but the play went by for four yards and Atlantic had made its initial first down of the game.

"Now," said Cal, "I showed you how to do it—how about somebody else blocking?"

HE RACED wide—and for the first time, little Carewe got his man. Kitchen, the left halfback, brought Cal down and let him have a short jab in the jaw. "I hear you're after the title," he said. "Can I get in on this, Goldilocks?"

Cal twisted, kicked at him but missed. "Where did you guys get that Goldilocks stuff?"

"Oh, we read about your hair in Winchell's column."

"Now you're going, Cal, old boy," Carewe cried, "how did you like that blocking?"

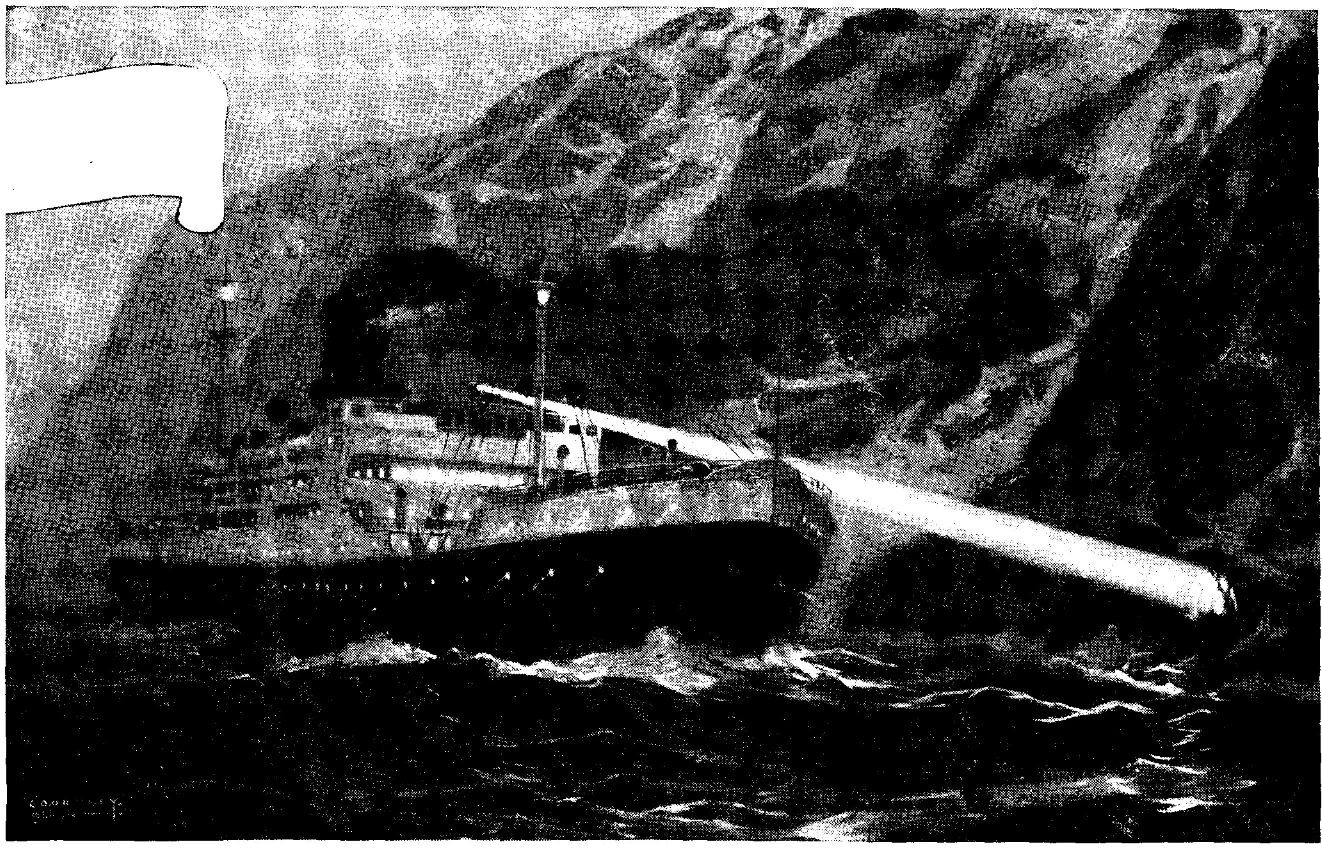
"I showed you how, didn't I?"

"Show me some more."

"Shoot me at Kitchen and it's a deal."

This time Cal faked at the end, and then brushed by him. The play was inside tackle; Cal made for Kitchen, who tried to jump aside; but Cal upset him

(Continued on page 32)

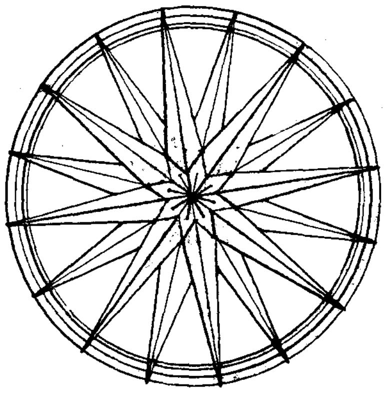


Hazards that would prostrate a North Atlantic skipper are only part of the day's run on the route to Juneau

Inside Passage

All aboard for Skagway and Ketchikan! It's a bit thick going up through the islands in the snow. You'll need eyes, ears, nose and stop watch to navigate these waters. Step up to the bridge and try

By Jim Marshall



ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

A thousand hair-raising miles of twists and turns, fog and rain, reefs, rocks and gales—the Inside Passage to Alaska

YOU'RE standing in a little, swaying room, fifteen feet wide and nine across. Against the glass along the front and sides the snow drifts wetly. Outside, the sou'wester howls, blustering against the house, rattling one of the windows. You pound in a wooden wedge with the heel of your hand to stop the rattle and strain your eyes through the snow-filled blackness. Forty feet in front and far above, a dim yellow gleam arcs through the night. Through it the flakes drift in momentary glints of light. . . . Beyond the masthead light—nothing.

You knock out a window wedge and let down the glass on a leather strap. The wind howls into the house, flinging wet flakes over everything. A rhythmic hiss and crash mingles with the steady rumble of the engines as the graybacks smash her flaring bows and the white spume flies inboard to join the snowdrifts in the angles of the foredeck. You haul up the window with a slam and pound in the wedge again.

A ship's clock screwed to the after bulkhead strikes: Ting-ting. Ting.

One-thirty in a midwinter morning, driving through that lane of hidden disaster that is the Inside Passage to Alaska—the 1,000-mile tortured, twisting, rock-strewn, gale-battered, fog-blanketed, rainswept ocean ditch that is the main highway between the Golden North and the "outside."

In the wheelhouse it's pitch dark. A single tiny circle of light glows down on the motionless compass needle and the swinging card below it. The needle says north-northeast. Just outside the light circle is the dim form of the wheelsman. Back in a corner, munching a huge sandwich and washing it down with hot coffee, is the second mate.

You? . . . Well, you're the skipper of this 2,000 tons of heaving, shuddering ship, plowing blindly through the snow up a narrow, twisting channel between 5,000-foot mountains. Here's your job:

You know pretty well where you are. You'd *better* know—or else . . . And you'd better know within twenty yards and a split second. This is a stop-watch job. Over on your port bow somewhere there's a reef, dry at low water, stretching out its fangs for you. Tide's at half flood now, setting you over toward the reef. Setting you over—but how much?

Navigation by Ear

You reach up in the darkness and pull sharply on a rope end. The siren wails. In a second or two, a faint echo, muffled by the storm.

Over in the corner, the mate has clicked on a tiny light shining down through a brass tube onto the white pages of the opened logbook, with its pencil swinging at the end of a string. He holds a stop watch in his hairy, bronzed fist. As you tug down the siren again he presses his thumb on the stem. . . . Again, the faint echo. The thumb clamps down again.

"Three and a half seconds, sir!"

"Five hundred yards off the bluff—hundred off the reef. Good enough. . . . Nor'-nor'west, quarter west, Quartermaster!"

You know where you are, now. If you get an answering echo to your siren in eleven seconds, you're a mile offshore. You get so, after awhile, you can count seconds without a watch. But you'd better count them right. . . . There was poor old Tim, back in '13—he counted a little slow one foggy night. And there she was, on the beach, with two forward holds flooded, in five minutes.

Now, all you have to do is take your 2,000 tons of steel, moving along at fifteen miles an hour, five miles up this channel, pick up the light on Retreat Point, make a carefully calculated turn to port—and then go pounding down Chatham Strait for 65 miles through the sleet and wind and churning tides. And do it blind. At the end of the 65 miles, if you're lucky, you'll come to a buoy in mid-channel, with a light blinking atop. The buoy may be run under by the tide, the light may be out, or the whole thing may have sunk—you can't tell. But if it's there, and alight, and you manage by judging tide and wind right and using your instinct and keeping count of engine revolutions, to find it—well, all right.

After that, all you have to do is make a sharp turn to starboard, far enough off Cape Morris to miss a reef and far

(Continued on page 38)

Hitler's Paymaster

"You'll need me for two or three years. After that you can shoot me if you want to. But you can't shoot me yet." That's what Dr. Schacht, financial czar of Germany, counts on when he speaks out in meeting, defying the tin gods of Nazidom. For if anyone can save German finances, Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht is the man

By T. R. Ybarra

The power is Hitler's but the purse strings are manipulated by Hjalmar Schacht, a man who is given to speaking his mind

A CERTAIN German celebrity was asked recently by a young hero-worshiper to write something in an autograph album and sign thereto his celebrated name. Glancing over the pages of the album, in which other famous Germans had already written and signed contributions, he came to the name of Gustav Stresemann, Foreign Minister of Germany's ill-fated postwar republic, whose efforts to reconcile Frenchmen and Germans brought him to an early grave.

To express his philosophy of life, Stresemann had selected a sentence from one of Goethe's tragedies, which painted the heroes of history as helpless puppets, irresistibly swept along in Fate's chariot—despite frantic attempts to control its course—over uncharted roads, toward unknown destinies.

The celebrity's lips curled contemptuously and he shook his head in emphatic dissent. After a moment's thought, he wrote, under Stresemann's contribution, a few lines of impromptu verse. The final quatrain thereof (freely translated) runs as follows:

"Give *me* the man of courage stout,
  Who *steers* the chariot of Fate,
And whirls it to the right-about—
  Him only will I hail as great!"

The German who dashed off that proclamation of arrogant self-confidence was Hjalmar Schacht, now president of the German Reichsbank and Minister of Economics in Adolf Hitler's government. Those lines of his express, in a nutshell, a belief which has guided him all through his life and brought him the reputation of being one of the most dexterous and least scrupulous financial wizards in the world.

The Man Who Fears Nobody

It guided him when he ended inflation in postwar Germany; when he fought, step by step, to wrest concessions for his country from American and French and British framers of plans for collecting German reparations; when, during ticklish negotiations in Paris, he stormed out of Premier Poincaré's office because that statesman had kept him waiting in an anteroom, and refused to return until Poincaré had sent an emissary scurrying down the street to fetch him back.

It still guides him now that, as financial czar of Nazi Germany, he is wrestling with the stupendous task of getting the Germans out of the worst financial muddle in their history. If Hjalmar Schacht fails at this, you may be sure that it will not be for any lack of trying to steer Fate's chariot and whirl it into paths of his own choosing.

As he fights his way over one economic obstacle after another he is equally scornful of public opinion at home and abroad. And, relying on his conviction that he is indispensable to the leaders of the Third Reich, he says things which nobody else in Germany dares say.

He denounces the anti-Jewish campaign of the Nazi extremists which is subjecting German manufacturers to ruinous boycotting. He places himself in open opposition to those who—like Julius Streicher, Jew-Baiter Number One—are building up stone walls of anti-Nazi prejudice in foreign countries.

The tin gods of Nazidom inspire in him no vestige of fear. All over Berlin, a little while ago, they were telling how Schacht turned to Goebbels, most violent of the big Nazi chieftains, with the sudden question:

"Do you know of any German who would buy from a Jew who undersold a Christian?"

"I do not," replied Goebbels.

"Well, I do," snapped Schacht.

"Who would?"

"*I* would!"

And, at a gathering of Nazi chiefs, including Hitler himself, where most of those present had been brought, by much beer, to a state of exuberant frankness, Schacht remarked to Hitler:

"You need me. And you'll continue to need me for two or three years. After that, you can shoot me if you want to. *But you can't shoot me yet!*"

Long before the Nazis were first heard of — before the World War, in fact — Schacht was forging to the front in German finance. In postwar Germany practically every regime has either included him among its leaders or tried to wheedle him into its ranks. When, a few years ago, he resigned, in a huff, from the presidency of the Reichsbank, it was only to be reinstated triumphantly.

Incidentally, his middle name is Horace Greeley.

His father, having emigrated from Germany to New York as a young man, became an ardent follower of that hard-hitting American editor and presidential candidate. After his return to his native land, he insisted, when his son was born, that he should be named Horace Greeley Schacht. But the baby's grandmother objected. Such things weren't done in Germany, she said—the custom among her folks was to call children after their parents or godparents or uncles or suchlike.

Finally, there was a compromise. The baby was christened Hjalmar after his

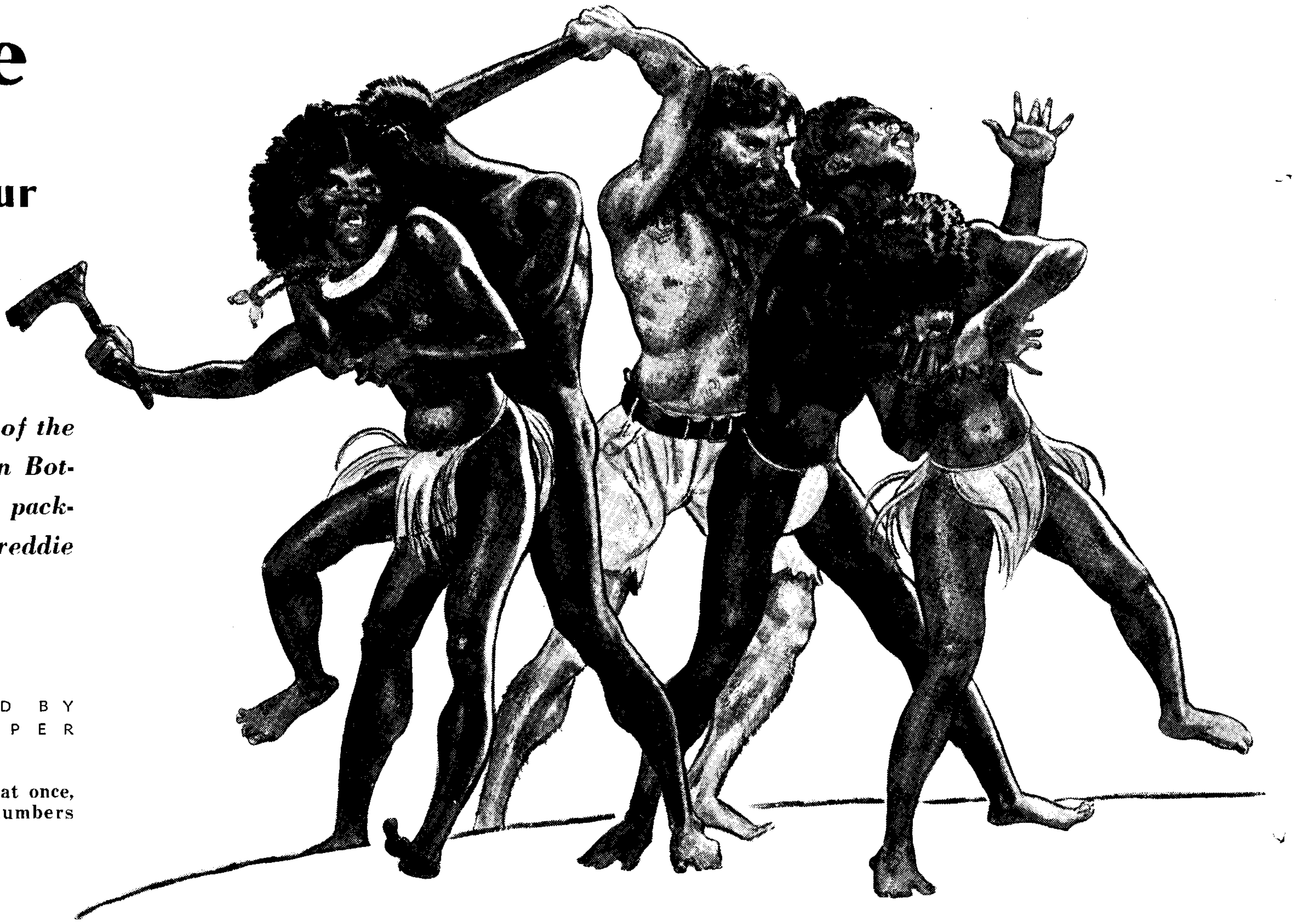
(Continued on page 42)

Welcome Home

By Gouverneur Morris

Another adventure of the unfortunate Captain Bottom and that small package of poison—Freddie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



They went down, almost at once, under the weight of numbers

IN PAPUA Old Man Time is a person of no importance. The gold and silver cases of pocket and wrist watches stand the climate well enough but the climate moists in and plays havoc with the delicate insides. The best which can be said for Papuan timepieces is that only those which have rusted to a dead stop are ever right. And these are right only twice in every twenty-four hours.

It is safest to put faith in the sun and the moon and the tides, and in the two seasons, in other ways similar, which are designated as wet and dry. But even these, unless a man has a memory which sticks to impressions like glue, are unsatisfactory. This is especially true in the cases of isolated men who, laid by the heels with fever, receive for days and even weeks at a time no impressions whatever of terrestrial or celestial phenomena.

Sometimes the insides of Captain Bottom's head made the roaring and explosive noises of a typhoon, and he sweated so that if his disordered brain thought at all it was to the effect that the rains had come.

After one of these bouts with fever he noted that the sound of drums, which, drawing ever closer out of the mysterious and dreaded hinterland, had so terrified him as almost to unhinge his reason, had ceased altogether. And thinking at first that this might be nothing but the calm before a storm, he was more terrified than ever. But after a few days and nights during which his ears recorded no sounds which were not natural, such sounds as the surf on the reef, the clashing of palm fronds in the afternoon trades and the cries of birds, he began once more to breathe freely and to think rational thoughts. Among the earliest of these was the realization that he had lost all track of Sundays and need no longer be at the pains of preaching weekly sermons to himself.

It might be years before the message which he had dispatched by bottle post should fall into helpful hands. It might be never. Ought he then on this one-in-a-million chance of rescue to remain indefinitely in the place where he had said that rescue would find him? He thought not. A message scored with a sharp stone in the bark of a tree would encourage the rescuers to come after him. So in the bark of a most smooth and conspicuous tree he scored the following message:

Captain Bottom Has Gone North. Please Follow. Date uncertain.

HE KNEW himself to be on an island because nearer than Australia there was no land, not even New Guinea itself, which was continental, and if his wanderings should eventually return him to the place from which he was now setting out it would be because the periphery of the island offered no domicile more practical or satisfactory. He moved off north rather than south for no especial reason. It seemed perhaps the shipshape and clockwise thing to do.

The beaches were rich in mollusks; the lagoons in fish. Coconuts and various insipid fruits were always to be had from the fringes of the convenient forest. Often where the lagoons were shallow he shed his hut-shaped suit of pandanus thatch, and hunted the barrier reef for sea snails and tridacna. On one occasion he gathered, and all within a few feet of each other, five volutes of extraordinary size and beauty. Even to Captain Bottom it seemed something of a pity to smash such beautiful shells—Freddie would have liked them—for the sake of the firm oyster appetizers within. But he did, between two lumps of coral, and departed presently, licking his chops.

It was his first meal of the day, and he hoped to augment it presently with more of the same. He would have been less optimistic if he could have known that the volutes (in color and markings they resembled the insides of foxglove blossoms) were of a species unknown to science, that he had committed a conchological crime and that potentially his breakfast had cost him perhaps a thousand pounds.

After some months of deliberate, pottering progress the rain came upon him with a bang, and although the solid fabric of his garment shed water like a roof, it leaked at the neck and the armholes and for weeks he was miserably damp. Then suddenly his necessities mothered an invention and, between downpours, he plaited himself a conical thatch-work hat wide enough when he walked about to afford an umbrella-like shelter for the emergencies of his head and arms, and heavy enough when he withdrew wholly within his suit to settle down upon the neck and shoulders like a roof and keep its place.

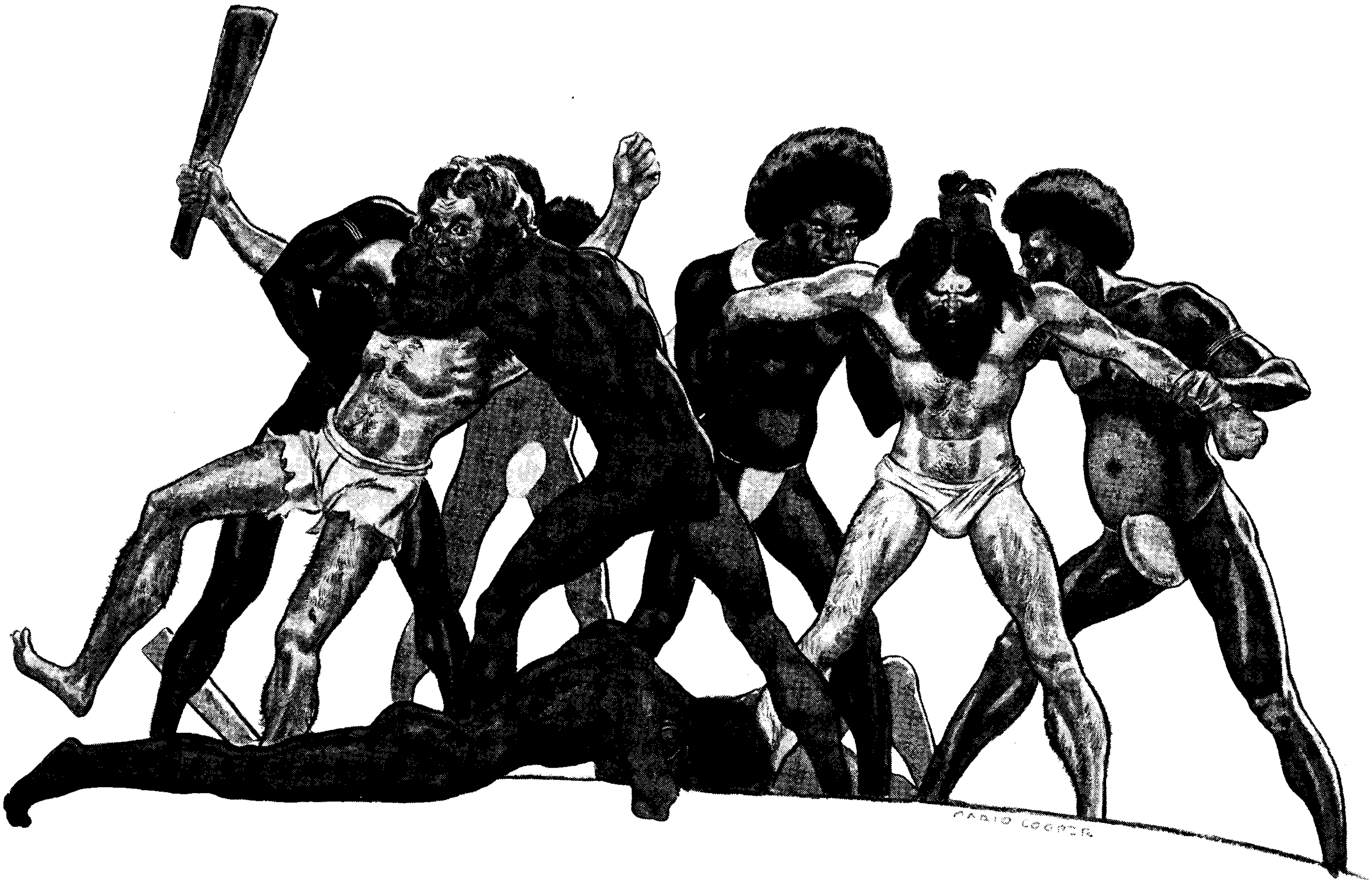
At such times his suit, flared like a candle snuffer, rested solidly upon its base and became a hut. By curving his back and cuddling up his knees sufficiently he could lie down and sleep. By reversing these processes he could rise and break camp as quickly as he had made it and go about his business.

He was by now so well weathered that he could have gone naked, and did so indeed when he remained for some days in any given locality. But a white man always has need of a house, and when a man wishes to move his house from one place to another it is always easiest if he can put it on and move himself.

But during the hurricane which ended the rainy season his house was literally blown to smithereens and the new one which he built to replace it was in many ways more convenient. To begin with, it was a house by intention. It had so great a flare that he could lie down in it at full length. And the hat or roof could be strongly fastened down with an arrangement of twisted fiber and primitive cleats. But because of its weight the new house greatly reduced the rate of speed at which he was encircling the island. It was so easy and pleasant to step into the fringe of forest and lie down on the shaded bank of a stream to rest in the shelter of his accompanying house! Often, for days at a time, he would be too lazy to heave himself upward into the thing and move on.

A YEAR or two passed in this uneventful, desultory fashion and, although Captain Bottom was sometimes alarmed by the sound of distant drums and of sticks sharply broken in the night, he progressed in time to within a few miles of the place of his first experience as a castaway without seeing a soul. He had long since, and without perceiving it, fallen into the habit of talking to himself, and of whistling between his front teeth, a schoolboy accomplishment in which he was still piercingly proficient, and when upon rounding a high point he saw pale blue smoke rising above a deep and jungly cove, he not only spoke to himself but whistled, so great and sudden was his consternation, and at the same time the two front teeth between which he whistled were knocked against sharply by the teeth beneath them.

But not for long. At heart he was a man of courage and enterprise. And remarking that he had never been so surprised in all his born days, and whistling a bar of Pinafore, he stepped into the forest and sat down in the shelter of his garment to think things over. Should he advance or retreat? He had never known



a native fire to give up so much smoke. Only white men, he thought, either sure of their strength or careless or ignorant, would permit so great a smoke, and he determined to advance and investigate. And even if he should be mistaken and pay the great price for his conviction and his curiosity, what did it matter? He had now lived too long to care what happened.

It has been recorded that by now Captain Bottom's body was inured to the sun, but it has not been remarked that his face and chest were protected by a disorderly beard which resembled a dreadful wound in a hair mattress. His own mother would not have known him or owned him if she did.

AND so when, presently abandoning his house and inching cautiously through the forest he discovered five white men encamped, all as bearded and unbarbered as himself, he did not recognize them, nor when he stepped into the clear and his voice, shaken with emotion, greeted them with a tremulous "Good morning, men," did they recognize him. But when a familiar voice returned this greeting with a stammered "Who the dickens are you?" he realized that he was in the disheveled presence of Mr. Jeffers, mate of the late good ship Get There, and presumably in the presence of Messrs. Dobbin, Masters, Grult and Carroway, the four members of his crew whom he had so long since given up for lost.

His knees refused service and he sat down in a heap.

"Well—well," he said at length, "so you did weather the hurricane?"

"Well, I'm jiggered," said Jeffers, "if it isn't Captain B-B-Bottom."

Hands were then indiscriminately shaken and bare backs slapped with loud reports and there was a great exchange of oaths, expressions of wonder, and terms of rough endearment. Each man of the six was in succession either "Why, you old son of a so and so!" or "If it isn't the blarsted old Perisher himself!"

And then, somehow, all six talking at once, the years between the wrecking of the Get There and the present moment, the years between were colorfully bridged over.

But no, the survivors of the long boat had not even built the wretched hut in which they now slept. They had found it after long wanderings. How should they build anything? Are hands cutting tools? If so, hands must long since have built them a boat and escaped out of that dreadful place. But they must wait until they had seen Captain Bottom's traveling house. That would prove what could be done with bare hands and perseverance. Well and good, but what did Captain Bottom use for fire? Had he learned to promote incineration by rubbing two sticks together? Once—almost. Well, let him warm himself at their fire. They had learned how, or rather Grult had. The truth was—fuel. One had to venture farther and farther into the interior armed only with a club to find stuff that would burn. On the days when drums sounded there was no venturing.

Before night fell Captain Bottom fetched his traveling house, and as befitted his high position, slept apart from his companions.

DAY broke with either rain or mist. And coasting along just beyond the barrier reef, slowly in the faint breeze, was a canoe drawn by a twin-peaked sail which resembled the up-ended claw of a great crab. The canoe passengered fifteen, sixteen, perhaps twenty souls in black bodies; almost you could smell the coconut oil with which the black bodies were polished. Captain Bottom murmured the name of the tribe. Great navigators, great murderers, accomplished cannibals. He and his companions, prone, chins on hands, looked out through the forest fringe and cowered. By good fortune their fire had gone out in the night. There was no telltale smoke.

As the canoe receded their anxiety passed, to revive when it was seen that the canoe had swerved toward the reef and was negotiating the pass opposite Captain Bottom's original landing place.

"Wonder what they might want?" queried Grult.

"They may want a pint of 'arf-and-'arf," said Captain Bottom. "But, seeing there isn't a pub handy, my guess is they're after green nuts or pig or both. And maybe not. There was traces upstream from where I lived, of old clay pits. So maybe they're after clay to make 'em cooking pots and water jars."

The latter guess proved correct. The black men, women and children, nineteen all told, hauled out their canoe and moved upstream to the clay pits. Here they made shelter, and while the men hunted and fished the women and children dug clay and refined it, fashioned traditional cook pots and water jars, and fired them a dull but handsome red. Carroway, who should have been a hunter rather than a seaman, risked his life to find out these things and report.

THE companions considered the news. After a time Captain Bottom, gathering the eyes of his companions, drew a deep breath and said:

"We take the canoe and go our way."

"The first night it rains," said Carroway. "That was my thought."

"It will be in the middle of a bright day, when the men are off fishing and hunting. We seize the women, see? And hold them as hostages."

"Try it," said Jeffers. "Have you ever seized and held a grown pig that didn't want to be seized and held?"

"We have clubs," said Grult. "We rushes them and hits to stun."

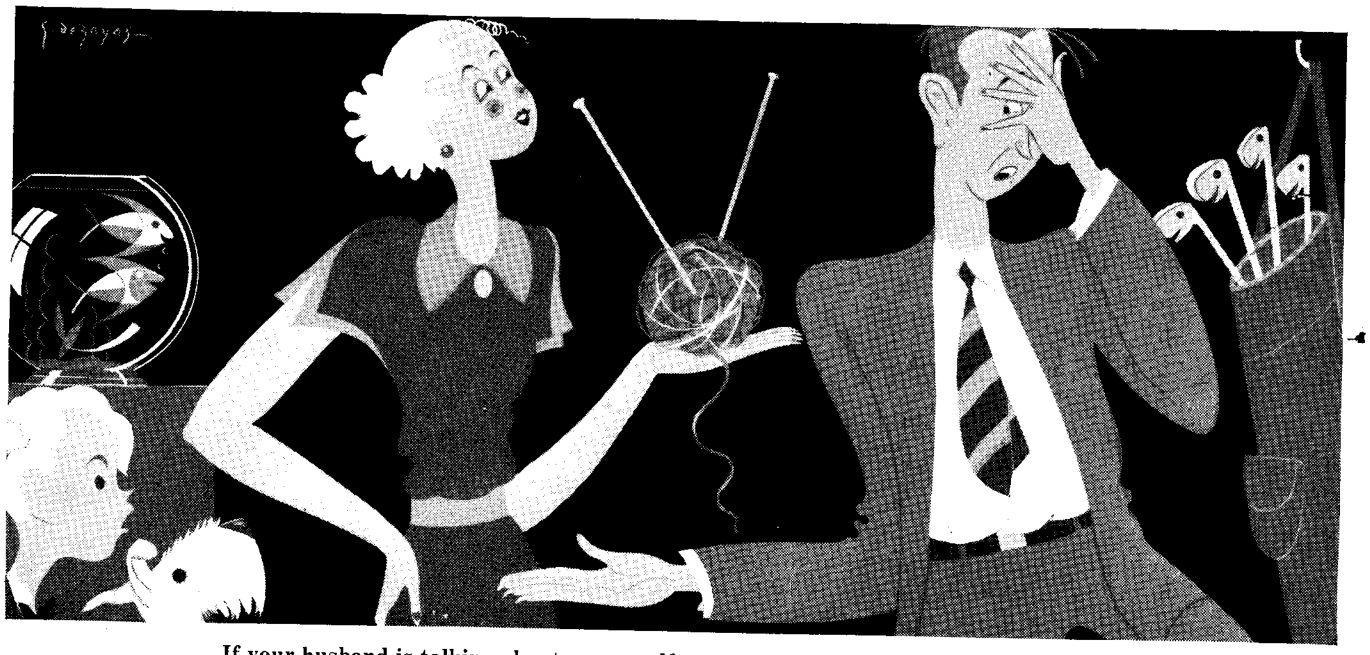
"There is a time in the affairs of every

(*Continued on page 58*)

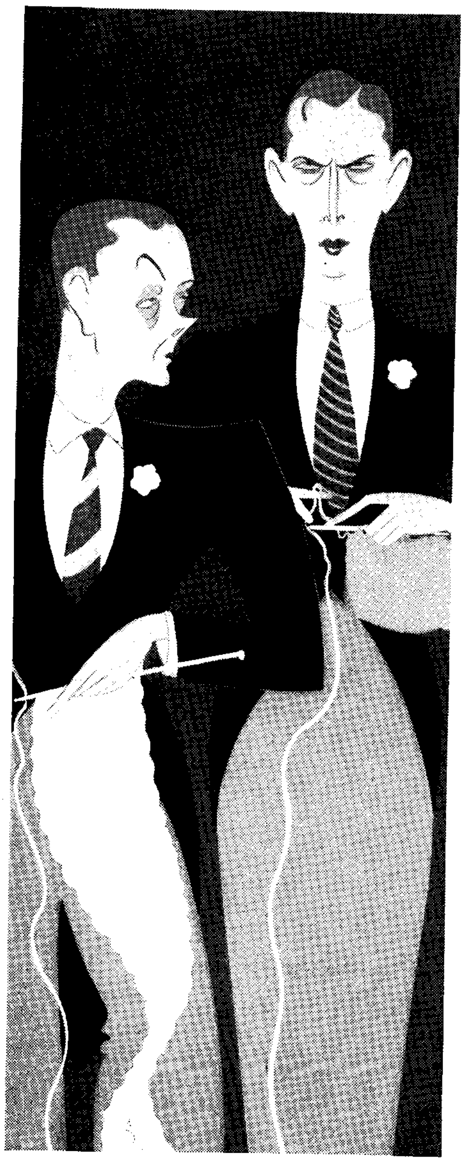
Snarls of Joy

By Ruth Seinfel

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE DE ZAYAS



If your husband is talking about a new golf sweater, show him how to knit it himself



The Prince of Wales and Prince George both knit and crochet

If you haven't yet been bitten, we warn you—a stitch in time doesn't save nine if it's a knitting stitch. Instead, once you start you'll find you can't stop, and, what's more, this knitting fever that is sweeping the land is highly contagious. Even men are catching it

THE two perspiring gentlemen on the platform were the focal points of three hundred pairs of anxious eyes. It was, I assure you, a serious business they were engaged in. They were handing out diplomas to a flock of newly fledged Bachelors of Knitting and Crocheting.

Whatever you may be thinking, this was not a game of charades. Nearly a thousand super-knitters and high-powered crocheters recently went home from schools in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, carrying the very last word in knitting and purling to a breathless world. Right this minute in a thousand towns they are revealing the secrets of moss stitch and shell stitch, of the tricky—but not too tricky—cable stitch for sport sweaters, the widely adaptable stockinette rib and the knitted raglan sleeve. And especially they are spreading the growing art of tailoring knitted garments so they really look like suits and not sacks.

Their pupils meanwhile are discovering that with no more natural equipment than a pair of hands and the ability to count up to ten they can turn out a tweedy sports coat with great swaggering pleats down the back, or a very feminine spider-webby cocktail gown. They make warm winter coats for Junior and handsome carriage covers to keep Baby snug outdoors. They produce cotton bedspreads as intricate as filet lace, or smart gloves of stocking yarn with beret and handbag to match.

No wonder the national demand for knitting instruction is a clamorous bass to the busy clicking of needles you hear when you put your ear to the ground. The National Dry Goods Association estimates that ten million, or one-twelfth of the population, are knitting, and that as a womanly avocation the needles today are second only to bridge. Other statisticians insist that knitting is even supplanting bridge, and point to the bridge clubs that have turned into knitting clubs overnight. Knitting contests and knitting marathons are spurring the movement on. The girls are knitting in subways and trains, on ships and planes, backstage between cues and out front between acts, on the beaches and country club verandas and in the rotogravures, in the glare of Kliegs on Hollywood sets and in the dark (don't try it unless you're willing to rip) of the movie houses. No statistics have yet been prepared on the number of stitches dropped for Clark Gable as against Leslie Howard.

As for the Men—

The girls, did I say? In Dorchester, Massachusetts, a young man who won hockey games for his school runs a knitting shop with regular classes for women, and teaches them himself. Ogden Nash may point out acidly that "Every man who talks to himself isn't necessarily out of his wits; he may have a wife who knits—" but Mr. Dudley L. McCully of Pittsburgh took the needles out of his wife's hands and knitted a dress which won him a ten-dollar prize.

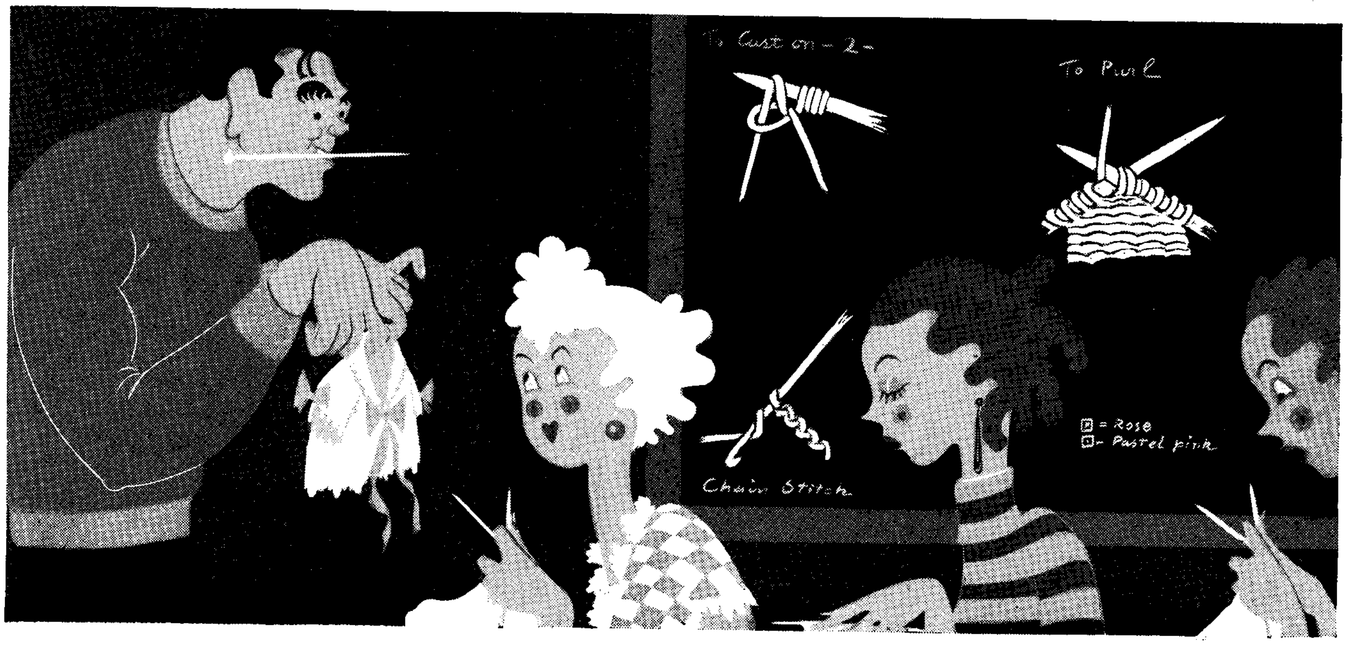
At Columbia University some undergraduates, male, whipped the newspapers into a frenzy by forming the Knita Nata Nu fraternity and posing unabashed for photographs with needles at full tilt. In London a Mr. Weame leads two hundred men and women at knitting for the unemployed. And the Prince of Wales and his little brother George both knit and crochet, as do several peers of the realm. After all, it can't be a sissy thing to do, for the braw Scotch Highlanders have sat and knitted while watching their sheep on the purple moors since before Mary Stuart lost her head.

There hasn't been such a winding of yarn and rolling of balls since the war. In 1918 the motive was a noble one, producing enough socks and wristlets to pave the muddy roads of France and, if we are to believe the boys who got them, that's about all they were good for. Today the impulse is less elevated but more practical. The knitters have discovered that for five dollars or thereabouts they can make themselves sweaters which would stand them fifteen or twenty dollars in the shops, and for fifteen or twenty dollars they can produce suits, dresses and coats which would be far too elegant even to wear a price tag if they were displayed in fashionable retail windows.

If you still cling to your doubts about the dignity of "hand-knits," the reports of this season's Paris offerings should deliver the final blow to your skepticism. Schiaparelli put collars and cuffs of clipped woolen yarn on her town suits,

(*Continued on page* 68)

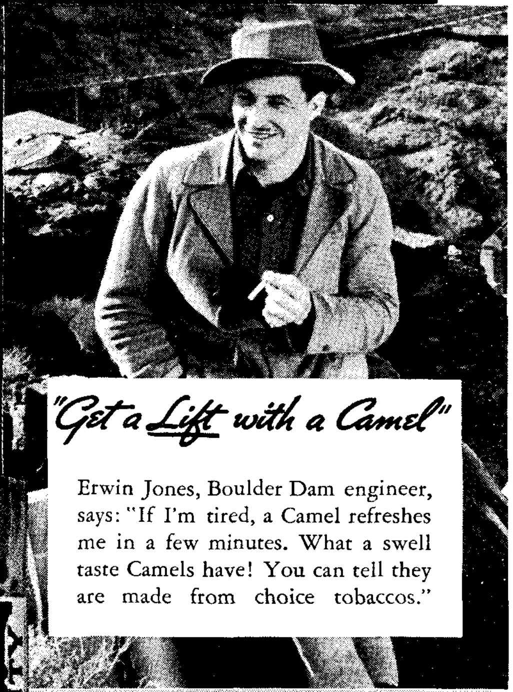
A young man who won hockey games runs a knitting shop with regular classes for women



HERE'S WHY CAMEL'S MILDNESS APPEALS TO OUT-OF-DOORS PEOPLE

"They Never Get on Your Nerves"

Henry Clay Foster, explorer, tiger hunter, and steady Camel smoker. He has struggled for many a weary mile through bush and jungle...faced many a tense moment when nerves were tested to the limit. Speaking of nerves and smoking, Foster says: "My idea of a mild cigarette is Camel. I've been in some tough spots, but Camels have never thrown my nerves off key, although I'm a steady Camel smoker and have been for years. Camels give me the mildness I want—better taste—the fragrance and aroma of choice tobaccos."



"Get a Lift with a Camel"

Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam engineer, says: "If I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me in a few minutes. What a swell taste Camels have! You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos."

"Camels don't get your Wind"

Miss Judy Ford, of New York and Florida, says: "Wishing to keep in the best of condition, I prefer Camels! They are so mild that they never disturb my wind or fray my nerves."

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

"They Never Tire Your Taste"

Lieutenant Commander Frank Hawks, U. S. N. R., holder of 214 speed records, says: "Camels taste better—mild, cool, and mellow. They are never harsh or irritating to my throat."

A GIFT WITHIN A GIFT

New designs—distinguished quality—and unusual packaging make it a pleasure to give HICKOK gift sets—as well as to receive them. Each clever combination is really a gift within a gift. The newest in men's jewelry—fine belts of rich leathers with beautifully designed buckles—smartly styled braces and garters—are all created with the careful regard for details of workmanship that make them valued and really used by men everywhere.

TOP, Sterling silver buckle in engine turned design with panel for engraved initial—or sterling silver buckle with black enamel initial. Belt of full grain, hand boarded cowhide with cowhide lining—in a glass and metal cigarette humidor of modern design.

With sterling initial buckle	$3.50
With buckle as illustrated	$5.00

CENTRE, Buckle of HICKOK (silver) plate with burnished border and gold finish centre stripe—the initial in black enamel. Full grain cowhide bridle belt. An unusual serving tray is the container for this gift.

Set without tie clip	$2.00
Set as illustrated	$2.50

BOTTOM, Tie clip and collar bar set in a sport design. The gift container is a smartly modern jewelry case.

Many other designs—attractively packaged .	$1.00 and up
Set as illustrated . .	$2.00

IN CIRCLE, Distinguished dress set in white pearl, smoked pearl or onyx. Packaged in a stunning jewelry case of modern design.

Dress sets .	$2.00 to $20.00
Set illustrated	$3.50

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

Fighting Man

Continued from page 13

"They're all right," Terry said, raising his hands. "Say, Spider, suppose I told you I was going to retire after this fight. What would you think?"

Spider almost dropped his cigar. "I'd think you was nuts. Now listen, sweetheart—"

Now the door opened and two burly policemen charged in to escort Terry to the ring. "Whatever you meant by that crack about retiring," Spider said briskly, "forget it now. Besides, we got a contract for two more fights."

"That's good only if we win tonight," Terry mumbled. He didn't hear Spider sharply draw his breath. Now they were in the hall outside the dressing-room and the roar of seventy thousand people came to them. Then the familiar walk down packed aisles toward the ring, and suddenly Terry was cold. He was a great fighter because, he thought, he didn't feel. He never got angry or confused. He was calculating, cruel, perhaps; a fighting machine possessed, however, of a fighting heart.

TERRY'S face was immobile. Only he, perhaps, of the seventy thousand, was actually calm. He was thinking, not of Berg or of the fight, but of Lota and of what he was about to do to win her. He repeated, "You must be true to yourself. Fighting is all right for the Joe Bergs in life. You are too fine. . . ."

Now he was in the ring. Automatically he raised his hands to shake them in response to the crowd. Berg was already in the ring. Terry crossed over to greet him, noting with approval that Arthur Donovan was to referee. Good, capable man, Donovan, Terry thought.

He'd never seen Berg before. Berg wasn't pretty. His nose was a crooked line jaggedly bisecting a face that seemed slightly lopsided. One ear was bloated. His chest was a huge cavern matted with coarse hair.

A bell clanged and Donovan called them to the center of the ring. "You both know the rules," he said. "I know 'em, too. Don't either of you try to put anything over on me." And they went back to their corners.

The telegraph instruments punctuated the noise of the crowd with staccato barks. McNamee was calling into a microphone. "The champion looks in great shape. He acts bored as he always does. They say that Terry has ice water in his veins. He certainly looks it. Berg is nervous. Ready to spring at the sound of the bell. He . . . *There's the bell!* . . . Berg rushes out and shoots two rights that miss . . . the champion dances away jabbing . . . he finds Berg's nose with a jab and Berg sneers . . . he doesn't care about jabs . . . Berg comes in again throwing rights. Terry looks disdainfully at them and jabs at the challenger . . . Terry's foot work is beautiful . . ."

The round ended. Another came and went. Berg hadn't landed one real blow. Twice he'd gotten in close only to be shocked by Terry's short left hooks—small, harmless-looking punches they were but they sank four inches into Berg's stomach. Berg had raised his knee once in close and Terry had dug an elbow into his neck. "Be nice or I'll hurt you," he'd said to Berg.

Donovan had separated them. "Stop that, both of you," he'd growled, "or you'll both be thrown out of here."

Now it was the fourth round and Terry had decided what had to be done. He knew that he could outbox Berg for the fifteen rounds and get the decision. He felt that he might be able to knock Berg out. Berg, he thought, would never be able to get him. He would have to step into a punch—take it and actually be knocked out. He had never been knocked out, and as he jabbed and countered and blocked he wondered vaguely how it would feel. Well, what matter? He'd gladly cut an arm off for Lota. After the fight they'd be married, they'd —what was it Lota had said?—they'd look at sunsets and climb mountains and swing on the moon.

"Berg keeps coming in. . . ." McNamee droned. "Now he's rushing. The champion jabs, keeps him away, but he keeps on coming. Now Terry throws a long overhand right . . . oh, oh, oh, oh . . . Berg shot a right that landed . . . it hurt the champion . . . Terry is weak, his legs are wobbly . . . another right and another . . . *He's down!* . . . The champion is down . . . two—three—four. . . . Berg hit him four times on the jaw with terrific . . . seven . . . Terry tries to get up . . . nine . . . *The bell saves him!* The bell saved the champion. . . . Now his seconds are dragging him to his corner. . . . The place has gone wild. Folks, this is the greatest thrill in a championship fight since Dempsey had Tunney on the floor . . . they're working over Terry . . . he seems to be still out . . . they're giving him smelling salts . . . his trainer is holding ice on his neck. . . ."

"You're all right, Terry . . . you're all right, Terry. . . ." Through a mist the words came to Terry. "Old Spider is taking care of you, Terry . . . nothing to worry about, Terry . . . come back to me, Terry . . . wake up, boy. . . ."

Spider? Terry stirred and now things began to assume shapes and thoughts were not sharply pointed fancies that galloped through his head. Then he remembered. It was all over. He'd let Berg hit him. He had been knocked out. What was that on his neck? Ice, of course. And that horrible-smelling stuff. He coughed and raised a hand to brush the bottle away from his nose.

"Gimme a towel, Greek, gimme a towel." He heard the Spider's voice and for a moment he was puzzled. There was a sob in the voice.

"Here, boss"—that was the Greek—"throw it in. Don't let our chomp get hurt no more. I bet every cent I had on this fight, but throw in that towel, boss—don't let our boy get hurt no more."

TERRY felt dismay for a moment. Then he wasn't knocked out. Why not? He felt a furious resentment at Berg. He'd given the man a clean shot at his jaw and he was such a sloppy puncher he couldn't send over a haymaker.

"Are you all right, Terry?" It was the Spider, and Terry turned to him.

Terry nodded. "The bell saved you that time, Terry. But I won't let you go out again. You're hurt bad, boy, and I ain't going to let my Terry get punched around by this bum."

The ice felt cool on his neck. That was the Greek. He heard the Greek talking half to himself: "Easy, chomp. Easy, chomp. We go home for long sleep. You stepped into lucky punch, chomp."

The damn', silly little Greek. Why, that Greek loved him, Terry thought. And Spider loved him too—didn't want him to get hurt. Then suddenly Terry realized something that he'd never known before. He loved the Spider and the Greek and the feel of resin under his feet. And he loved the crowd out there and the smell of the ammonia and the . . . why, he loved fighting. He was a fighting man. And here he'd tried to throw down the game he loved and his friends who had made him the best there was in that game.

Donovan came over. "How is he, Spider? Can he come out?"

"No," Spider said. "We've had enough. . . ."

"Stop," Terry tried to scream, but his voice was only a broken caricature of a scream. "Spider, Donovan, I'll be all right. . . . Just a lucky punch. . . ."

They looked at him doubtfully—and the bell rang. Was he all right? His mind was clearing rapidly. How about his legs? A story that Gene Tunney had told him flashed through his mind. Tunney was on the floor at Chicago with the glowering Dempsey set to rush him if he got up. Tunney felt good. He told himself that he'd get up and stay away from Dempsey for the rest of the round. Then as he was about to arise, the horrible thought struck him—could he get up? Would his legs obey the dictates of his mind? They had, all right, and he went on to win.

AND Terry's legs—those legs over which the Greek had worked so long and so often—obeyed when he cried, "Get up."

"Keep away—keep away—keep away." Terry heard the Spider chanting from the corner. He'd keep away all right until the spring returned to his legs; until the great drafts of air he was breathing into his lungs sent new life to those nerves which had been stunned by those murderous blows. Berg was too eager now—too anxious for the kill. Terry side-stepped, he weaved away from punches.

"Be true to yourself," Lota had said. How could he be true to himself and false to his friends and to his game and to himself, too? Fighting was too good for the Joe Bergs in this life. Fighting was glorious—even now, weak as he was, he was outsmarting Berg. He was keeping him away. . . .

In the fifth row Lota sat with her father.

"Make them stop it. He'll hurt Terry," Lota tried to shout, but her voice was only a whisper as she clutched her father's arm. "Why, why don't they stop it?" she moaned.

Lota's father said, "Honey, stop that. This is a fight you're looking at. If Terry can get by this round he may be all right. I don't know how Berg ever landed on him like that. It looked as though Terry deliberately walked into that punch. . . ."

Lota looked up . . . "Maybe he did," she said in a tortured voice. "He did it because I wanted him to . . . Oh, Terry, Terry. . . ."

McNamee was saying, "The champion is very weak . . . Berg is keeping after him, rushing, rushing, rushing. He's trying to hold . . . I mean Terry is trying to hold Berg off with long right jabs . . . I mean left jabs . . . but Berg is a mad bull now. He knows the champion can't hurt him . . . *OH, OH, OH!*—Berg gets over a hard right and the champion is down again. The referee is counting . . . four . . . five . . . the crowd has gone mad . . . six . . . Terry is on one knee now. . . ."

Terry was on one knee. That blow, oddly enough, hadn't hurt him at all. It had caught him off balance as he was rolling his head away from it—he hadn't rolled enough to escape it but the blow had lost its lethal sting.

"Take nine . . . take nine. . . ." the Spider was shouting. Terry nodded. He was all right. That blow had actually cleared the cobwebs from his brain. What to do now? Berg would, of course, rush. He'd expect Terry to side-step.

(Continued on page 30)

THE SMART GIFT for $1

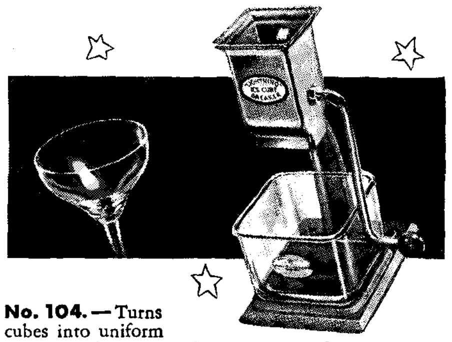
NOW the smart hostess serves drinks and foods with cracked ice. This holiday season the Smart Gift is

"Lightning ICE BREAKER

Measuring Glass Drink Mixer

Lightning ICE BREAKER

No. 102.—Ice Breaker, Measuring Glass, Drink Mixer, $1.00. Handsome package for gift purposes. Chromium Handle and Cover. Bar Glass, 20 oz. Banded at 4, 8, 12 oz. Cracks ice any size.



No. 104.—Turns cubes into uniform chips. Holds highball glass. Price includes refrigerator dish, $2.75. Higher in West. Delivered postpaid, $3.00.

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__________ Breaker No. 102, at $1.00 each

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Delivered to undersigned postpaid.

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LUCY WINS A LIFETIME "CASE"
DOM 17
OH! OH! FALLING FOR YOUR HANDSOME PATIENT, LUCY?
THEN SHE HEARD
YOU DON'T WANT TO GET WELL YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL NURSE...
RIGHT, TOM! BUT-ER-HOW CAN I TELL HER ABOUT HER BAD BREATH?
HEARTBROKEN, SHE ASKED THE HEAD NURSE
...SO WHAT SHOULD I DO, MISS WELLS?
WELL, MY CHILD. MY ADVICE IS A VISIT TO YOUR DENTIST!
SO LUCY VISITS THE DENTIST...
YOU MEAN THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH?
EXACTLY! ODOR BREEDING FOOD DEPOSITS COLLECT BETWEEN THE TEETH UNLESS YOU USE PROPER CLEANING METHODS. PERSONALLY, I USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE OF ITS PENETRATING FOAM.
COLGATE'S MAKES MY MOUTH FEEL SO SWEET AND CLEAN.. AND HOW BRIGHT MY TEETH ARE NOW!
A WEEK LATER
HOME TOMORROW!-BUT I'M GLAD I WAS SICK, LUCY.. BECAUSE IT GOT ME YOU.
I PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU FOREVER, DARLING...
AND ALWAYS TO USE COLGATE'S!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY risk bad breath? Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its *penetrating* foam removes the decaying food deposits in crevices between your teeth—the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Thus Colgate's makes your teeth cleaner, brighter—assures you a sweeter, purer breath. Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢ LARGE SIZE
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PREFER POWDER? *Colgate Dental Powder gives the same results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices, carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.*

(Continued from page 29)

Terry was cold now as marble in a tomb. He wasn't the laughing-eyed Terry that Lota knew. He was up as Donovan called "nine." He was up and moving—not away—but toward Berg. They came together, Berg's wild right going harmlessly over Terry's shoulders. Terry dug two hooks into Berg's side. Then he slid away. He felt good now. He was hitting well, he felt. He felt strong. Look how he held his left high—no tired fighter can do that.

Berg came in again. Once more Terry got inside his long punches and dug vicious left hooks into his side. He felt Berg grunt. That was all he wanted—reassurance that those punches were hurting. His lips were compressed tightly. His left darted again to Berg's side. Again a grimace passed over Berg's face. Now Terry feinted again to the body. Berg dropped his hands to protect that sore spot from the pain that lurked in Terry's left hand. He dropped his hands just for a split fraction of a second and Terry let his right go.

It went as no straight right since Tunney's has gone. It went straight and true and even before it landed Terry knew that the fight was over. It smashed against Berg's unprotected jaw.

Berg threw up his right arm and then he fell forward slowly, his knees buckling under him. He landed not on his face or his arms but on the side of his neck, and his legs were twisted grotesquely. He looked like a wounded crab—except that he was quite still.

TERRY stood in a neutral corner, his head high and a proud light in his eyes. He was the champion. Donovan was counting. He could have counted fifty. Waves of roaring rolled down the banked sides of the bowl to break over Terry as he stood there tight-lipped . . . cold. This was his world—he was only receiving the homage that was due him as ruler of it. He had been true to himself—even though he had lost everything else.

The Spider and the Greek had their arms around him; they were crooning into his ear and crying unashamedly. Terrible creatures, Lota had called them. He put his arms around them. Why, they belonged to him—and he to them. He grinned at the Spider.

"You thought I was hurt for a minute, didn't you, Spider?" he said gently.

"Who, me?" the Spider blustered. "What the hell did I care if you was hurt! You're only a meal ticket to me. I was afraid I was losing my ham and eggs."

"Sure, chomp, me too," the Greek said. "I know you kill that bum."

"Forget what I said about retiring, Spider," Terry said. "Get me a match with that colored kid."

"Sure, kid, sure . . . but you take a long rest now. You take maybe six months off. . . ." What would he do with a long rest? He couldn't look at sunsets or climb mountains. He'd had his chance to do that but he'd tossed it away. He was a fighting man now—nothing else.

The dressing-room was crowded with sports writers. He knew them all and he liked them. They spoke his language. He knew they liked him, too. He shook his head to knock that image of Lota from his consciousness.

"Kid, you had us worried for a minute there," Bill Corum said.

"Sure," Terry laughed. "You picked me to win and didn't want to look bad if I got flattened."

"That's right, kid," Corum grinned. Igoe said, "Why did you let him land that sucker punch?"

"I just wanted to see if I could take it, Hype," Terry said.

"There was a story going around that you were thinking of getting married," Joe Williams said.

Terry laughed. "Me get married? I'm a fighter . . . I'm no society-boy boxer. Say, I got that young colored kid to worry about. What chance have I got to get married? . . . What chance? . . ."

What was the matter with him? Why did he want to be alone, alone somewhere where he could cry and hide and be miserable? Why, he was the champion. He should be happy.

"I got to take a shower," he mumbled through set teeth.

"Amscray, boys, amscray." Spider shooed them out of the room and Terry stood under a shower. His first exhilaration was gone. He was numb. Now those blows were beginning to make themselves felt, too. The Greek, crooning softly to himself, rubbed those muscles again—gave them plenty of oil and then cool alcohol, for they'd stood up nobly.

An hour later, flanked by the Spider and the Greek, he walked out. The huge stadium looked ghostly now that it was empty. Bits of paper cluttered it and overturned benches gave it a tawdry look. An hour ago it had been his throne room, filled with adoring subjects. . . . Now. . . .

He walked on, miserable, unhappy, and the Spider, sensing something that he didn't understand, had understanding enough to remain quiet. There was still a crowd in the street waiting to hail the champion. They pressed close to him, patting him on the back, smiling, fawning, greeting him as though he was a real friend of each one of them. A girl threw her arms around his neck.

"You were great, big boy; give me a kiss." She pressed her lips against his cheek. He was so tired he couldn't resist. And now his head ached horribly.

"Get away from him. He's tired. Leave him alone." He saw a small arm push the girl away. He felt a hard, tiny grasp on his arms and he looked around, but it wasn't the Spider. It was Lota—and in Lota's eyes there was a fierce and yet protecting look as she hustled him through the crowd.

"In here," he heard her say, and he stumbled into a car. This was a dream, he told himself. Now he was really feeling the effect of those punches. He would never see Lota again except in a dream.

"Those dreadful people mauling you like that!" Lota said sharply. "When you're so tired . . . so tired . . . Rest your head here, darling . . . take it easy . . . I love you so, Terry, and you were so fine and honest tonight."

THEN suddenly he knew that it wasn't any dream at all. This really was Lota—a Lota whose eyes were wet with tears but who looked incredibly sweet, even more adorable than the cool, capable Lota he had always known.

"You understand?" he pleaded. "I couldn't throw that fight. I don't know how to throw a fight. I couldn't double-cross Spider and the Greek. I had to be true to my game and to myself. You aren't angry?"

"Angry?" She raised her head. "Of course I'm angry—the idea of your getting hit by a sucker punch like that. I don't want to see you leave yourself open like that when we fight the colored man . . . and furthermore. . . ." Lota threw her arms around him and sobbed. "Terry . . . darling Terry, I suffered so tonight. . . . I almost died, Terry. For a moment I thought I'd lost you—and I thought you'd lost yourself. And, Terry, I think that the Spider is wonderful and, darling, if you won't marry me I swear I'll marry the Greek."

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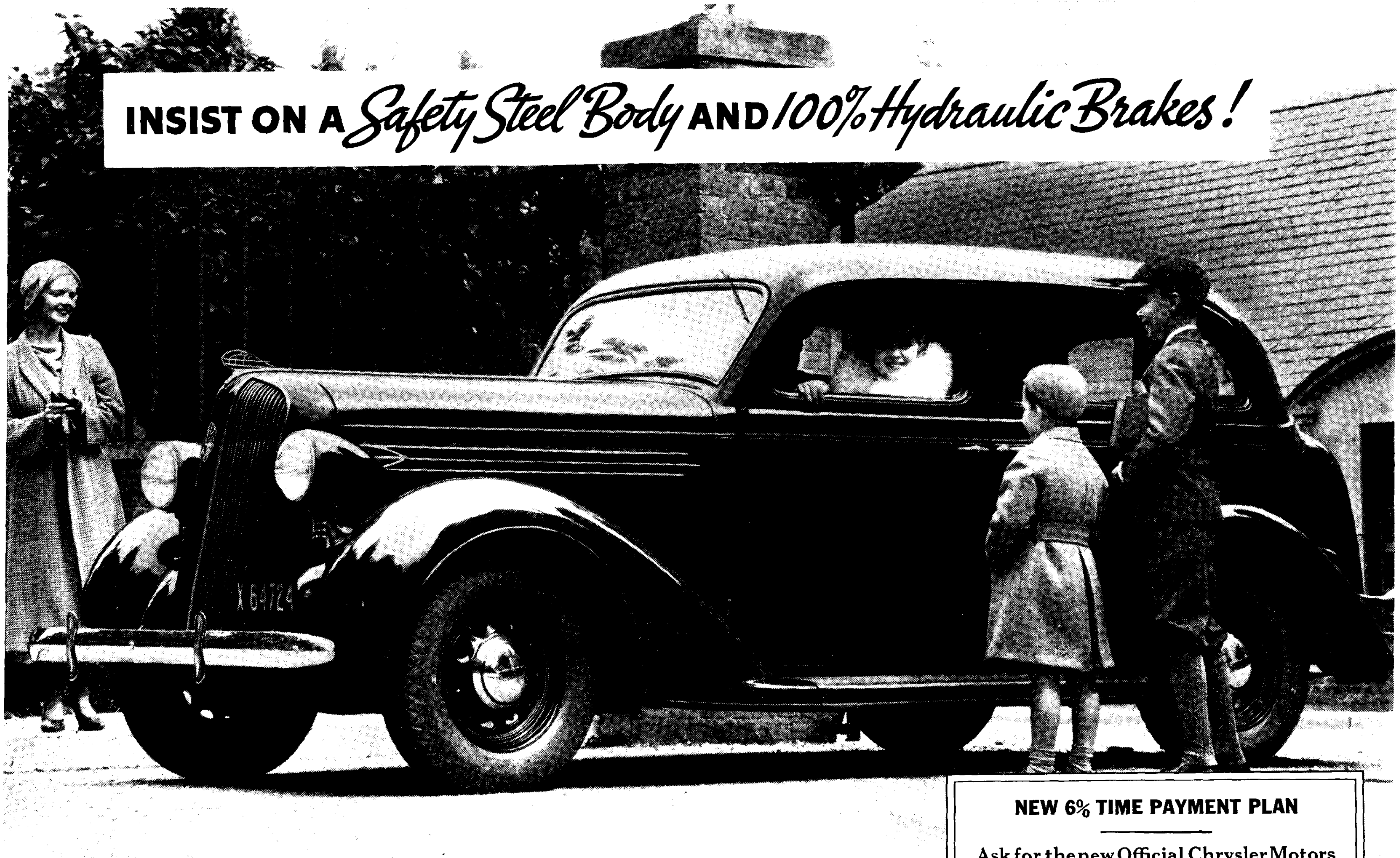

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It's the Biggest, Sturdiest Plymouth ever Presented

NOTE THAT THE BEAUTIFUL Safety-Steel body of the 1936 Plymouth has been newly strengthened at five vital points.

Plymouth's brakes are 100% hydraulic... self-equalizing... the finest built. They always stop you safely!

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The new frame, 100% more rigid, and a new sway-eliminator give the riding smoothness you'd expect in this big car... the famed Floating Ride plus 11 added comfort features! There are more than 40 improvements. It's the roomiest Plymouth ever built. And you can see it's also the most beautiful.

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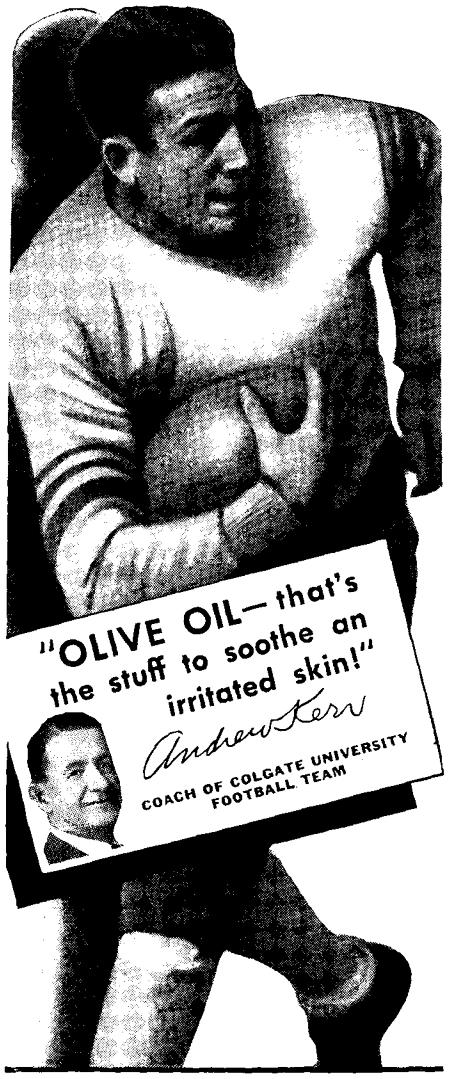
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ASK any football player. "Football's sure hard on a man's skin . . . but shaving every day—that's mighty near as bad!"

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The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 21

and shot a short left hook to the chin as they went down. Kitchen kicked him in the leg.

Kitchen laughed: "Hell, Goldy—we don't belong in this league."

There was booing. The little exchange in the open did not have the usual screen of players. An official ran over. "What's wrong here?"

"Nothing at all, sir," Cal replied. He patted Kitchen on the back and ran away. The crowd, which had seen only the kick delivered by his opponent, cheered this display of sportsmanship by the flashy Calhoun.

There was something about this football game Cal had never felt before. A fullness, a satisfaction, a give-and-take. He liked these Erie guys—

The star must always "take it." Cal was accustomed to that. He had learned how to protect himself, and had expected no help from his mates; but today he was getting it.

A big tackle got ambitious and gave Cal the knee in the side when he was vulnerable. In the huddle which followed, Captain Vavra said: "Okay, Cal—forget about that guy—we'll take care of him."

And he was taken care of.

Cal Calhoun had finally *made the team.*

LATE in the second quarter a thought was running around the tremendous circle of the stadium.

If Jenkins were here it would be a cinch!

It reached the press box.

"Yes," Brad Anthony answered. "I wonder why he isn't here?"

Spike said: "You saw that tackle, Brad."

Anthony shook his head. "And even you wanted to know why he had to do it—remember?"

"He was all hopped up."

"I don't like it. It's too much like the Midwest gag."

"You were wrong there, Brad."

"Was I?"

"You were. You can go on that."

"Anything you're not telling?"

Spike was suddenly climbing over his operator. "Jim, send my play-by-play, will you?"

"Where you going?" Anthony asked.

"Down to the dressing-room to see how Clark is—to see if he'll be back next half."

"Wait—I'll go along!"

"I've got to make a stop on the way. I'll see you there."

Spike scampered away, leaving the great All-America picker in a suspended state, with one leg over the back of his chair.

Brad Anthony asked his operator: "Can you send play-by-play?"

The operator, who was also a student, was sorry, but he would be afraid to try it. He would be afraid he'd get it confused.

"Okay," Brad Anthony said meaningly. "*He* can," he pointed to Spike's operator, "but *you can't*. I get it."

Cal Calhoun was leaving the game. The half was almost over. He ran to the bench. The crowd cheered. The substitutes arose to greet him. Joe Gates patted his back and sent him into the dressing-room.

Spike stopped at the Bailey box and whispered excitedly in Jim Bailey's ear.

At the dressing-room door he said to the student manager on guard: "Listen, Barney—know Brad Anthony?"

"Yes."

"If Anthony asks for me, say I'm not in. If he asks for the skipper, say you have orders not to disturb him. If I come out and he sees me and I tell you to let him in, don't do it. Just say you've got orders *nobody* gets in—then if I hop on you, get tough with me, see? I'll explain later. It's important."

Inside, Cal Calhoun was walking up and down along the floor. When he saw Spike he said: "I want to talk to you."

"Listen, Cal, we've got to get down to brass—"

"Now you listen—"

"About that phone call—"

"It sounded like somebody was calling about his brother. Like he went downtown to get him out of a jam—that's why I wanted to give him every chance."

"Where was it from?" Spike was electric with anxiety. "We can still get him—"

"I don't know—"

"Well, *Geeru*salem—"

"All I heard him say was twelve—and I thought that was part of the room number. He was talking low."

"The call came from the Palace—we traced it—"

"Then that's where he is. Get going. Search the rooms. Tell him we'll hold these guys until he comes—"

"Gee, Cal, why didn't you—"

"Get going."

Spike was on his way. "Don't say anything to anybody else, Cal—I mean I won't—this is just between us."

"To hell with that. Get him here."

Jim Bailey, Pete Jenkins, Tony Scotti and two young giants wearing monogrammed sweaters were waiting outside. Spike burst upon them. "Looks like the Palace Hotel—"

Bailey spoke to one of the athletes. "Know where my box is? Rush there, tell my daughter and son to get their cars and meet us at the main gate. Just that—tell them it's important. You go with them."

The half was over and people were beginning to stream upon them.

Spike talked quickly: "Let's get away from here—Anthony is coming down and he's getting wise! All Cal knew was that the room number had a twelve in it. The call came from the Palace. We can search all the room numbers ending with twelve, and all on the twelfth floor."

Jim Bailey frowned. "That will take time—we would have to get permission—that means publicity—Tony—what floor did Blackie have his headquarters on?"

"He had 1802."

"If they've got him they're probably on the same floor. That's the way their minds work—they usually have their women down the hall—"

"We could try 1812 first—"

"Wait—" Pete broke in, "1812?"

"Yes—"

PETE turned to Jim Bailey. "Your number is 1218, ain't it?"

"Yes—"

"1812's the number I got by mistake today. I thought I heard somebody yelling, remember, Tony? I got it backward, see. I have a certain way—"

Spike snapped his fingers. "That's it—1812. This time of day—ten minutes down—ten minutes to get him—he'll be back midway in the third period—" He looked anxiously. "Hurry with those cars—"

Jim Bailey's voice was sober. "They'll be armed."

Tony said: "Okay. We take care of that—me and Pete."

"No. We can't do it that way. Somebody might get hurt—perhaps Clark. Blackie or Harlow didn't get to the phone, did they?"

"Naw—them big boys sit on them—" Tony laughed.

"All right. Spike—you're not going—"

"But—"

"I've got work for you here."

The cars arrived. Margaret's coupé was first to pull up. "Thanks, Margaret—now you go back—one of the boys will drive—"

She was firm. "No, Dad. I'm driving. Where?"

"All right, then. Palace Hotel. Fast, but don't get arrested—don't get held up. Pete, you go along with her. We'll come with Jerry. We'll meet you in the lobby, Pete. Margaret, you park in front, headed for the stadium and keep your engine running—"

WHILE the radio announcers filled in the period between the halves with statistics, introductions and other trivia, Clark Jenkins prepared for action.

If they were coming, they would have come before this.

Searching the town, the countryside, was no easy task. They wouldn't want the police or the newspapers to know about it.

They might never think of the hotel. Clark was certain he was in the hotel. The peculiar hollow sound from the wall loud-speaker had tipped him off early.

He had worked the bandage just enough to see what he wanted to see. Charlie and Jake were in shirt sleeves. Their gun holsters hung on the first hooks inside the door of the clothes closet. He thought they carried blackjacks in their bulging hip pockets.

He had tried to laugh his way out by telling them that he was Pete; that they were twin brothers; that he had come into the room the night before to find Tony so that he could bet; that they had nabbed him by mistake.

That might have worked on Charlie but it didn't work on Jake. Then, when he had been "injured" they had ceased to feel so much concerned. Jenkins was out of the game and that was all the boss wanted anyhow.

Clark understood the skipper's strategy. "Jenkins" had been in the game. Everybody had seen him get hurt this time, had seen him carried off—but they *hadn't had time to get wise.* He wondered who had been "Jenkins." He had made the tackle realistic enough. The radio announcer had marveled at its viciousness.

If Clark came back in time, the way was paved for him. He could enter the game and the trail would be covered.

Nobody would have thought of that but the skipper; nobody would have dared to try it.

But if the skipper couldn't show Jenkins injured after the game he would be in a tough spot. . . .

Clark had never shot a gun. He had never had a loaded revolver in his hand.

The radio was gibbering. Charlie had lost interest in it and was half asleep, his mouth open. Jake smoked a chain of cigarettes. He was a good watchdog. Now and then he glanced at Clark. At the least strange sound he turned his head quickly.

He was on the far side of the room now.

Clark was nearer to the closet where the guns were.

He tried to loosen the rope which bound his wrists. He had been trying for an hour. The skin was red around his wrists. . . .

(Continued on page 34)

Always
TELEPHONE FIRST
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

IT SAVES TIME, miles, disappointments. You *know* when friends are home, when relatives who are traveling are late, whether tickets for tomorrow's Big Game will be waiting when you get there. *Telephone first.*

TELEPHONING out of town costs little during the day. After 7 P. M. it's about 40% *less* for most 3-minute, station-to-station calls. Then you can talk about 75 miles for 35c; about 150 miles for 50c.

The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 32

"Say, Charlie—"

Charlie awoke with a start. Jake was watching. "Do you mind if I stand up and work some of the stiffness from my legs?"

"Stay where you are," Jake commanded.

"Aw, hell, Jake, don't be so tough. The kid's had a bum ride anyhow. He can't do nothin'. Go on, kid—"

Clark stood up. He worked his legs carefully. He raised his arms above his head, giving his shoulders a workout. The rope gave a little more.

Jake was alert.

Clark thought of his mother—at the stadium. She had come to see him have a big day; had seen him carried off. His mother had courage. She would want him to try.

Margaret. . . .

CLARK raised his arms, worked his shoulders. The rope was knotted tight. It would give no more. Jake, accustomed to the movement now, was not so vigilant. Clark could beat him to the closet—get his arms up—whether he could use his fingers to get the gun or not.

He inhaled. Jenkins would be back in the game or he would be hurt.

A grim smile. A bullet wound would be an unusual football injury.

At least they would know the truth.

He moved his legs up and down. Jake watched.

Jake looked away.

Three more times—

The phone rang. Jake's head went back sharply. Charlie jumped from his chair. "The boss," he said.

"Careful," Jake counseled.

Charlie listened; he tried to talk, then listened; then he put the phone down.

"Somebody from the boss. They're watching him at the game and he couldn't get out. Sent this guy. He said the boss wasn't sure we had the right guy but it was okay anyhow since he was hurt. He said he was sending a guy here who knew Jenkins. If he identifies him, then we follow orders as is. If he ain't Jenkins, then we get rid of him and scram."

"Did he say who he was?"

"No—he said they were watching him—he hung up quick."

"Did he say who was comin'?"

"No—except that the guy knows Jenkins and we go on what he says."

"Maybe."

"Well, the quicker we let go this hot kid the better."

CLARK sat down. He tried to be casual. "Well, when he comes down, you'll find out I didn't steer you wrong. You're pretty lucky, Charlie. Nobody cares about me—but if you really did have Clark, then college people would have the town upside down by now."

Something on the radio.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Spike Adams, dashing young publicity man of the Atlantic University, has some news about Clark Jenkins, who was hurt on the first play. Okay, Spike."

Clark waited: "Hello, folks—and you, too, *Bashful*, if you're listening—"

"Who's Bashful, Spike?"

"Just the girl friend, Ted. I just came from the dressing-room and want you to know that they are *working on Clark Jenkins* and there's a good chance that he will be back in the game in the third period." Spike was excited.

Then the announcer again:

"Thanks, Spike, the old team sure needs Clark today. It's been quite well established this afternoon that Atlantic needs Jenkins as a spark plug to win. Cal Calhoun has been playing a great game; he's been blocking as good as Jenkins ever did—but the trouble is, Cal has nobody to block for—if Spike is right and they get Jenkins back to block for Cal, you can look for that big, handsome blond baby to pull this game out of the fire yet."

Charlie said: "See, we got the wrong kid."

"Maybe."

"Hell, you're cuckoo, Jake. There's a guy just seen him—that Spike Watchamacallit guy. It's like the kid says—if we had the hot kid they wouldn't be so easy around that college."

"Maybe. When the guy comes, take it easy. Be sure he's the okay guy."

Clark laughed. "I'll bet Jake ain't sure it's Thanksgiving."

Charlie guffawed. "Hell, Jake ain't even sure he's Jake."

There were steps outside. Three short taps on the door and then two quick ones. Charlie got up. "That's the signal. He's okay." He opened the door slightly. "Yeah—whatdaya want?"

"My name is Tony Scotti—you hear of me?"

"Yeah. Whatdaya want?"

"Blackie send me down to see if you got right kid."

"How do we know he sent you?"

"He send me. He give me signal. He say he have somebody call up. Nobody call up yet?"

"Yeah. Wait a minute. Hey, kid. Come here."

CLARK walked to the door, pretending to grope. Charlie, standing behind him, slipped the bandage off. The door was open a mere slit. If Tony were alone it was going to be tough. Jake was just behind Charlie.

"Now—who is this guy?" Charlie asked.

"I don't know him."

"You mean it ain't Jenkins?"

"No."

"Okay—you go tell Blackie we'll take care of him."

"He say you let him go now and scram."

"We'll take care of that."

Jake called out. "Wait—Tony, do you know Pete Jenkins?"

"Sure—me'n him's pals—"

Jake turned quickly. Clark yelled: "Come on, Tony—"

Jake was heading for the closet and the guns. Clark pushed Charlie aside, took a running dive and clipped Jake from behind. Jake stumbled but did not fall. Clark was after him, swinging his roped hands like a club. He heard a struggle behind. Tony had help.

Jake was reaching for the gun now.

Something shot over Clark's shoulder and clipped Jake behind the ear.

"Get those guns," Clark yelled. Pete shot two more blows to Jake's head and the latter went down.

Jerry Bailey rushed to Clark.

"Here—let me cut you out of that. Dad's watching in the lobby. Margo is waiting at the front entrance with her car."

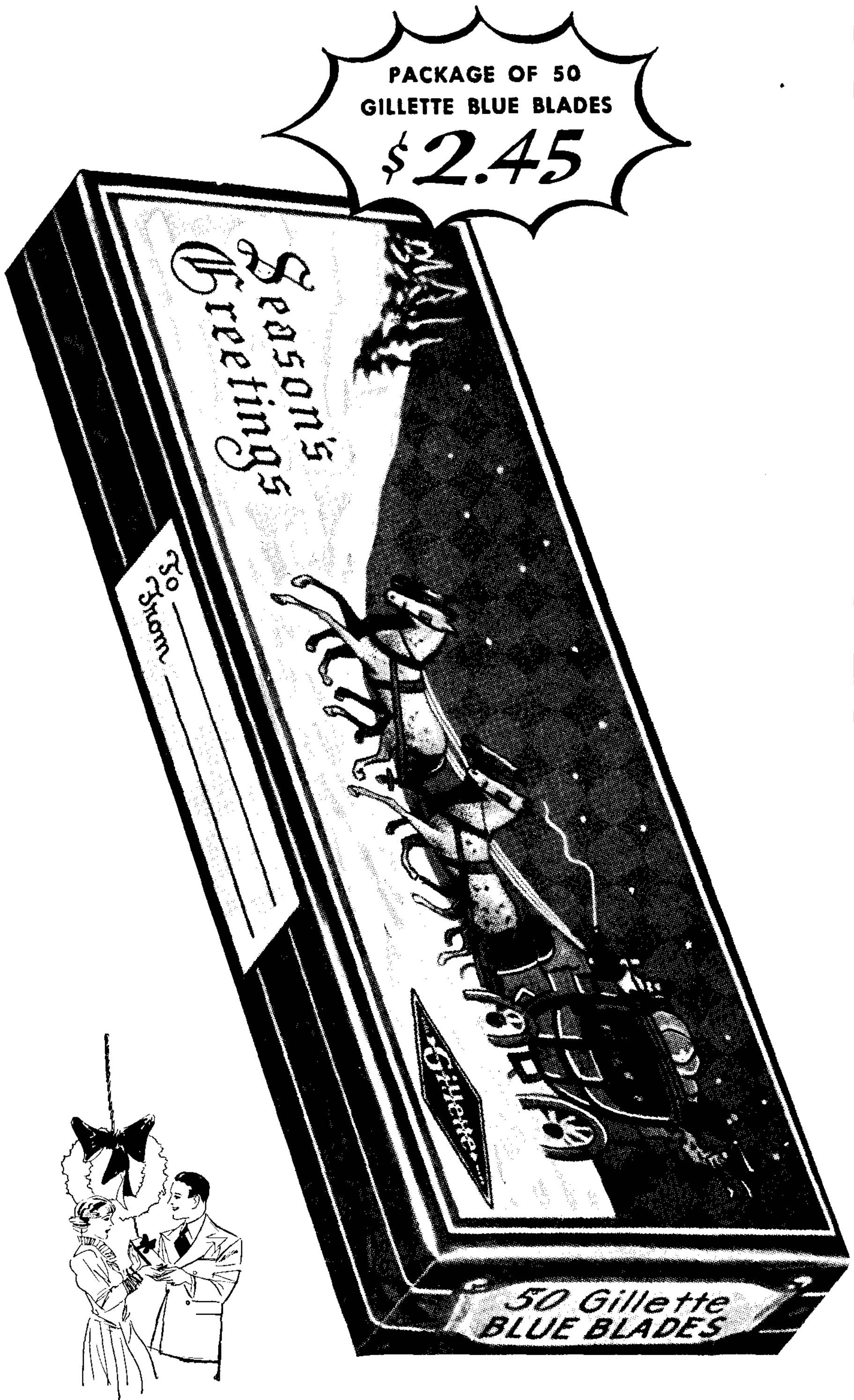
"You'd better come, too."

"I wouldn't miss this for any football game."

Two of the monogrammed men were helping Tony with Charlie. "Go easy on that one," Clark laughed. "He's my pal. See you later, Charlie—listen in on the radio."

Clark was yelping insanely as he ran down the hall toward the elevator.

(To be concluded next week)



Gillette
BLUE
BLADE

THE GIFT
TO CHEER HIS MORNINGS FOR MONTHS TO COME

SEARCH the gift counters—hunt for hours in the jostling Christmas shopping crowds and you couldn't find a more thoroughly acceptable gift at anything like the price of this attractive package of 50 Gillette "Blue Blades." Here's a gift that will cheer a man's mornings for months to come—assure him hundreds of clean, easy shaves.

The Gillette "Blue Blade," especially made for tender skin, is first choice of most men everywhere. It is the blade in demand—the most logical, practical gift you can imagine. Make up your list now. Just write Gillette "Blue Blades" on your shopping list for men who "have everything" or are hard to please.

Most dealers have the special Christmas carton or can get it for you quickly. Save yourself endless steps and be sure of a warm reception for your gift. Ask your dealer for the Christmas carton of Gillette "Blue Blades."

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

The Deeper Joy of Christmas

CHRISTMAS—the season of good cheer, happiness, contentment. Families together—bright lights and gay music—homes filled with merriment and *confidence.*

Every father would like to feel that his family will always have such holidays—even though he might not be with them in years to come.

The true joy of Christmas is the joy of assurance—a sense of security in the future. You can make Christmas a time for rejoicing in future financial protection, as well as a gay celebration.

You can give your family the lasting joy of security and comfort through a Life Insurance Program, and find a deeper meaning in the word "happiness."

A Field-Man will gladly explain how you can protect your family's future and at the same time build a Retirement Income for yourself. Call him now, in time for the merriest Christmas you have ever known. Telephone your local Metropolitan office or mail the coupon.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Without any obligation on my part, please tell me how I can protect my family and at the same time build a Retirement Income for myself.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________ STATE __________ C

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Frederick H. Ecker, President

One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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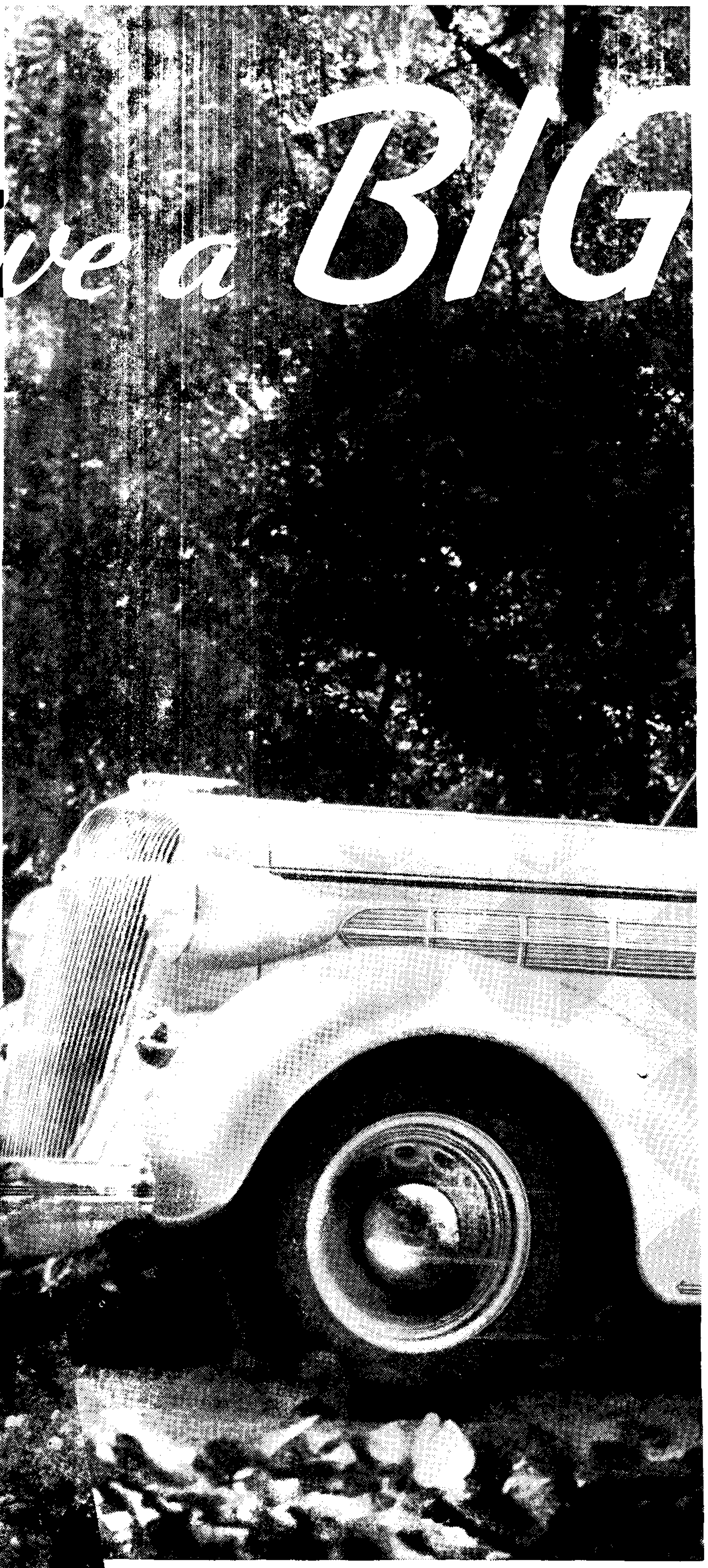
BIG CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN $875*

It's great to drive a BIG



* * * * *

KEEP YOUR BUDGET HAPPY WITH A BIG NEW CHRYSLER SIX

STEP INTO the luxury class for 1936 with a big new Chrysler Six. You can buy it for just a little more than the cost of lowest-priced cars. You can drive it at a cost as low, and in many cases lower, than smaller cars.

You get big-car comfort and roominess. Big-car riding ease from big tires and big, soft-acting springs. Big-car power, speed and pick-up from a velvety engine of 93 horsepower. Big-car steadiness that comes from 118 inches of wheelbase.

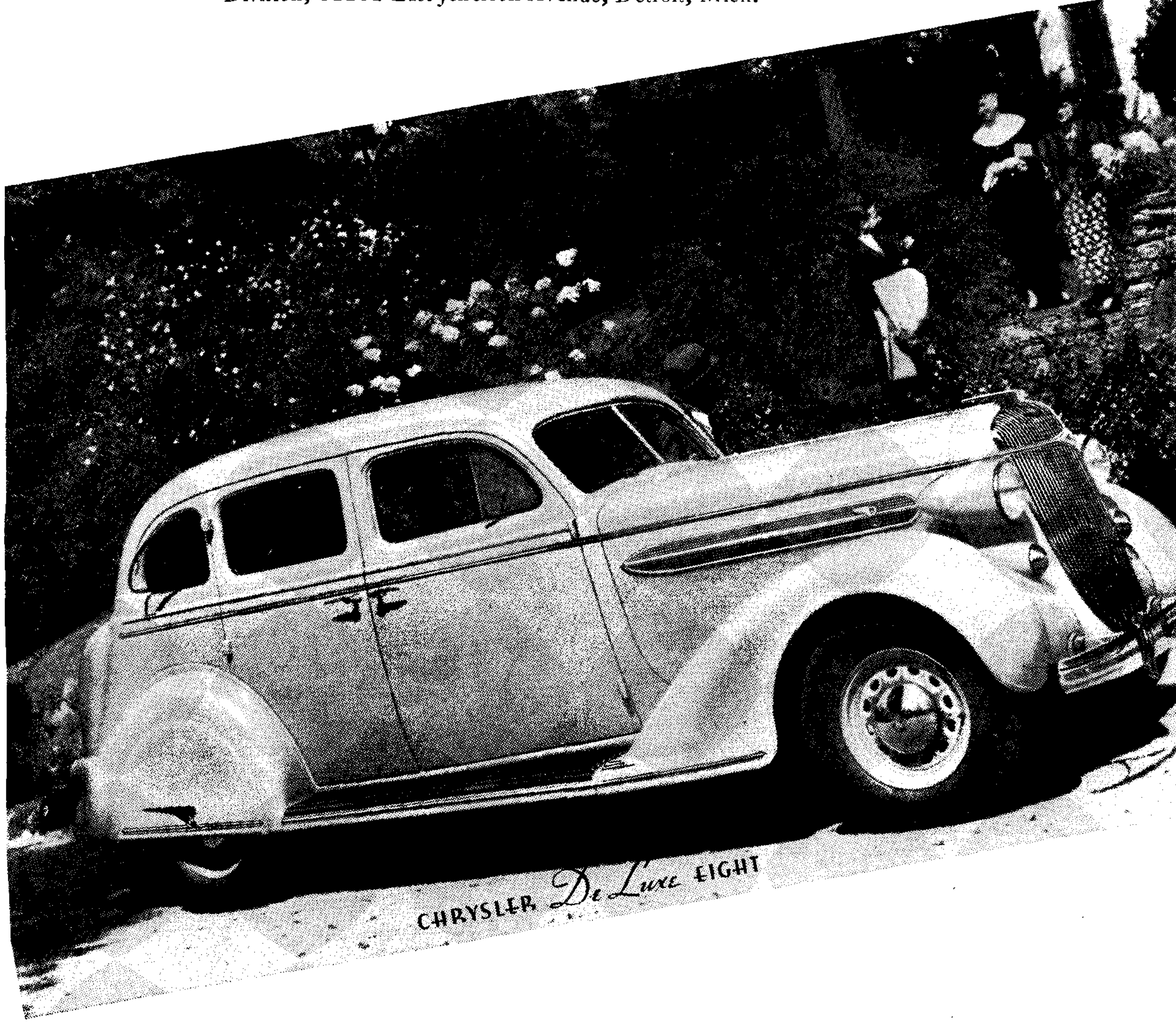
Through the miracle of Automatic Overdrive, available on the Six at slight extra cost, you actually get from 3 to 5 more miles from every gallon of gasoline at all touring speeds.

Safety-steel bodies . . . time-tested hydraulic brakes. Big body-form trunks on the sedans. The greatest interior luxury ever built into a Chrysler Six. The biggest money's worth of the year!

* * * *

Six body types. Prices $760 and up, list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra. Ask about the new Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit 6% Time Payment plan.

Wouldn't you like a catalog?
We will gladly send you our 1936 literature on request. Address Chrysler Corporation, Chrysler Sales Division, 12202 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



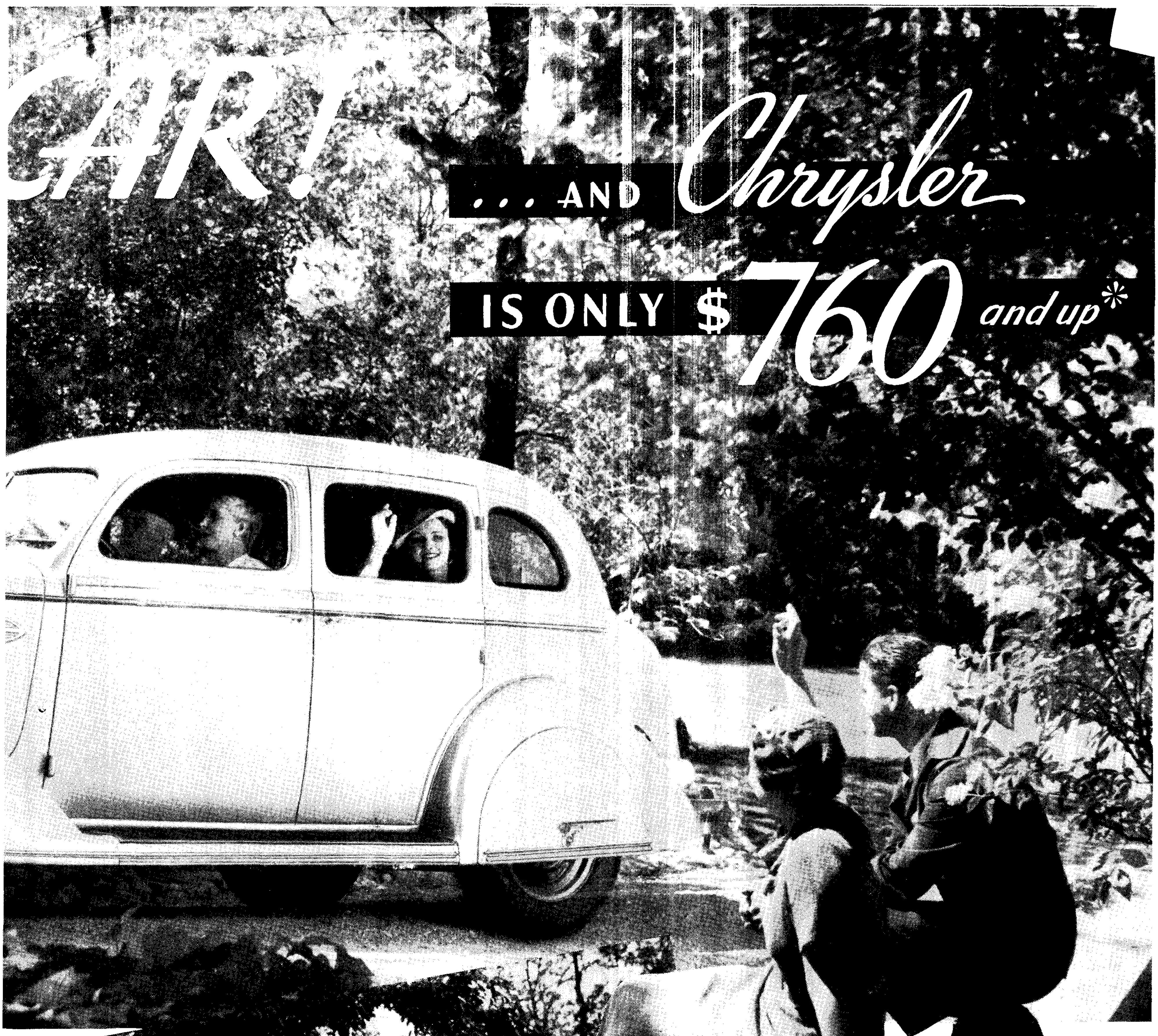
GET THRILLS, ACTION, LUXURY IN A CHRYSLER DE LUXE EIGHT

IF YOU LIKE action . . . be sure to drive the 1936 DeLuxe Chrysler Eight. Fast and nimble, velvety-smooth, it handles like a small car but rides with all the solid comfort that weight and long wheelbases provide.

It's a commanding-looking car . . . long, low-swung. An extra-roomy car with wider, chair-high seats and deep, soft upholstery. There are smart, comfortable bodies on 121-inch wheelbase, with 105 horsepower. And special, custom-type models on 133-inch wheelbase with 110 horsepower under the hood. Automatic Overdrive, with its thrills and economy, is available at slight additional cost.

* * *

Seven body types . . . including a sedan-limousine, convertible coupe and convertible sedan. $925 and up, Sedan $1045, list at factory, Detroit.


CAR!
. . . AND Chrysler
IS ONLY $760 and up*

NEW Airflow CHRYSLERS
*All prices list at factory, Detroit. Special equipment extra.

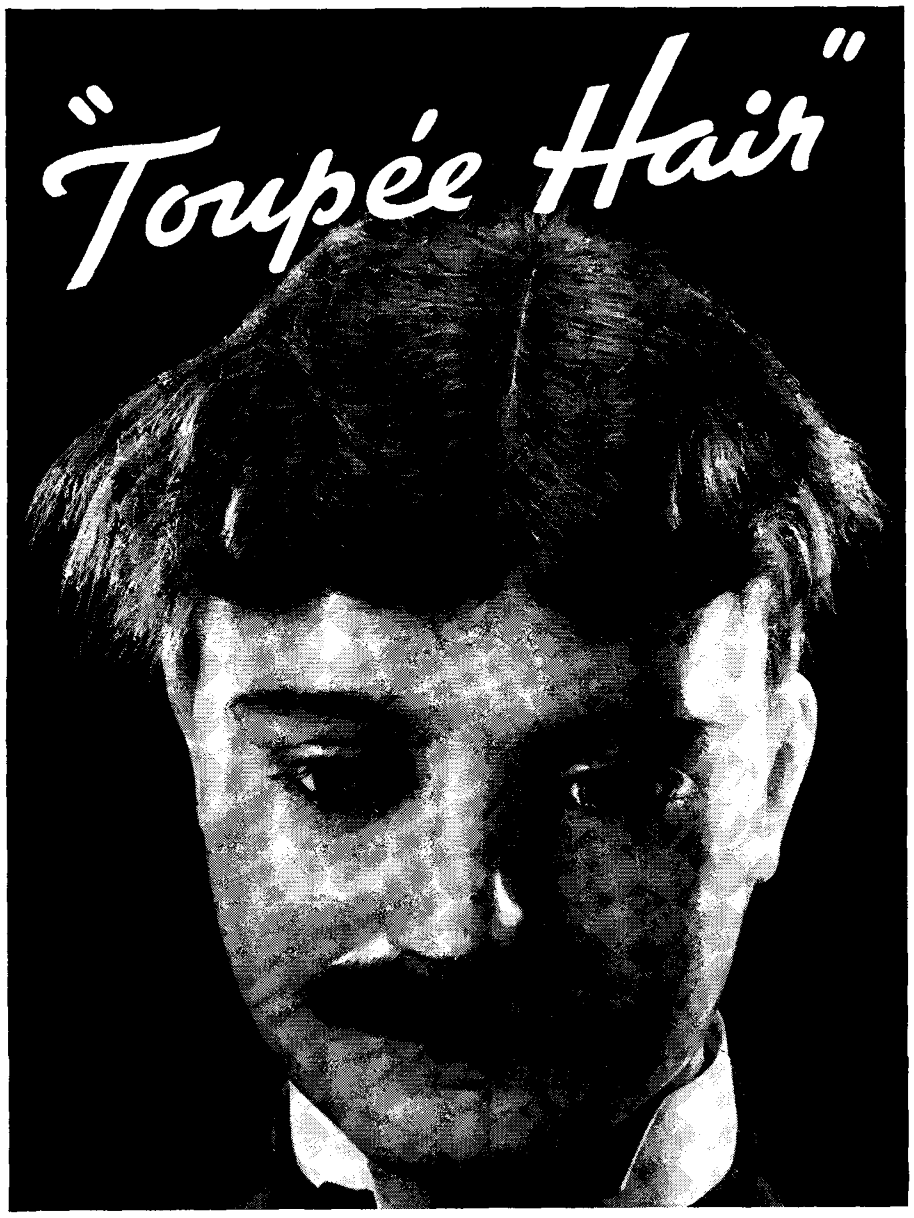
THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN TRAVEL IN THE NEW CHRYSLER AIRFLOWS

For 1936, there are two beautiful new Airflow Chryslers . . . the Airflow Eight and the Airflow Imperial . . . highest expression of Chrysler's engineering leadership.

No car, however costly, can match their luxurious Floating Ride . . . because the highest advantages of modern weight distribution are possible only with Airflow design. And Airflow design, too, makes possible the truly astonishing roominess . . . great wide seats . . . extra inches of leg-room and head-room. You get the incomparable safety of riding inside the frame, plus Lifeguard tubes in the tires.

The Airflow Eight has 115 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and Coupe $1345. Airflow Imperial, 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. Sedan and Coupe $1475. The Imperial has Automatic Overdrive as standard equipment. It is available on the Airflow Eight at slight additional cost.

You don't have to wear a wig to have



Too much water is bad for hair. It washes away the natural scalp oils that make hair pliant, give hair lustre.

Stop soaking your head with water every time you want to comb your hair.

Get Kreml, that marvelous new oil-tonic that restores the oil balance and makes hair look alive.

Here is a combination hair-dressing-tonic that makes the most stubborn hair behave without giving its user that patent-leather look.

Not sticky or greasy, it is a joy to use and a boon to sufferers from "Toupée Hair."

Kreml is marvelous, too, for dandruff; keeps the scalp clean and healthy. It also stops excessive falling hair, the first threat of baldness.

Ask for Kreml at your barber's. Use it daily at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

Made with 80% pure olive oil. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Inside Passage

Continued from page 22

enough off an island across the channel to miss a two-fathom patch of rock, and steer through the narrow, winding lane that is Peril Strait. That's its name and that's its nature. Every ten or fifteen miles there's a can buoy to help you. Just a sort of black garbage can, without a light, pulled down into the black water by the tremendous pull of the rushing tide.

So you make your turns and run your courses—so many minutes and seconds on this course; so many on the next—and here you are, five miles down Chatham Strait, with the wind shrieking through the taut wire rigging and the snow flying before the gale. Down below, the passengers are sleeping; they'll complain, mildly, later, how the siren disturbed them.

It's thicker than ever, now. You bawl against the gale to the muffled lookout in the bow, huddled up there behind a canvas dodger, invisible in the murk. A hoarse answer is flung back. You slam up the window.

No marks. Nothing now. The channel broadens out and here you are, roaring down the middle, blind and deaf. You go back through the old logs. . . . On September 17, 1931, you came through here on the last of the flood, wind sou'-sou'west, strong. An east-southeast course and 16,500 revolutions put you off the headland, ready for the turn. Wind and tide are the same tonight. You click on the light over the revolution counter and note the figures. Give the quartermaster the course; hear him repeat it. The counter clicks steadily. Thirty-five hundred. . . . Four thousand. . . . Forty-five hundred.

"Clock here, Mr. Mate."

"Aye, sir!"

The siren whoos. The mate's thumb descends. The echo comes faintly back.

"Twelve seconds, sir."

"Right! Steer three points east."

"Three points east, sir!"

The counter clicks on as the ship drives through the mush. The clock tings at half-hour intervals. The engines rumble below and the flung spray patters against the dark windows. You switch on the light over the counter. Sixteen thousand. . . . Sixteen thousand five hundred. Down goes the window. Eyes strain into the night, through the snow.

Out there, somewhere in the muddled blackness, there should be the blinker light. The snow slants down, hurried along by the wind. The stinging chill catches your breath. The gale swirls around the house, ruffling the pages of the logbook.

"In the bow, there! Can you see the light?"

"No, sir!" The shout shreds out, faint and hoarse.

A step to where a light glints on the brass handle to the engine-room telegraph. Click, whir, jingle. "Stop!" The rumble of the engines dies off into silence; the shuddering of the driven ship dies away.

The roar of the wind and the hiss of the racing seas rises to a crescendo. . . . Well, here you are. Drifting slowly ahead, with the tide setting you over toward a rock and the wind shoving you back a little—maybe. You tug the siren and in the dead silence that follows you can hear the harsh breathing of the mate and the hunched man at the wheel, eyes glued to the card. No echo.

Dots of Rock

Think fast, boy! Think fast! If you don't, in two minutes you'll feel her strike—feel that tragic scraping grind of steel plates against rock. . . . Drifting. Drifting . . .

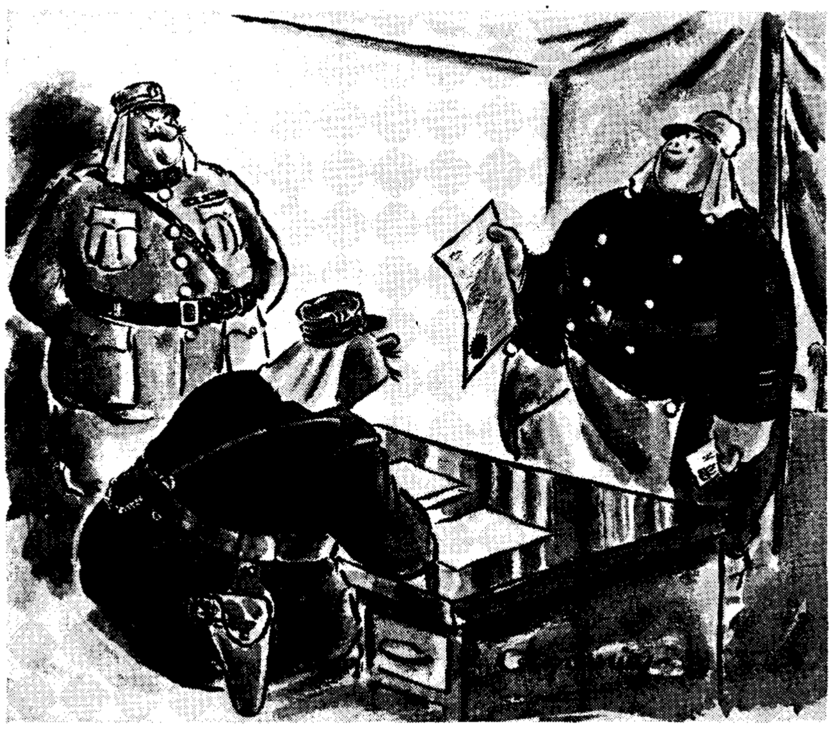
"Light on th' starb'd bow, sir!" A dim hail from the lookout. You force your eyes into the murk. There it is. A blinking, wavering pinpoint of light. The clank of the bell comes slowly across the seas. Down goes the telegraph handle to Full Ahead. Up slams the window.

"Sou'-sou'west, quarter west!"

The wheel spins. The light above the logbook winks on and off. You sigh heavily, expelling the long-held air from your taut lungs.

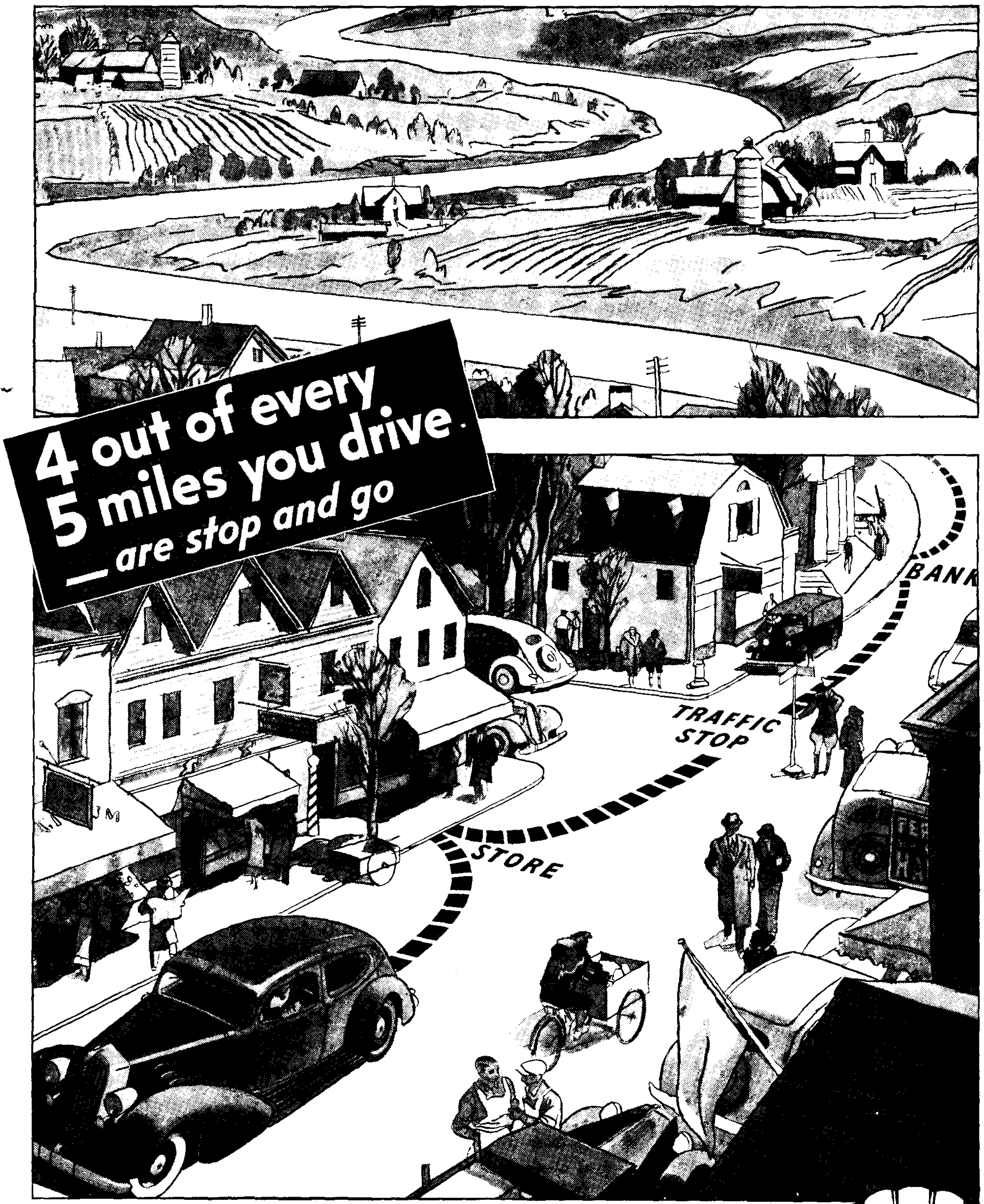
The ship goes pounding down the strait on her new course, shearing through the wind-driven seas. Nothing to do now except hold the course. Nothing to see save the white flakes and the driven spume against the blackness for the next twenty miles and the next blinker light.

(Continued on page 40)



". . . for jury duty, so I guess I gotta go back. . . ." JAY IRVING

Stop-and-go driving eats up $4 out of every $5



4 out of every 5 miles you drive —*are stop and go*

that you spend for gasoline—

Today's constant starting, shifting and accelerating waste your money unless your gasoline has these 3 Kinds of Power

THE average motorist piles up 10,000 MILES every year . . . 8,000 of them in *short trips!*

In one day alone, you often start your engine 10 times . . . shift gears 60 times.

To save money in today's driving, your gasoline must have 3 KINDS *of power* . . . power for QUICK STARTING . . . for HARD PULLING . . . for STEADY RUNNING! What's more, they must be *in perfect balance!*

Fill your tank with Super-Shell, the *first truly balanced* gasoline, at one of the 30,000 Shell stations from Coast to Coast.

SAVES gasoline 3 ways:

STARTING—With its even volatility, Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every "cold" start.

PULLING—Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline in 10 minutes of hard pulling, or rapid accelerating, or on hills.

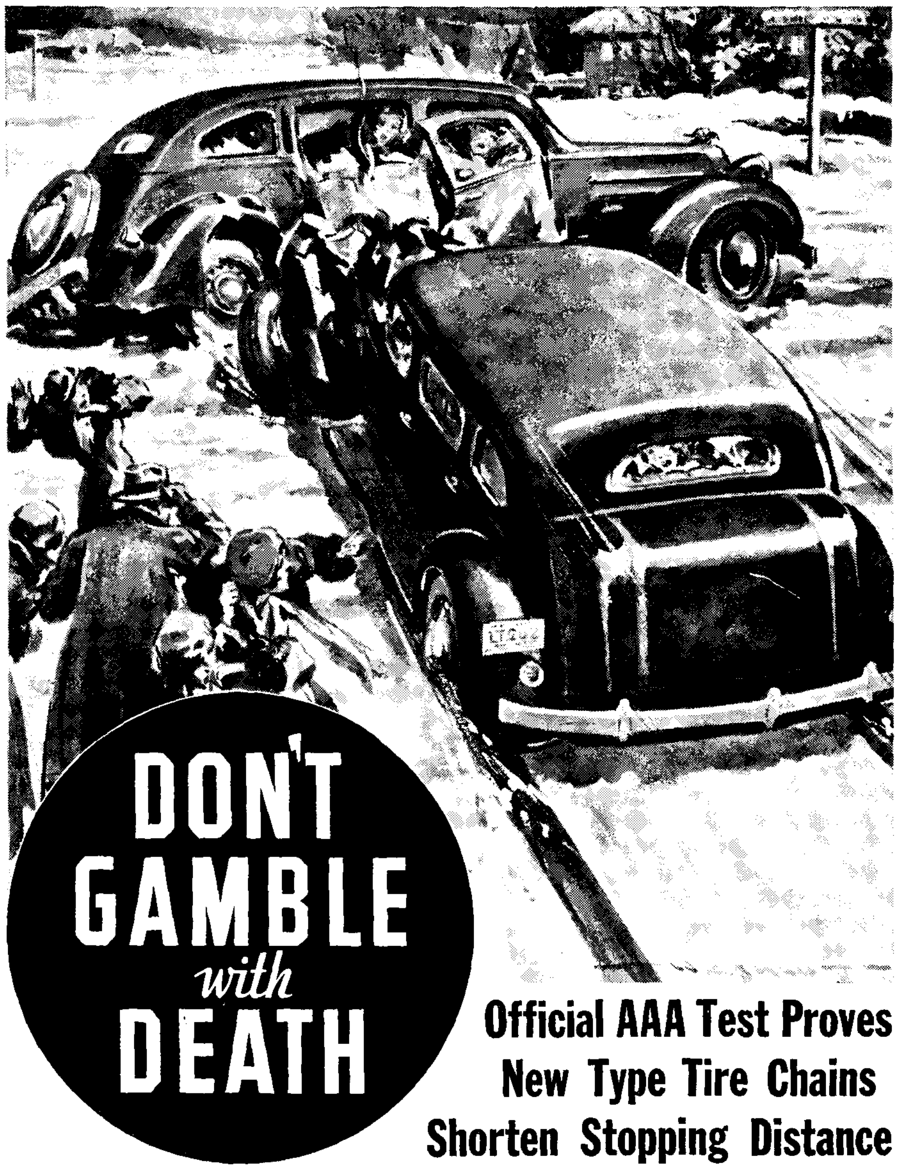
RUNNING—With its abundant heat units, it can save up to a cupful in every hour of steady running, many motorists report.

Remember, when you save 16 cupfuls, you save a whole gallon of gasoline.

SUPER-SHELL

SHELL

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving



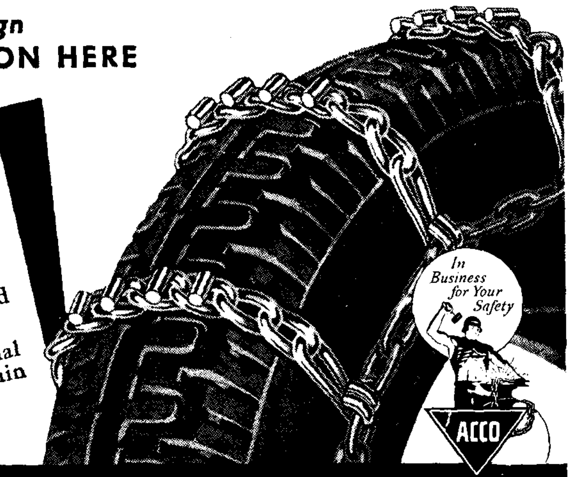
Official AAA Test Proves New Type Tire Chains Shorten Stopping Distance

● 36,000 dead and 954,000 injured in automobile accidents last year. What a horrible massacre! Yet 93% of cars in accidents were in apparently good condition. (See "Thou Shalt Not Kill" published by The Travelers Life Insurance Co.) That puts the responsibility for safe driving squarely up to the driver.

Have your brakes tested and keep a pair of Weed Tire Chains in your car ready to use at a moment's notice. Ask for Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains. They give double the mileage, thanks to 4 great features. AAA Official Test No. 3143 shows that Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains on rear tires stopped a car in 45.8% less distance than when no chains were used. Bar-Reinforced Chains on four tires stopped a car in 66.8% less distance than when no chains were used. Buy tire chains before you need them and insist on Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains. A product of American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Look for the Sign
WEED CHAINS PUT ON HERE

4 FEATURES MORE THAN DOUBLE THE MILEAGE
1 Bar-Reinforced Cross Chains.
2 Electric Welded Side Chains.
3 Lever-Lock End Hooks.
4 Weedalloy—a special hard tough tire chain metal.


In Business for Your Safety
ACCO

WEED AMERICAN *Bar-Reinforced* TIRE CHAINS

Licensed to manufacture and sell Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains under United States and Canadian Letters Patent: American Chain Company, Inc.; The McKay Company; The Chain Products Company; Pyrene Manufacturing Company; Dominion Chain Company, Ltd.; and Pyrene Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd.

Inside Passage

Continued from page 38

"Call me at Cape Morris," you say to the mate—and slip through the door in the after bulkhead to catch a cat nap.

Take the Appalachians in their thousand-mile sweep from the Canadian line to central Alabama. Lift them 1,000 feet. Push them 800 miles northward to about where Labrador lies. Shove them westward 3,500 miles to the Pacific and sink them until the topmost peaks are 5,000 feet above sea level. Turn the warm Japanese current through the 1,200 islands you have created—and you have the setting for the Inside Passage along the British Columbia and southeastern Alaska coasts.

In summer time it's a lane of blue water, twisting and turning, rushing and swirling, sometimes heaving and white-capped, between dark green hills and brown, sea-glistening rocks, and above, the eternal white of the snow peaks of the coast range. Between the islands and the mainland runs the Passage—and out to westward the long seas sweep in, boiled to fury by the gales from China. They crash and break against the islands, and inside run smoothly, so that often the surface mirrors the ship.

Some of the islands are as large as an eastern state; some are just dots of rock "awash at low water," as the Alaska Pilot—the Passageman's Bible—says. Into the mainland mountains run long fiords, into which the tide sweeps at six, eight or ten knots through narrow chucks. At the heads of the fiords, glaciers—thousands of them. In Glacier Bay, where the majestic Muir comes down, glaciers cover an area larger than the District of Columbia. All along the Passage the glaciers are receding, drawing their icy white skirts up the mountainsides to leave dark moraines over which the pines and firs and spruces slowly draw a mantle of green.

Although the south end of the Passage is far north of New York, its climate is milder. Juneau, the Alaska capital, near the northern end, has had only 55 days of zero weather in 35 years. Winters are milder and summers cooler than in New England. With its branches, the Passage includes about 15,000 miles of waterways navigable for ships.

Ten Leagues Wide

If you ask a grizzled Alaska pilot if he can remember a ship on the run that hasn't been on the beach or down on the bottom, he'll scratch his head a minute and tell you maybe there is one—but he can't recall her just now. The channels and passes are strewn with the metal bones of ships whose skippers miscalculated—by a split second or a few yards.

Paradoxically enough, though, the most dangerous of the world's waters also are the safest. There has been no loss of life for years. Along with their knowledge of wind and tide, channel and rock, skippers and pilots keep in the backs of their heads pictures of the infrequent beaches. So a holed ship almost always grinds ashore to safety, to be towed to Vancouver or Seattle after the passengers are safely transferred, patched up and put back on the run. Slowly, as the lighthouse service can wring a few dollars from a reluctant Congress, the Passage is being better lighted and buoyed.

These waters have known the wooden keels of Spain and Russia; of British frigate and American trading sloop; and long before them the slim war canoes of the Haidas and Nootkas and other coast Indian tribes. Six nations have left their names—and the bones of their heroes—along this troubled highway.

From the Indians come Taku and Metlakatla and Tongass. Spain passed and left San Juan and Esperanza. The Russians tossed Chicagof and Baranof and Kupreanof onto islands. The British scattered Dixon and Queen Charlotte and Prince of Wales across the rush of the tides. French-Canadian voyageurs, fighting across the tangle of the Rockies and the coast range down to tidewater, left Bella Bella and Bella Coola to remember them by. Scot and Swede and Dane and Portuguese left their names on island and peak, in cove and inlet.

On its northern end, the Passage has been American water for less than seventy years. It was only in 1913 that the surveyors finally marked out the mountain crest line that is the boundary between British Columbia and the Alaska panhandle. The panhandle, the treaty says, shall be ten ocean leagues wide—no more.

Following Your Nose

A hail from the lookout in the snow-burdened bow—and over there, dim in the blackness, looms the bulk of Cape Morris. There should be a blinker light out here somewhere—but where? . . . Ah, there it is—out—and by a bearing on the cape you know it has dragged from its right position. The wheel spins over and the ship lurches as the long swell running up the strait catches her and the wind tears the drift of smoke from her stack. She's on her new course, into Peril Strait, through Whitestone Narrows, drifting now and then to pick up a black can buoy in water so calm the snow lies on it in tiny islands.

Here you are, then. Take her along yourself. Twenty sea miles to Sitka and the green dome of the old Russian cathedral glinting in winter sunlight. The snow is falling more slowly now, caught by the sudden gusts of icy wind that swirl down from the inlets spreading out from the main channel. You can see the beach occasionally—and aren't there two buoys between here and Sitka? And can't you count seconds on an echo? And, if all fails, can't you *smell* the difference between an open channel and the timber your bow is headed for?

From below, there's a faint tinkle of chimes, so let's go down and eat, instead, while the pilot feels his way along. Let's go down among the passengers. The Old Man's sitting at the head of his table, tired blue eyes under a thatch of white hair. Two stout, out-of-season lady tourists flank him.

The whine of the siren drifts into the saloon. The snow comes silently against the ports. The skipper lays down his napkin, picks it up again. Two men with pilot licenses on the bridge. All right, of course. The siren wails at minute intervals. The skipper fidgets, trying to get away from the fluttering questions of the two stout ladies. It's all right, up there on the bridge. It's all right. Not going to hit the beach or anything.

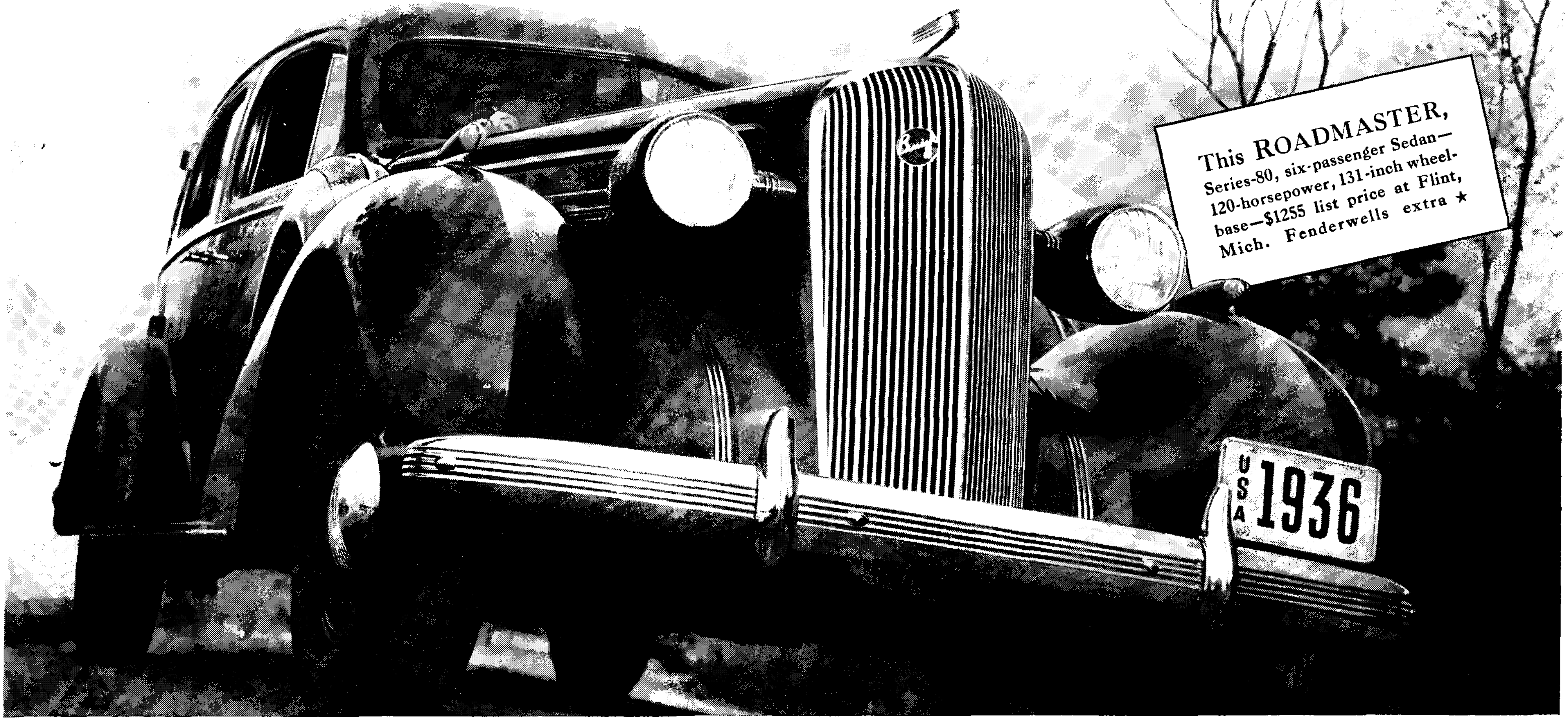
The siren jerks into a series of short blasts. The Old Man swings around in his chair, gets to his feet.

"What is it, Captain? Is it dangerous? What's happening?"

He pauses at the foot of the companionway for a second, glancing at the passage-broke Alaskans among the passengers, who have been up and down the sea lane many times and know what it's all about. Then he comes back and whispers to the stout old ladies.

"I'll tell you, Ma'am," he says to the stoutest. "The boys up on the bridge, they think they're going to hit a rock. . . . So they want me to come up and hit it for them!"

THE INVESTOR GETS A BREAK



This ROADMASTER, Series-80, six-passenger Sedan—120-horsepower, 131-inch wheelbase—$1255 list price at Flint, Mich. Fenderwells extra ★

PEOPLE of taste say the new Buicks are the smartest versions of satisfying streamline design so far developed.

If you buy a car for looks, therefore, you can be sure of a liberal money's worth.

But beneath all that beauty and uncluttered grace is an even sounder value for the man who buys a car as a long time investment.

For the chassis under those dreamlines is as rugged and durable and fine as traditional Buick integrity of material and workmanship can make it.

Buick puts into that chassis the silent, oil-cushioned valve-in-head straight-eight engine that even competitive engineers admit is 10% more efficient, size for size, than other types.

Buick steadies that chassis and insures its unique stability by the famous torque-tube drive, the most dependable power-delivery known.

Buick offsets flashing take-off, phenomenal performance through the whole power range, with fingertip control and the safety of tiptoe-pressure hydraulic brakes.

And Buick does all these within a price you can afford, although price is always the last thing that Buick puts upon a car.

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE, *gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression*

ANOLITE PISTONS, *durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter, increase bearing life 150%*

SEALED CHASSIS, *keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion*

LUXURIOUS "TURRET TOP" BODY BY FISHER, *with No Draft Ventilation — the smartest, safest, strongest body built*

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES, *giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures*

KNEE-ACTION COMFORT AND SAFETY, *the true gliding ride*

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE, *for steadier, more stable roadability*

AUTOMATIC STARTING, SPARK AND HEAT CONTROL, *for convenience, efficiency, economy*

BUILT-IN LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS, *with ample capacity for necessary luggage*

RIDE STABILIZER, *for elimination of side-sway at speed or on curves*

"Buick's the Buy"

★ **YOU CAN AFFORD THE NEW BUICK**

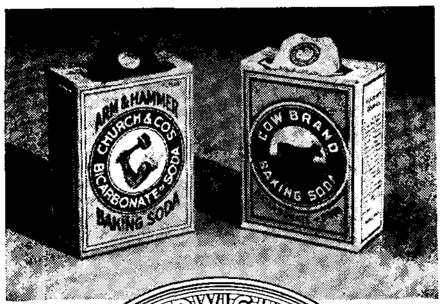
$765 *to $1945 are the list prices at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment. Convenient new GMAC 6% time payment plan*

ARM & HAMMER AND COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA U.S.P. STANDARD

it cleans beverage services

If you take pride in having goblets, glasses and beverage bowls clear as crystal, sprinkle Arm & Hammer Baking Soda on a damp cloth, rub glassware thoroughly, rinse with clean warm water and wipe dry. Clean your decanters and bottles with a Baking Soda solution, two teaspoons to a pint of warm water, then rinse well. Our Baking Soda has many helpful uses, just a few cents for a handy sealed package, get a supply from your grocer.

Mail the Coupon



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Hitler's Paymaster

Continued from page 23

godfather, and Horace Greeley after his father's American hero.

Nowadays he is inclined to lay more emphasis on the Hjalmar and less on the Horace Greeley—enthusiasm for foreigners is not exactly rampant at present in super-nationalistic Germany. But those who know his antecedents never tire of bringing up that little matter of his American middle name. It got into the newspapers over and over again in the days when he was dickering with General Dawes and Owen Young over the terms of their respective plans for collecting German reparations.

And it has helped Schacht to feel at home in the United States. He has visited us several times and has a considerable admiration for American businessmen and business methods.

At times, though, we annoy him terribly. Once, on his arrival in New York, he was shown a clipping from a New York paper expressing opinions, pretty generally held at the time, concerning Adolf Hitler. It aroused his peppery temper to such a degree that he tore it into little pieces, threw it on the ground, and stamped on it. On another occasion our attitude on international affairs made him exclaim sadly: "Very few Americans understand the Germans!"

"Big Stick" Financing

Here, in broad outline, is what Germany's financial czar has done, after getting full powers from Hitler, to keep the Nazi Reich from economic and financial collapse:

1. He has settled German long-term and short-term indebtedness. ("And he has done it with a club!" an American in Berlin remarked.) By forcing upon Germany's foreign creditors one moratorium after another, he has so fixed things that foreign debts are no longer a burden on Germany.

2. By a highly ingenious and unscrupulous system of "bearing" German securities abroad, reducing their prices, and then buying them up cheaply, he has been able, with the "spread" between the two prices, to subsidize German exports.

3. He has put Germany's foreign trade on a licensing basis. In this way he has brought it under absolute government control. He now has complete supervision over every shipment of goods into and out of Germany.

4. He has made clearing agreements with various foreign countries and individuals, in pursuance of which certain sums are paid into banks in the countries concerned, and mutual transactions between them and Germany are checked off against each other without any money being actually passed. Through this system, eighty per cent of German foreign trade, it was estimated a few weeks ago, had been placed on a barter basis. Over the heads of those reluctant to enter into such agreements Schacht holds the threat of Germany's "Ersatz" campaign—her attempt to provide homemade substitutes for articles hitherto imported from abroad. "Barter or Ersatz!"—that has long been his foreign-trade slogan.

5. He has concentrated in his own hands complete industrial and financial control over Germany. With the help of a small and able group of subordinates he exerts despotic supervision over every form of German business activity. He has suppressed every vestige of business independence. Schacht is an autocrat who, unlike Hitler and Mussolini, does not require an army or a private militia or a police force to assert his power. All he needs to do, in order to bring recalcitrant German businessmen to their knees, is to dry up their sources of credit.

Having armed himself with these extraordinary powers, Schacht has made himself extremely useful to the Hitlerist regime by devising ways and means for financing German re-arming. In this direction, to quote one student of his methods, he has been "uncannily successful." So far, despite the growing acuteness of Germany's economic crisis, he has been able, by hook or by crook, to turn over to the commanders of the newborn German conscript army huge sums for meeting their requirements. This achievement, incidentally, causes him no internal qualms—he has always been an advocate of a militarily strong Germany.

Schacht is tall and ungainly. He has a high forehead and a mouth set in lines suggesting abundant will power. His eyes, which are blue, often flash with mischievous humor. Under his prominent nose is a small, closely trimmed mustache which has grown almost gray —yet the general impression given by its owner is one of youth and strength.

As soon as talk starts about him, somebody is sure to ask: "Have you noticed his collars?" Schacht's collars are famous all over Germany for their height and stiffness. No matter whether the rest of his attire is formal or informal, his collar invariably confines his neck like a whitewashed prison wall.

"Why do you let him wear them?" someone once asked his wife.

"Because I prefer them to none at all," she answered. "With him, it is a case of these collars or nothing."

Berlin wags insist that the reason for the celebrated Schachtian neckwear is that a bankrupt haberdasher, having no money to repay what he owed to Schacht, turned over to him a large stock of collars so high that they had proved unsalable, which the creditor, with true Teutonic thriftiness, has been trying for years to wear out.

Unlike most international bankers—who, when it comes to talking, take a leaf from the conversational book of the clam—the financial despot of Hitlerite Germany is positively voluble. And he has none of the stiffness usually associated with Germans in high position. When he feels like it, he can be affable and approachable—quite charming, in fact.

And he has a gift of repartee which he does not hesitate to utilize against himself. Once, when a visitor asked him how he was getting along with his favorite hobby—the raising of pigs on his estate near Berlin — he replied, with twinkling eyes:

"A pig raiser can become president of the Reichsbank; but the president of the Reichsbank cannot become a pig raiser."

Almost an American

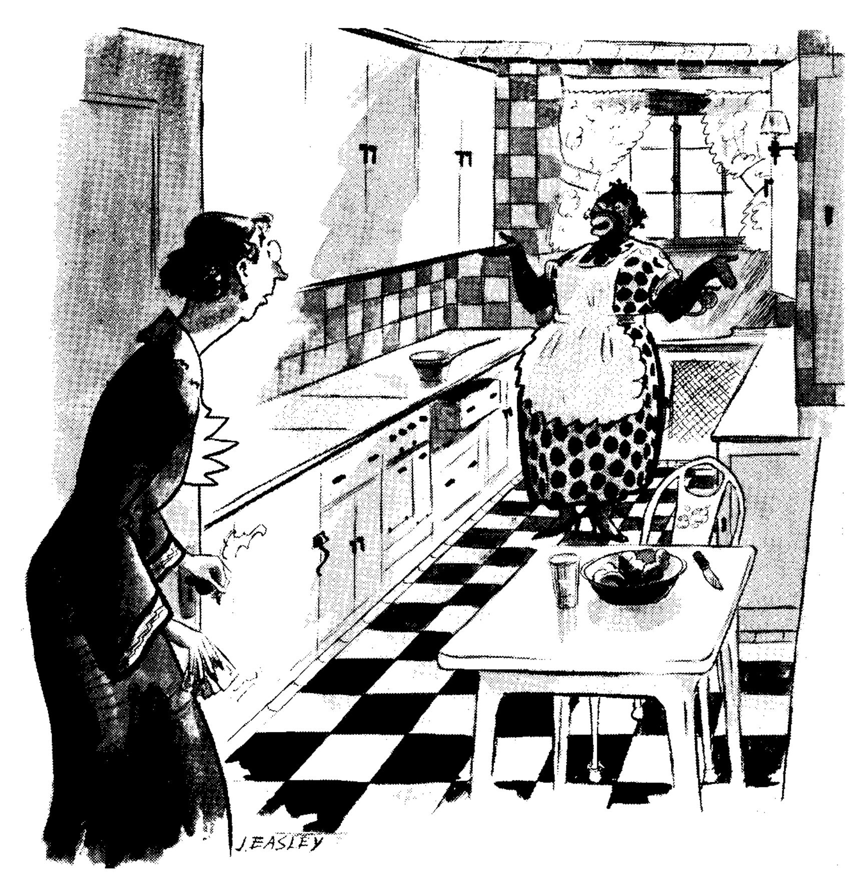
Had it not been for an unexpected turn of events Hjalmar Schacht would have been born in the United States. His father, William Schacht, having obtained a good job in a Brooklyn engineering concern shortly after his arrival in America early in the 70's of last century, wrote home asking his 21-year-old German fiancée to cross the ocean in order that they might get married. She promptly embarked on a voyage that turned out to be a nightmare of terror and horror.

The steamer on which she had taken passage was driven far out of its course by violent storms, which constantly menaced it with shipwreck, and there was an outbreak of cholera aboard.

Eventually, after fifty awful days, the ship reached Halifax, Nova Scotia, and a few days later steamed into New York. The frantic bridegroom, who had almost despaired of ever seeing his fiancée again, rushed to welcome her. But he was forced to stay away until the passengers had been quarantined.

When she married young William Schacht she was launched upon what both thought would be a long stay in the New World. But the climate proved too severe for her. In a short time she and

(Continued on page 44)



"Ah jest cain't find de stove, Miss Smiff!" J. EASLEY

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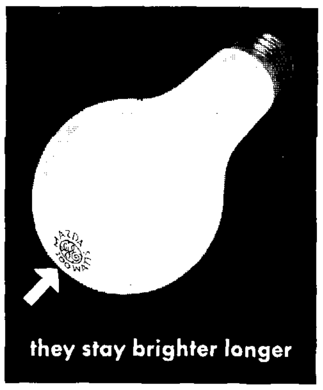
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But we wouldn't have it otherwise. For we believe the reason you'd like Southern California this winter, is because it's so *different* from your own familiar surroundings.

More than palms and sunshine . . . the stark mystery of the desert, contrasting with its green oases . . . snow-capped peaks sheltering valleys of oranges, dates, grapes, avocados and olives . . . palm-shored island playgrounds rising out of the blue Pacific . . . a harbor with battleships anchored next to strange craft from the seven seas . . . crumbling Spanish Missions, here before America was born, alongside the modern excitement of Hollywood, mecca of celebrities from everywhere.

Mountain lakes in forests older than any other living thing . . . every sport, outdoors all year . . . colorful Old Mexico next door . . . cities like Los Angeles, Pasadena, Long Beach, Pomona, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Santa Monica . . . each with accommodations for every taste and purse, and each with its own sincere desire to give you the vacation you've always wanted. Come on out this winter and join the fun!

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Hitler's Paymaster

Continued from page 42

her husband were back at his native town of Tinglef, in Schleswig. There, fifty-eight years ago, some months after their return home, their son, future financial czar of Germany, was born.

It soon became evident that he would make his mark in the world; a report of one of his teachers at school described him, in his student days, as "one who thinks himself destined to great things." He believed then, as he does now, that fate is something to be molded, by men of determination, to their own purposes. It was not long before the driving force of his personality, combined with a steadily developing aptitude both for finance and politics, began to attract attention.

He went from one good banking job to another—and almost always it was not he that sought the job but the job that sought him. During the World War he occupied an important post in the German financial administration of invaded Belgium. After Germany's defeat, when she was engulfed in the inflation panic, it was to Hjalmar Schacht that Germans appealed for salvation. They did not appeal in vain.

In a few months he had stabilized Germany's currency and put the German mark back on the monetary map; an American dollar, instead of being equivalent to billions and trillions of marks, as it had been in the weeks just before Schacht took charge, soon fetched only four marks—the normal rate of exchange. Then, if ever in his career, Hjalmar Schacht seemed to have brought fate's chariot to the right-about.

Next came his fight to control German borrowing abroad and his stubborn efforts to make the Dawes and Young Plans as favorable as possible to Germany.

In 1930, finding the financial tactics of the German republican regime not to his liking, he broke away from it, and turned his eyes toward Adolf Hitler, already looming menacingly on the political horizon. In a short time Schacht was laboring zealously for the triumph of Hitlerism. And shortly after Hitler seized supreme power in 1933 he summoned Schacht to his aid. Ever since they have been working together.

Germany's Bad Boy

Under the Hitler regime the fearlessness which is a basic characteristic of Hjalmar Schacht has become more marked than ever. It inspires him again and again to incredible audacities of word and deed.

When, after he had made a speech recently, it was suppressed in Germany by the government on account of its daring disapproval of anti-Semitism, Schacht promptly caused thousands of copies of it to be printed and circulated, under the very noses of the Nazi authorities. And just before I left Berlin this autumn the place was ringing with another typical tale of Schacht's reckless courage. The Hitler government, which delights in digging into the past of all Germans, had just sent a questionnaire to bank employees in which they were asked, among other things, whether they had ever been Freemasons. When Schacht heard about it, he flew into a rage. Next day the head of the government department which was conducting the investigation was dumfounded to receive this curt note from Schacht:

"Your questionnaire will not be answered by any employee of this bank!"

Schacht is credited with having evolved a new technique for mobilizing German resources. To finance his program he has raided insurance companies and savings banks and mortgage banks. He has stuffed subsidiaries of the Reichsbank with government short-term paper of doubtful value. Yet, at the same time, he has kept the Reichsbank itself in good shape, with plenty of liquid assets. He forces short-term government paper on business concerns all over Germany. And they are obliged to take it because Schacht, being in supreme control of all credit, can easily drive them to the wall if they show fight.

"If anyone can keep Hitler's Germany from financial catastrophe it is Hjalmar Schacht." That is a statement you hear all over Germany nowadays, from friend and foe alike. There is a widespread feeling among Germans that nobody else could have done what he has done so far toward staving off disaster.

All for the Fatherland

Those who think him a devil may be right; those who think him a fool are wrong. A very competent observer of the methods of the financial autocrat of the Third Reich—methods, by the way, which the said observer finds altogether too unscrupulous for his approval—summed them up thus:

"Schacht is trying to establish in Germany a workable form of state socialism. He believes that there is no place in present-day German economic life for the individual money-maker. He encourages German businessmen to produce more and more, to employ more labor, to branch out, to build new plants. But they must do this, he insists, *without seeking big profits for themselves.* All excess profits must be turned over by them to help build up Germany.

"Schacht believes in having plenty of German Henry Fords. He is quite willing to put them in a sort of business Hall of Fame, to pin medals all over them, to tell them what fine, patriotic fellows they are, but—*they must not control capital!* Schacht alone must have the control of every bit of capital in the country, in order to use it for national ends.

"In Germany, today, Hitler is God and Schacht is dictator."

It remains to be seen whether the German financial czar is strong enough to cause the elimination from the Nazi program of those forms of extremism against which he has protested so resolutely.

Some people maintain that the Fuehrer is so committed to anti-Semitism and other violent doctrines that he cannot draw back. Others are of the opinion that Schacht, as the only man who can possibly bring to Nazidom escape from an economic cataclysm, is so valuable to Hitler that anything he may ask—even the cessation of Jew-baiting—must necessarily be granted.

It is not possible yet to say which of these views is right. One day, Goebbels and Streicher and the rest of the extremists seem to be in the saddle for keeps; next day, Schacht and other moderates seem about to kick them into the political ash barrel. The final word rests with Hitler. This winter ought to force him to a showdown.

Meanwhile, Schacht elbows his way forward. Around him storms gather. The lightning of hostility flashes before his eyes; the thunder of denunciation crashes in his ears; enemies by the score leap up to bar his path—but still he plunges onward.

"Schacht is often hated," I was told by one of his foes in Berlin, "but never despised." And another, seeking to summarize his personal impressions, said:

"Schacht? What do I think of him? I'll tell you: *he is a man I'd never pick as an antagonist!*"

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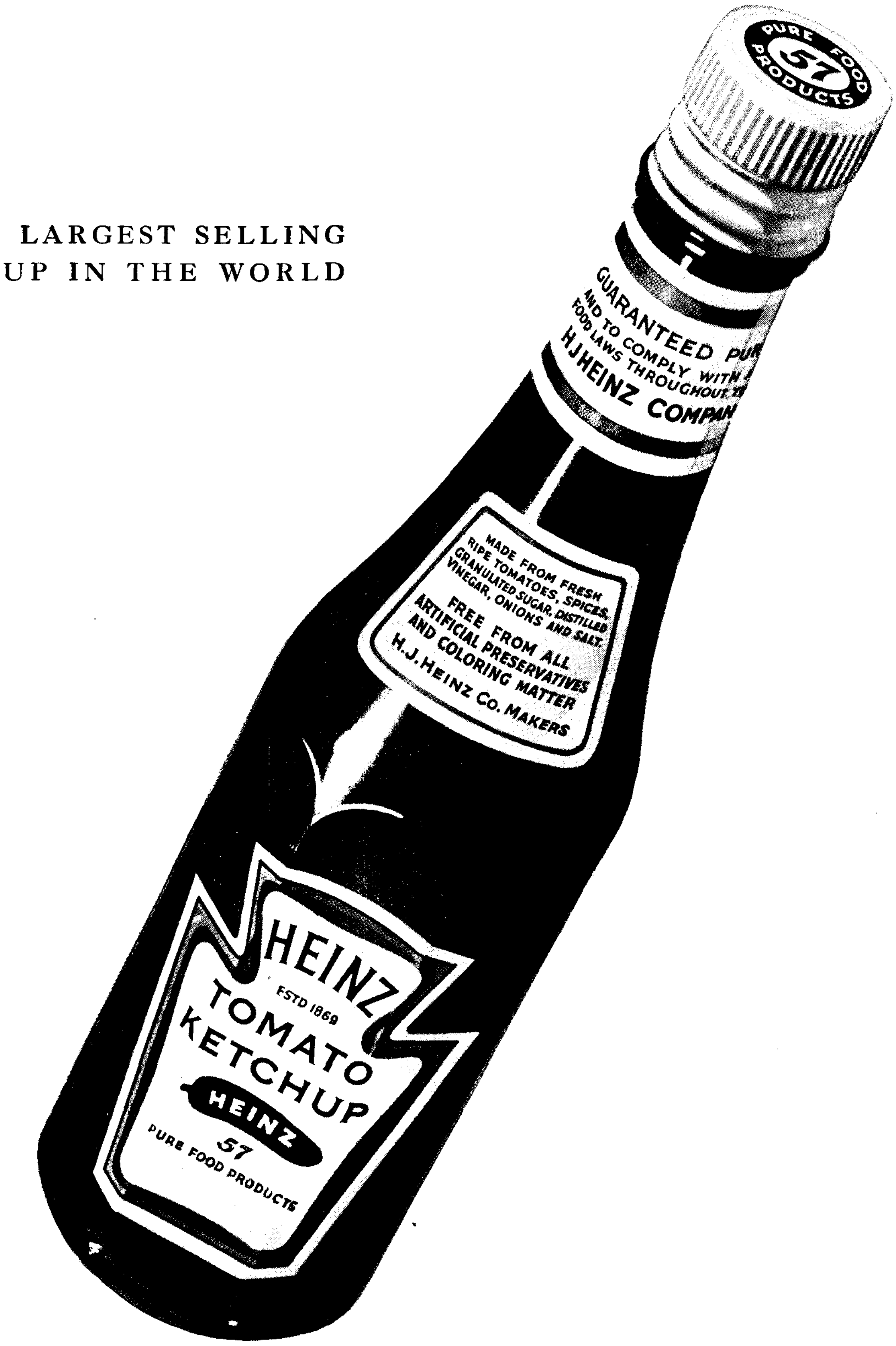
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Nobody's Business

Anson said: "What does he want with her? Let's watch. It's nobody's business, but it kills time." It's a story which moves like a taxi—when the cops aren't looking

By C. S. Montanye

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

"THIRD table from the left," Anson said. "What do you see?"

Kirby looked.

"A honey of a dame."

Anson outlined his chin with his fingers. He rubbed the back of his hand on it. He began to smile. It was a crooked, enigmatic smile.

"Second table, right of the band," he said. "What do you see?"

Kirby turned his blond head.

"A tough-looking guy in a tuxedo."

"What's he doing?"

"Watching the swell dame."

Anson nodded.

"It's nobody's business, not ours, anyway. Still, when you get a honey of a gal like her and set her out to be watched by a punk like him, you've got something. She knows him, too. She's trying to write him off, make out she's never seen him, doesn't even know he's there."

Kirby looked skeptical. He admired Anson's perspicacity. Once the Broadwayite had given him six Aqueduct winners in a row. Doubtful, he had let them go, one by one, without a wager. Anson was smart.

"I don't see anything unusual in the layout," he said. "I like to look at pretty girls, whether they know me or not."

Anson lighted a cigarette. Tinker's Tavern, Longacre and 47th, was crowded with the after-theater mob. Its famous Mirror Bar had them standing three deep. The clink of glasses, pop of corks and music of cocktail shakers was a constant rhythm. Kirby supposed the sudden rain on Broadway was partially responsible for the full house.

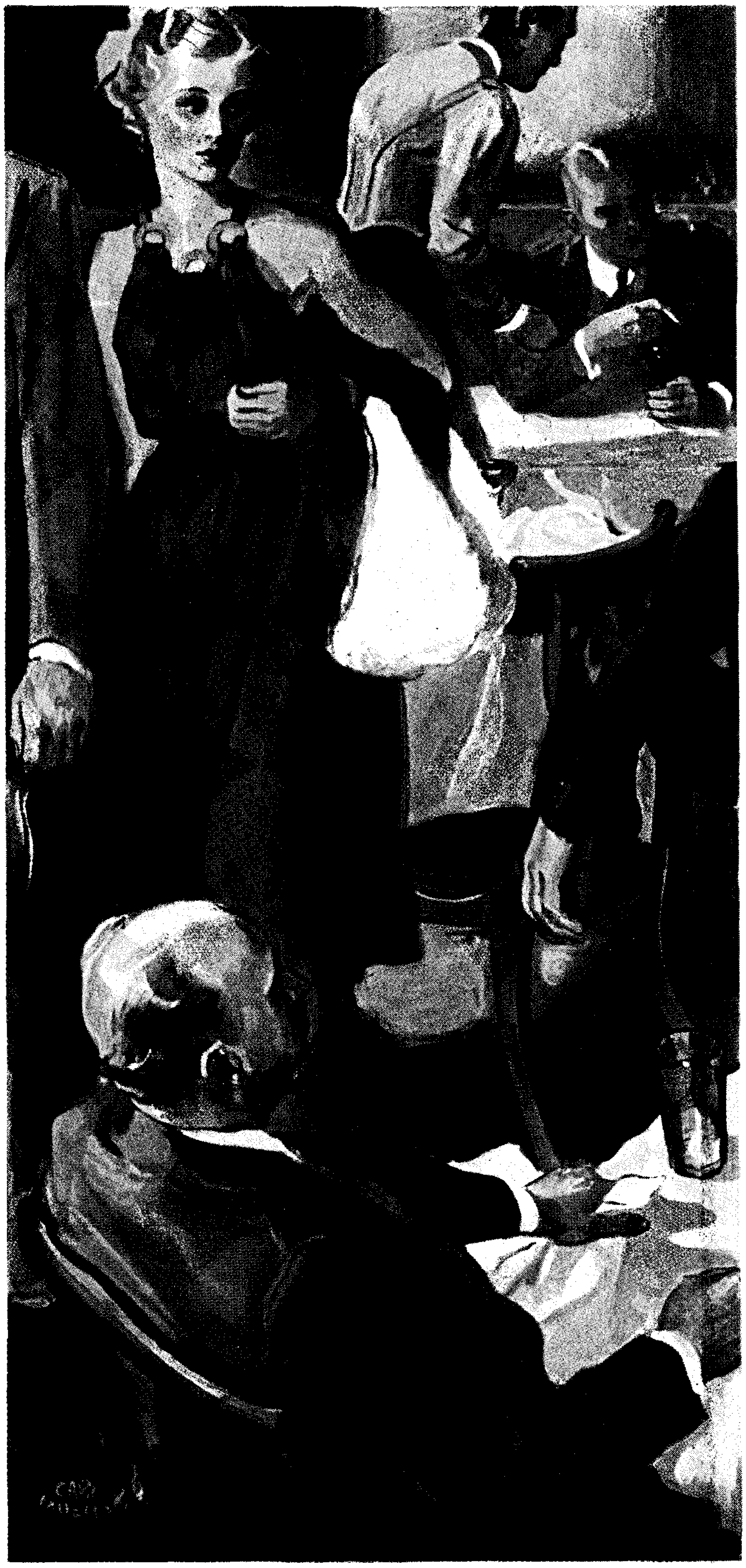
"The plug in the broadcloth is Harry Capstan," Anson said. "He's a tiger man for a wheel house near the Circle. He brings the victims in to be cleaned at roulette. He's got a prison record as long as Durante's nose."

"The girl," Kirby pointed out, "doesn't look like gambling-house fodder."

"All the more reason," Anson said, "why it's interesting. He knows her; she knows him. He's a hawk; she's a pullet. What does he want with her? Let's watch. It's nobody's business, but it kills time."

KIRBY moved his glance back to the third table from the left. The girl was a knockout. She wore a simple dark blue dress under a velvet wrap. She had no hat. Her softly waved hair was a mixture of gold and brown. The smoky rafter lamps made it glimmer. Her oval face, long-lashed eyes and red, provocative mouth were perfect. There wasn't the look of the main thoroughfare about her. Yet the trade-mark of her youthful unsophistication was lost in a certain indefinable hardness. The girl had lived and looked at life.

She was with an inconspicuous young man. His suit was gray. There was nothing distinguishing about him. He might have been a clerk, a millionaire, a bookmaker or a stage hero. A bottle of beer was before him. His back was to Harry Capstan. Occasionally he smiled at something the girl said.



Just before she followed her companion out she turned and glanced back

A waiter stepped up to the table. He spoke to the youth in the gray suit. The young man pushed his glass back and got up.

"Wanted on the telephone," Anson said. "Watch what happens now."

"What do you think's due?" Kirby asked.

"Watch," Anson directed.

The girl's escort was hardly out of sight before Capstan was in his chair. He put his elbows on the table. He leaned forward. He spoke rapidly. The girl listened, motionless, her eyes veiled by her lashes.

"Propositioning her," Anson said. "It's nobody's business, but I wish I had an ear big enough to stretch over there. He's unloading it fast. He's afraid Gray Suit will slide back before he's had his say. Notice how he glances over his shoulder?"

"Do you suppose the waiter's drop-around was a phony?" Kirby asked.

"It looks like it. Fake telephone call to get him out for a minute. Capstan's finished. He's taking an exit. The girl's no blank. She's thinking over what he told her."

THE youth came back to the table. He said something to the girl. She got up, with her wrap over her arm. She was of medium height, beautifully proportioned. The youth picked a way through the crowd to the foyer. Just before she followed her companion out she turned and glanced back over her shoulder.

Harry Capstan, Kirby noticed, was smiling.

"Well," he said, "no matter what it was it's over."

"It's just begun," Anson corrected. "I recognized Gray Suit. He's young Scott Boyd. Heard of him?"

"The playwright?"

"I thought you'd register."

Kirby frowned. Scott Boyd's smart comedy, Good Manners, was in its fortieth week at the Stuyvesant. A picture firm had bought it for the cameras. It was Boyd's second box-office success. Kirby envied him. Kirby's own efforts at play-writing had not been remunerative. An agent was still peddling his wares up and down the stem.

"What do you mean, it's just begun?" he asked.

Anson folded the bar check in half. "If you're not busy for the next couple of hours I'll show you."

They went out into the steady, monotonous drizzle that superseded the night's sudden rain. The lights were smeared. Street and sidewalks were black silk. The gutters still ran brimming. Taxis scuttled about. Anson turned up his collar.

"Straight across to Galinat's," he directed.

They dodged through a red traffic light. On the opposite side of Broadway Anson ducked into a building and went up a flight of stairs. Kirby shook rain from his hat. On the second floor Anson went down a corridor. He stopped

(Continued on page 56)

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AMERICA'S *SMOOTHEST* CIGARETTE

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 18

"You don't like being held off, do you, Bill? You like things all your own way. If a dog doesn't come when you whistle, you whip him. If a woman doesn't smile, you want to whip her."

He pulled in his horse and reached over to catch her reins.

"Listen, Judith. No man's going to stand against me, as far as you're concerned. Maybe I'm not sentimental enough for your fancy. But I can fight for what I want."

"You can use the whip," she retorted.

HE SPURRED his pony over and caught her before she could lift an arm. His gloved hand scraped across her face and pulled it around; and he kissed her with a sudden brutality and let her go. Her other arm came up then and she slashed him across the head with her quirt. His hat fell off and his pony fiddled away. He started to swing toward her again, his breathing heavy and fast in the quietness of the hillside. Her voice stopped him definitely: "Quit it, Bill, or I'll follow your dad's advice."

Rage raked his voice: "What are you prowling around here at night for?"

"I like to ride at night."

He said, wickedly: "The habit will get you in trouble, Judith. Where were you the other night when Les was shot?"

She flung her horse at him and her quirt smashed him violently in the face again. And then, without speaking, she galloped down the meadow and disappeared in the lower timber. He didn't follow; he remained there in the meadow, holding a hand across his stinging cheeks, turned mad by his injuries.

Hughie Grant, who was a Crow Track rider, came up the road from Morgantown and saw Nick Perrigo loitering there at the Torveen gateway. Hughie Grant made a sweeping turn on his horse and came to a stop; he had a big, weathered body and an impressive coal-black mustache—and he rolled freely in the saddle. He said, genially: "There's a fellow that used to work for the Heads. Nick, I never liked you and you never liked me. For a fact, nobody likes you. I'd guess you don't even like yourself."

"Keep goin', Hughie," Perrigo said.

"You own this road?" suggested Hughie Grant; and reached into his hip pocket. He hauled out a flat pint whisky bottle, holding it up to the afternoon sun to measure its contents. He uncorked it with his teeth and transferred the cork to his hand while he downed a drink. He shuddered faintly and corked the bottle. But a touch of magnanimity appeared to get possession of him then. He urged his horse toward Perrigo and inclined the bottle.

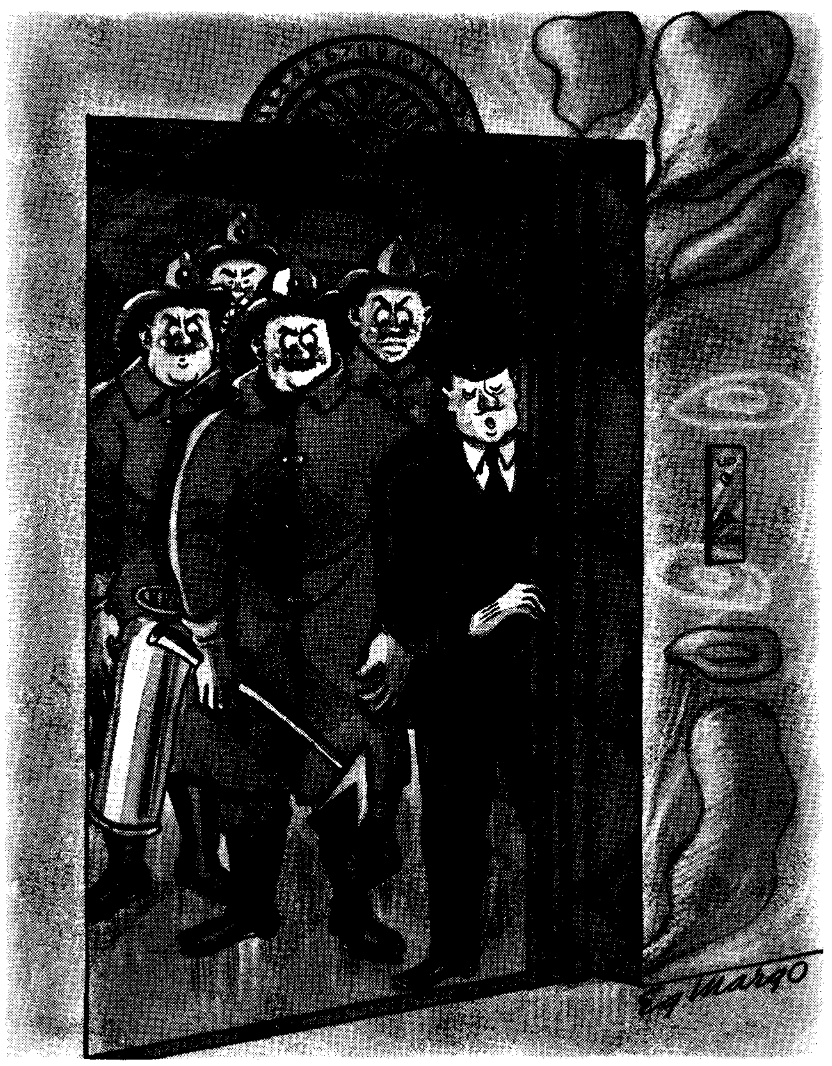
"Have a little taste of the hair of this dog."

Perrigo said instantly, "No." Yet his eyes clung to the bottle and his hands moved and stopped.

"Hell with you, Perrigo. Proud, or something? Well, you never could handle liquor anyhow."

Perrigo suddenly grunted: "Give me that," and seized the bottle. He flung his head back, drinking with a sudden gusty thirst. Hughie Grant's eyes narrowed and contained a shrewdness that didn't belong to a drunken man. He said feebly, "Leave some of that."

Perrigo lowered the bottle.



"Fourth floor—pots, pans, iceboxes, ironing boards"

EG MARGO

"You sure was dry," grumbled Grant.

"Ain't drank for six months, Hughie."

"Prohibition," said Hughie in disgust. "Well, give me my bottle."

Perrigo tipped the bottle again quickly and drained it and handed it back. A little flush of blood brightened the man's honed cheeks. He scanned Hughie Grant angrily. "Why in God's name did you come draggin' that bottle past me for?"

"It's my regret," stated Hughie Grant, "not yours. Empty—damnation!" He flung the bottle over into the trees and sat with his shoulders drooping and his eyes studying his palms as they lay folded on the saddle horn. He waited a little while; then looked at Perrigo and came to a decision.

"Well, I'm blasted if I ride home on an empty stomach. Next time, Nick, don't ask for a drink out of my bottle. I'm goin' back to town for another one." He wheeled his horse down the road. Ten yards away he turned. "You comin'?"

"For a drink?"

"What else was I talkin' about?"

"Wait a minute," said Perrigo. He went back into the trees and got on his horse and came out beside Hughie Grant. They trotted toward Morgantown, Perrigo dismally scowling.

"That shows you," pointed out Hughie Grant. "Six months without a drink ain't good for anybody. Why stunt your frame like that?"

"Booze," said Nick Perrigo in sultry disgust, "is my poison." Instantly he hauled up to a stop. "You know that, Hughie. What're we going to town for?"

Hughie Grant didn't look back and he didn't stop. He said: "Don't bother me. On mature thought, maybe you hadn't ought to come. Old Martin's there and so's Bill Head and the bunch."

"Wait," said Nick Perrigo, and came on at a rush.

"We just got through buryin' Les Head," reflected Hughie Grant. "I don't like that kind of work."

"You may be buryin' another," said Nick Perrigo, and all his little features were violent and inflamed. "I've got no use for a Head, nor for any Head rider."

"I'm one," pointed out Hughie Grant equably.

"What of it?" gritted Perrigo.

Hughie Grant's reply was summer-mild: "Nothin'. We was talkin' about a drink, wasn't we?"

SO THEY cantered down the hill and rounded into Morgantown's main street. Perrigo stiffened in his saddle and his free arm began to swing forward and back, brushing his gunbelt at each passing. Sunlight was a low flash in the west and bright purple currents of twilight flowed along Morgantown's south walk and touched the men scattered there. Ranier loitered at the jail office beside Old Martin Head's wheelchair. Nick Perrigo passed him without a side glance; and he didn't turn his eyes at the hotel where Bill Head stood in idleness. Crow Track riders cruised this street and a group of them were at the doors of the Elkhorn saloon. Perrigo wheeled in here and dismounted, a scarlet flush crawling down his narrow neck. He left his horse at the rack and went around the rack and stalked through the Crow Track riders sightlessly, into the saloon.

Hughie Grant followed him to the bar. A man immediately lifted his bottle and slid it along the bar, moving away from Perrigo. The humming thickness of talk in here dropped definitely and other men's faces wheeled in the shadows of the place and watched Perrigo with an indrawing interest.

Perrigo said to the bartender, "It'll be rye," and stared at himself in the backbar's shining mirror; something in that whipped and peaked reflection seemed to lift the hackles on his neck. His eyes turned narrow and red. When the bartender slid bottle and glasses down to him he helped himself to a drink, and hooked both arms on the bar's edge and lowered his face—and stood that way.

Hughie Grant abruptly clapped his hands to his chest. He said: "Now where's my money?" and turned to leave. Perrigo's hand instantly shot out and seized Hughie Grant by the arm.

"Where you going?" demanded Perrigo.

"I'll be back," said Hughie Grant, very soft.

Perrigo stared at him unrelentingly, and the room's silence grew. Afterwards Perrigo released his grip.

"You damn' right you will, Hughie. Or I'll come and find you. I don't drink alone."

"Sure," said Hughie Grant, and left the saloon rapidly. He passed the Head riders and winked at them, and cut across to where Bill Head was. He took off his hat and a fresh, full sweat curled down his forehead. He wasn't drunk, and never had been. He let out a tremendous sigh, then spoke to Bill Head. "There's your man, Bill. But, listen. I never do that again."

Back in the saloon, Neal Irish, who ran the poker game, suddenly laid down his cards. He said to the players, very quietly: "Cash in your chips, gentlemen. Play is over for a while."

BUCK SURRATT was in the Torveen yard with his back propped up against a corral, enjoying the sunset, when Annette Carvel came out of the trees at a rapid canter. She crossed the yard to him and jumped from the saddle and took a pose of interest there. He pushed himself to his feet then, saying casually, "Hello."

Her hands rose in an expressive way to touch her hair and sweep it back from the graphic outline of her face. Her lips changed to a faint smiling; her shoulders straightened and the light of her eyes became direct and personal, as he had noticed it to be in Morgantown two days ago. He didn't quite understand the frankness of that silence, nor could he perceive the change that occurred in her. But the change was there, for this was a girl sensitive and pliable to the ways of men; and her eyes saw that Surratt was young and tall and that he smiled back.

She said: "Is Sam here?"

"Everybody's gone but me."

She gazed frankly at him, her interest very strong. Against the whiteness of her skin her lips made a full, soft, crimson contrast. "My name," she said finally, "is Annette Carvel. My mother and I run the dressmaking shop in town. You're Buck Surratt, the new man."

He said, "Yes," and let it go at that, but her personality came warmly across the space to disturb him. Her voice, when she spoke again, dropped to a faintly husky note, approving and gently inviting.

"You're very brave to stand against Bill Head."

He didn't answer and he saw immediately how responsive that pretty face was to the least change in her mind. Her lips moved, they showed disappointment. Her shoulders lifted. "Well," she said, "then you'll have to do, I guess. Nick Perrigo's in the Elkhorn saloon, drunk as a fool, and all the Head crowd is there. They hate him, you know."

He said, "Thanks," gravely. She waited a little longer, her expression hopeful and pleasing in the sudden fall of twilight. Her breasts stirred to the lift and fall of her breath. She wheeled

(*Continued on page 50*)

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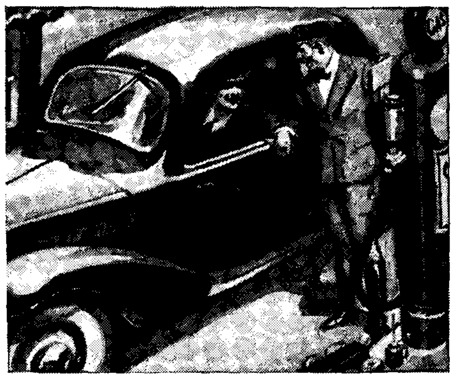
3. "Brown's car froze last night. Thought I'd hold out a little longer, but I guess you were right yesterday, Joe." "The way to save money on anti-freeze, Mr. Miller, is to buy du Pont ZERONE."



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(Continued from page 49)

away with a quick impatience and swung up to her saddle, saying: "Sam would want to know about that. But if you're alone—" Then she had a long, straight smile for him. "There's always a dance in town on Saturday nights, Buck." Unaccountably she laughed at him and galloped down the meadow, into the trees.

Surratt tried another match on his pipe. How, he wondered, had so wary a hand as Nick Perrigo gotten into the trap?

WHEN, later, he rode into Morgantown, twilight had faded into another black night, with a low young moon on the horizon shedding no glow. He trotted on and curled into the hitch rack, the undertow of his arrival leaving a lively wake behind. A few riders stood outside of the Elkhorn's doorway and he knew, by the way they turned, that he was identified. He walked by them, and put his shoulders to the doors and passed inside.

Before the doors had swung behind him he heard a man out there say: "Go get Bill Head." The tone of it was eager, it was wicked; and Surratt's lips thinned and were remotely touched by a smile. He stopped here, undiscovered for a moment, to absorb the scene before him.

Under the strong, full light of the saloon's bracket lamps, men stood loosely together, faced toward the back end of the place. There were thirty or more of them, all waiting out the silence. Looking past them, over their shoulders, he saw Nick Perrigo backed against the wall. Perrigo's insubstantial body swayed from side to side and the weight of his drawn and lifted gun seemed to tip him forward. He stared at the crowd, but it was the blurred, unrecognizing stare of a man blind drunk. His voice came across the room, thick and past caring.

"Gentlemen, why don't you come at me?"

The Elkhorn's bartender, standing with his hands flattened against the bar, caught Surratt in the corner of his eyes and turned to look fully; and opened and closed his mouth without sound. Surratt spoke in a tone strong enough to carry across the shoulders of this crowd to Nick Perrigo:

"You want to go back to the ranch, Nick?"

A ripple ran through that mass; and all those dark and eager and partisan faces veered on him. Perrigo said:

"Who's talkin'?"

The crowd swayed. A little lane opened and a motion of defense carried these men back toward the walls. He faced Perrigo down the lane and saw Perrigo's bitter red eyes stare and find nothing. Perrigo said again, plaintively:

"Who's talkin'?"

"Surratt. You want to go home?"

"Surratt," breathed Perrigo, "get me out of here." And then he swayed from the wall, all his will exhausted, and fell face down on the floor.

THE glow of the lamps sharpened everything and Surratt saw his surroundings with a fatal clarity. The room was long and narrow, the bar on one side and a row of poker tables on the other. For a moment the Crow Track men remained as they had been, recoiled from that little lane which gave Surratt his view of Nick Perrigo. And then an unspoken thought stirred them and the lane closed up and Nick Perrigo was imprisoned behind the solid wall they made.

He heard men coming rapidly along the walk outside. He heard their voices rising, suppressed and excited. But in here the silence grew insufferably thin. He shook his shoulders a little. His hand touched the butt of his gun and he said gently: "I'm taking Nick home, boys," and he lifted his gun and moved forward, his lips still pressed into that remote, constant smile.

It was the weight of their numbers that held them uncertain during this moment. Men in a mass always waited for the voice of a leader to start them, for a sudden motion or a swift word to start them. This was something the years had taught him and it guided him coolly across the room to the solid edges of the crowd. A man in front threw his chest into him and reached up with his hands. Surratt smashed him over the head with the gun, knocked him back, and shouldered on. Then the crowd surged at him. He slashed his gunbarrel across a countenance so white and hating as to be ghostly—he saw that face tip and drop. He got all his strength together and braced his feet and whirled in a complete circle, beating them away. And the back wall of the saloon was before him. He jumped at it and put his shoulders to it—and so faced them. Nick Perrigo was at his feet.

HIS gun held them off a moment, his lips holding that same thin laughter; he reached deep into his lungs for the wind he had to have. They were growling at him like wild dogs. The man by the bar still kept up his insistent yelling, but those directly facing him looked at the point of his gun and stood uneasy and sullen and watchful. He dropped to his knees and got one hand around Nick Perrigo's waist. He pulled the man half upright and threw him over a shoulder—and stood erect with a hard wrench of his muscles.

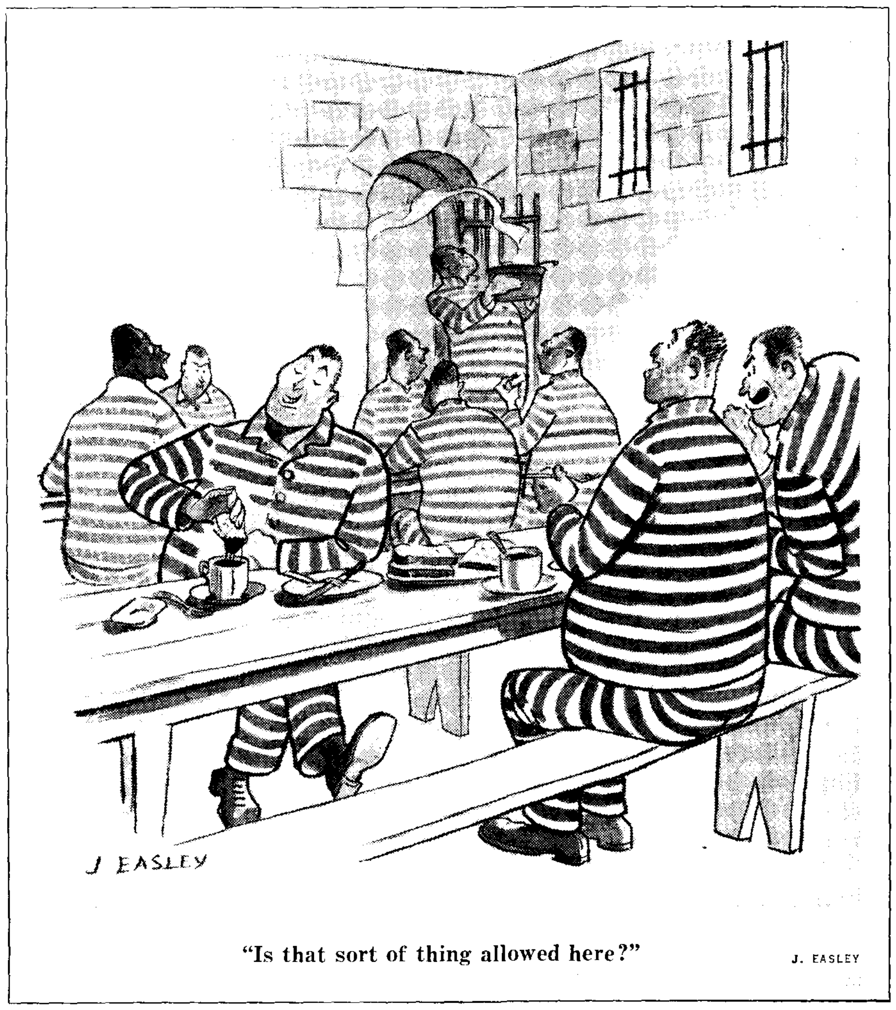
He remained like this, considering the saloon door thirty feet yonder—with that crowd waiting stubbornly, savagely for him to start back. Somebody suddenly jumped to the top of the bar and reached out with his hand and killed the lights there; somebody else ran along the opposite side of the room to repeat that gesture and to turn the room at once dim and smoky. There was but one lamp left burning, this directly behind Surratt. He laughed at them then—openly—and swung about and lifted the lamp from its holder. He yelled: "Fire!" and flung the lamp straight into the heart of the crowd.

Glass smashed over the floor, the spilled kerosene exploded into a pale flame that rushed up a man's oil-soaked coat. The man let out a high-pitched yell and wheeled and slashed his way through the crowd. A quick fire flashed and smoked in the sawdust scattered along the boards, filling the room with its acrid odors. This Crow Track crew was touched by a sudden terrible fear and stampeded for the lone doorway. One rider alone pushed through the crowd and tried to extinguish the fire spreading out from the broken lamp. The uneasy, shuttering blackness of this room was all at once filled with an angry, senseless grunting as this Crow Track crew slugged its way toward the door. Surratt ran straight for the thin glow of that doorway, ramming into the stormy swirl of all those beating bodies. Tables fell and were smashed. Somebody broke a window and jumped through; the swinging doors were clawed down. The weight of that unreason squeezed against Surratt. He bucked his way ahead, beaten by blind blows; he stepped on a man who reached up and grabbed his legs. He had to kick his way free. The pressure around the doorway was like the pressure of a vise, and Perrigo's body put a dead weight on his shoulders; and then the fierce drive of men at his rear shot him through the doorway. He ran around the hitch rack and reached the street—and stopped there.

THE lights of the hotel and the adjoining stores laid a bright spot in the dust. He was caught here, exposed and surrounded. The up-running Crow Track crew saw him and wheeled to make a ring that closed him in—and on the hotel porch Bill Head stood and looked at him with a stubborn triumph.

"Put Perrigo down," Bill Head ordered. "You've had all your fun."

(Continued on page 52)



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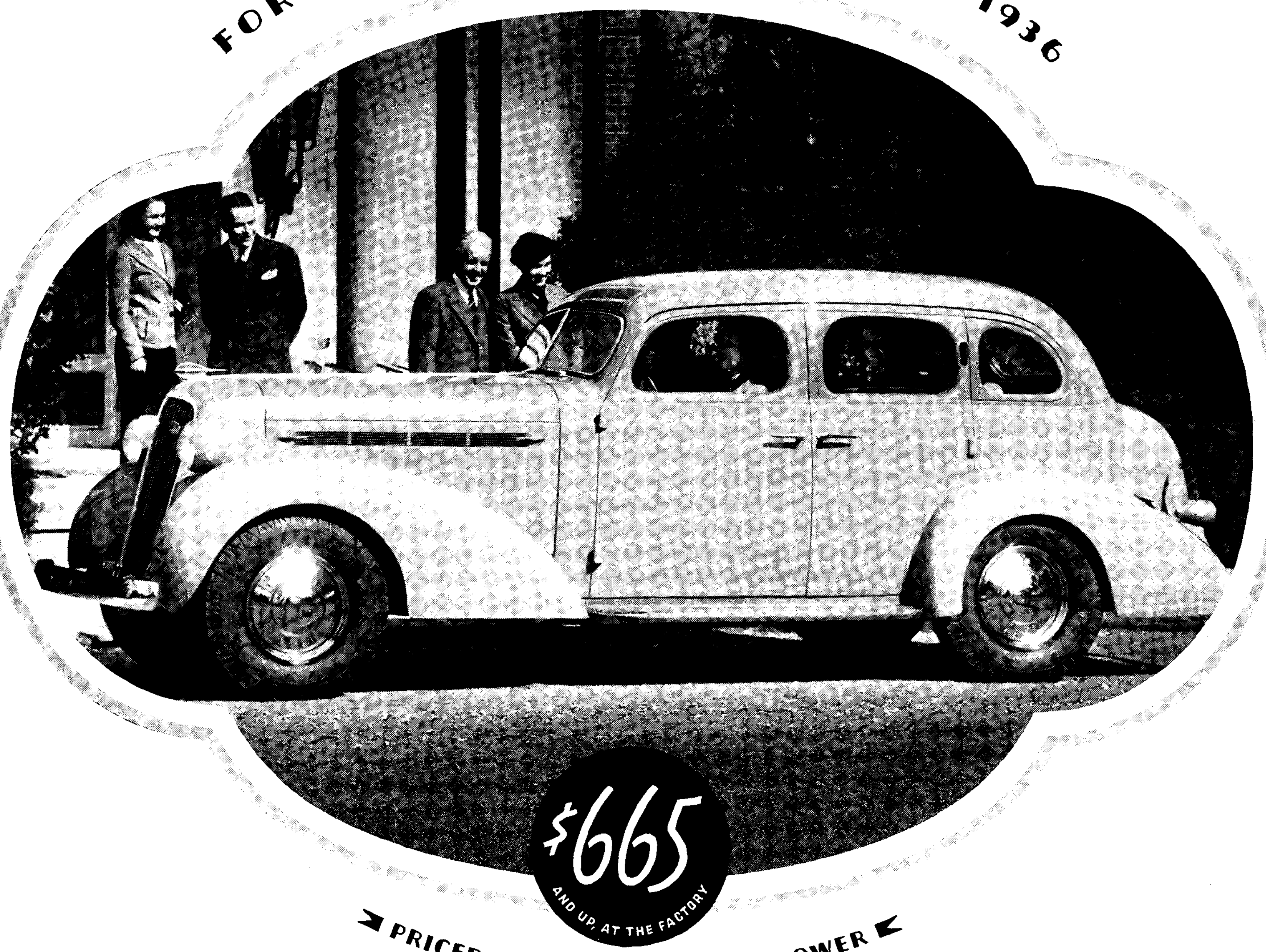

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Trail Smoke

Continued from page 50

It was a scene again, like other scenes on the back trail. Darkness all about, and here one bright flood of light. Men were watching him, the aroused instinct to kill stained somberly and hungrily on their cheeks. There was a cripple in a wheel chair next to Bill Head, an old man with a black beard and a black glance cutting into him. That one bent from his chair and gripped his hands on its arms, as though he wanted to throw his power into the street against Surratt.

"Drop him," repeated Bill Head.

Blood dripped along Surratt's lips. The wild fury of the moment ripped through him and recklessness had its way with his cheeks, strengthening the smile so thin and permanent on his lips.

"I think," he said, "I'll finish this job."

Bill Head cried: "You want to die, you fool?"

THERE was a weight in Surratt's fist. His gun still hung there. He threw Perrigo more securely over his shoulder.

"It's an even break," he said. "You want to try?"

"Grandstand stuff!" breathed Bill Head. He made a stiff and enormous shadow in this yellow light. He didn't move; the bully cast of his features never changed. "Move up behind him, boys—and get the gun."

"Is it the lamplight that makes you look so yellow?" murmured Buck Surratt. The rage in him was enormous, without reason. But he stood here and was trapped. He knew it. The crippled man suddenly slapped both of his hands on the wheelchair and lay back and seemed to grow furious behind his beard. Bill Head looked down at the cripple, with a deepening of ruddy color. Surratt heard him speak hotly to the cripple: "I play this hand my own way, sir."

But there was interruption here. The circle broke and the blocky shape of the marshal drove through. Bolderbuck came up to Surratt. His face was without imagination, without the hint of friendliness or anger. He ranged himself beside Surratt. He said, clear enough for this street to hear: "Put him on his horse and pack him home, son."

"Wait a minute," challenged Bill Head. "I'm running this."

Bolderbuck turned in a manner that was like the settling of a great weight. His voice remained wholly unmoved, it continued its stubborn and polite run. "I handle the law in this particular town, Mr. Head. Take your man and go, Surratt."

But a man cried out instantly from the ranks of the surrounding Crow Track outfit. "No you don't, Mary Ann!"

BOLDERBUCK wheeled his square body again and faced the sound. He said placidly: "I'll kill the one that draws a gun."

Surratt looked at Bolderbuck. He shook his head: "I'll apologize for misjudgin' you," and carried Nick Perrigo across the street to the horses. The crowd there gave sullenly; but it gave. He threw Perrigo across his saddle and got up and readjusted the little man on his knees crosswise like a bag of flour. He caught the reins of Perrigo's horse and turned up the street, bearing one burden and leading another. But he halted a moment, the thin laughter growing stronger along his lips. He saw Bolderbuck implacably holding that crowd still; he saw Bill Head standing on the walk with a bilked rage flushing his big, handsome face; and he saw the obscure glance of the cripple shooting out at him from beneath those shaggy brows. It was the cripple he remembered as he trotted up the street and left Morgantown behind.

Bolderbuck held his position—and thus held the crowd in place—until the echo of Surratt's pony vanished from the night. He turned after that and walked through the circle, ignoring it, and went on to the jail office. He sat down in a chair and got out his pipe; and was smoking it in ruminative silence, with his thick hands laced across his belly, when Sheriff Ranier came quickly in and shut the door.

Ranier stared at Bolderbuck. "Why did you do that, Tom?"

Bolderbuck spoke around his pipestem. "I admire courage."

"The man's a fighter."

"Yes," murmured Bolderbuck.

Ranier was jerked by a nervous excitement. He fell into a restless tramping, going around the room. His face broke and settled and broke again and his lips kept moving. He came to a stand. His question burst plaintively out of him, "What are we going to do, Tom?"

"Stick fast."

"No, you don't see it," exclaimed the sheriff. "The old ones will fight for their cattle. They've held this country solid. But there's a lot of young ones and poor ones who'll hearken to Sam Torveen's example. They've been still. They won't stay still when they see this man Surratt laugh in Bill Head's face. They'll take courage and swing with Torveen. My God, Tom, you know what a neighborhood war does to you and me? Which way do we swing? Where do we stand?"

"We stand fast," murmured Tom Bolderbuck, and kept on smoking. Long afterward he mused, half to himself: "It was pretty, the way he stood out there with Perrigo on his back. It was pretty."

ON THE street Bill Head threw a surly order to his crew: "Get your horses and get out of here!" He swung about and showed Old Martin the burning resentment that was in him. His tone was stiff: "It's my understanding you don't approve the way I handled this. Surratt's a gunman. It sticks out all over him. I won't be baited into a fight he wanted me to start. There's other ways of handling this. I wish you'd hold your judgment till this affair is over."

"I'm staying at the hotel tonight," said Old Martin.

Bill Head started to wheel his father into the hotel. But the old man's hand lifted in sharp dissent. He said gruffly: "Get on home. Pokey — Pokey, come here."

Pokey came up. He got behind the chair and pushed it into the hotel lobby and down the hall to Old Martin's room. He closed the door and stood waiting.

"Pokey," said Old Martin, "I'd give the world to have a son like this Surratt. I want to know all about him. I want you to take a trip—across the desert to where he came from—and find out what you can."

"Yeah," said Pokey.

"Start tonight," said Old Martin, and sent Pokey out of the room with a wave of his hand. After the little man was gone Martin Head sat very still, thinking of what he had seen. It impressed him enough to murmur: "One man—and he made it stick. It is strange to understand."

(To be continued next week)

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Love and Congratulations

Continued from page 15

to be. I'm a sort of last-minute choice, pinch-hitting for some gink who couldn't make it. I went to school with Dick. I've never met Caro."

"I don't know Dick very well," she said. "I didn't have the least idea who the ushers were to be."

"In my case you couldn't have," he said dryly. "You're a bridesmaid, aren't you?"

She thought suddenly of what he had said about them. "When," she asked suspiciously, "did you find that out?"

"The minute I saw the hat."

So he *had* known. Well, he needn't worry; he wouldn't have her on his hands. "Here's one bridesmaid you needn't bother with," she flared.

"But I am bothering," he said.

This was intolerably true. She thought for a reckless moment of jumping out of the car.

He must have read her mind. He pulled up at the side of the road. "Look here," he said quietly, "if you like, I'll get out and you can drive on. You know the way, and I'll be all right. I'll manage somehow. But it doesn't seem to make much sense, does it?"

"I couldn't think of making you do it," she said. "I suppose if you can stand it I can."

"Thank you," he said. "And now, we're bound to be together for a few hours more. At least, let's make a sort of pact. We don't seem to agree about weddings. Let's forget them. Shall we?"

He started the car and they snorted off.

"I'd like to see this country in apple time," he said.

THEY relaxed into apparent friendliness. After a while, against her will, Janie began to enjoy herself.

This was the state of affairs when they missed their turning. They didn't discover that they were on the wrong road until a small white church that they were to have passed failed to materialize. Nothing else of any promise materialized either, except a field hand who spoke no English and would have been inarticulate in any language, so they wandered fruitlessly but amiably for miles. Finally, when they were speculating on the number of gallons their tank held, and becoming alarmingly hungry, they came upon a small yellow farmhouse. It was obviously new, and as obviously built on the site of an old house; lilac bushes dwarfed it, and an old well stood at the end of a neat brick walk. In the sunny doorway a girl in a bright red sweater sat paring potatoes.

"Do you suppose—" said Janie, wistfully. He seemed to understand. The car made a neat landing at the gate.

"We've lost our way. We're very hungry," she called. "Would it be too much trouble to give us a glass of milk?"

The girl put down her shining colander and came to the gate.

"I'm gettin' my husband's dinner in a little while," she said, when she had looked them over. "If you want to stay, you're welcome."

The travelers looked at each other.

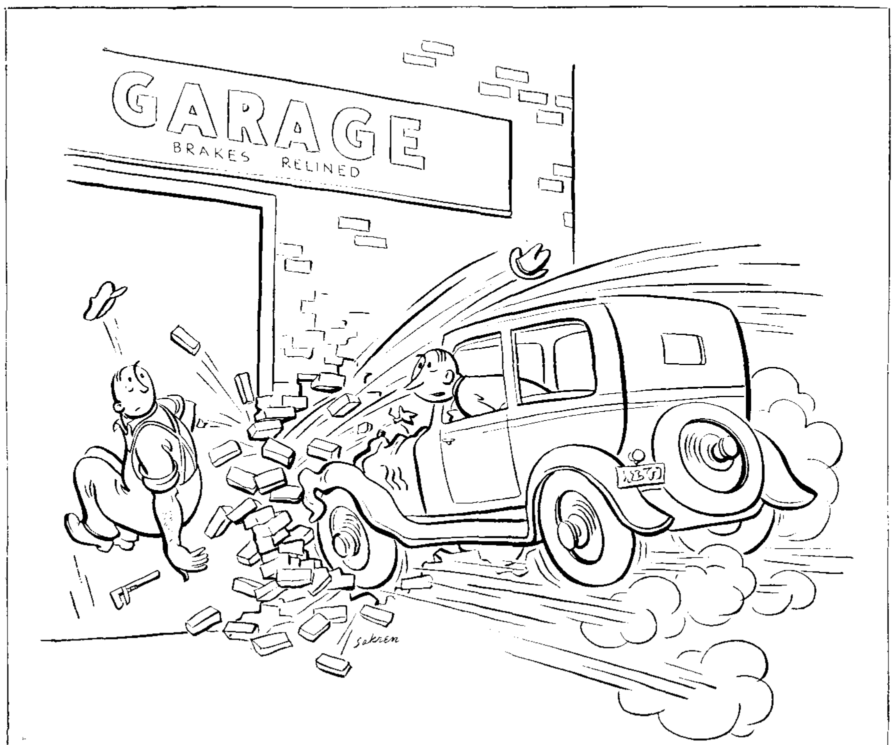
"The wedding'll be perfectly legal without us," he said to Janie. "It's one now, and we probably can't make it, anyhow."

THEY sat on the steps and explained their plight while she finished the potatoes. They were still ten miles from the Junction, they discovered with agreeable frustration. Before her husband, a tall boy who looked like a Swede, came across from the field, they had learned something about the pair. They had built the house themselves with help from a local carpenter, and they had a cow and some chickens. She had been a stenographer at the Junction before he'd married her. She didn't know much about farm work, but she liked it. One reason for this was obvious in the smile she exchanged with her husband when he came up.

"She loves him, poor little thing," thought Janie; "and he is probably like all the others." He didn't seem to have shown the cloven hoof as yet, though. He came into the neat little kitchen, when he'd washed up, and helped her put the dinner on. He beamed at her when they praised the prune pie; he told them about a tractor she was helping him to save for, and of what a good hand she was with the chickens. . . . Every Saturday night, they told the other two, they drove into town for a movie. It was their only spree; they didn't seem to want any other.

Janie could see that this chance visit was a great event to them. She saw, too, that young Mrs. Christiansen was curi-

(Continued on page 54)



"I wanna get my brakes relined!" WILLIAM SAKREN

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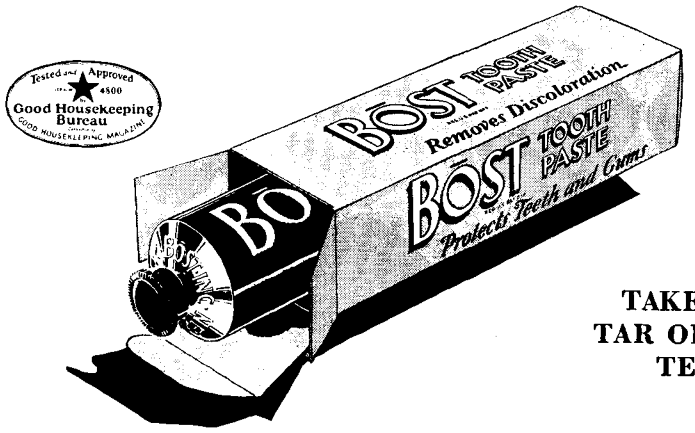

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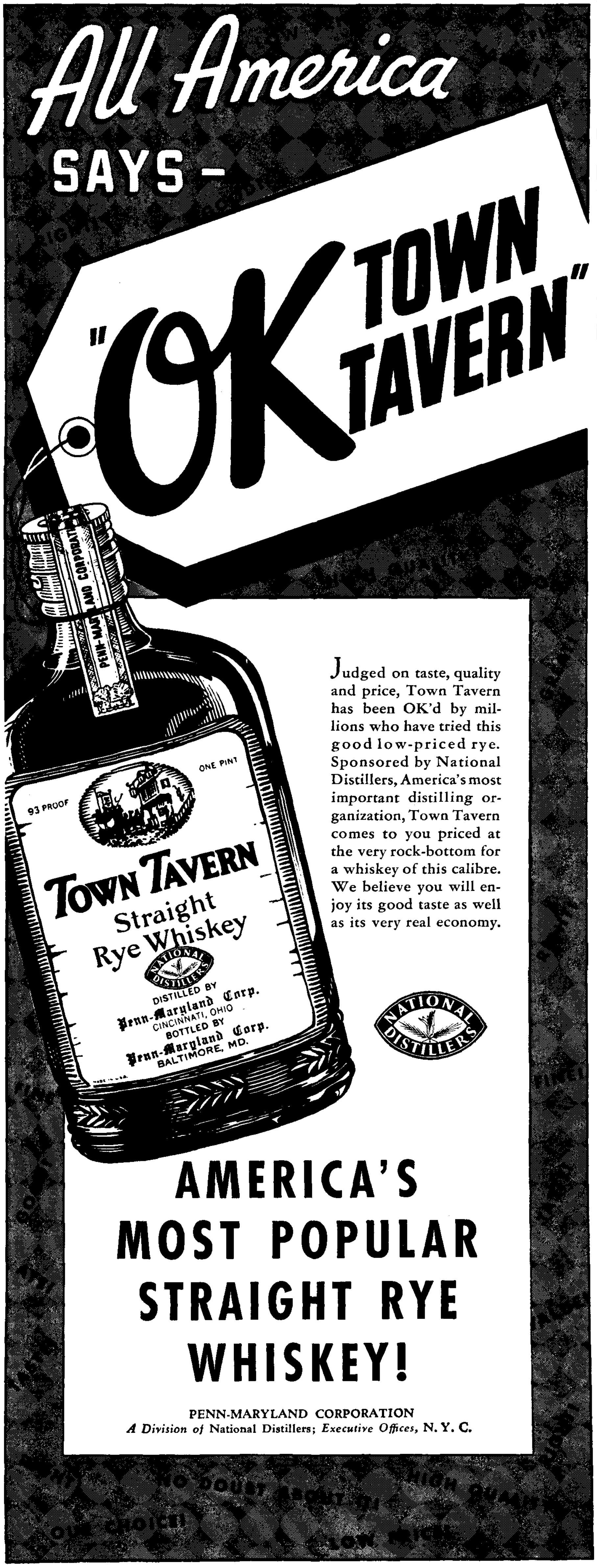

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(Continued from page 53)

ous about the relationship of her guests. After dinner, while the men were inspecting St. Vitus, she took Janie into the bedroom to fix up a bit before starting on.

"Is he your—boy friend?" she asked.

"No, he's just an acquaintance," said Janie, being careful about her lipstick.

"Oh," said the girl, "I'm sorry. I thought perhaps you were going together. He seems real nice."

"Doesn't he?" And he did, too. What was the matter with life?

"Is your husband always as pleasant as he seems?" she asked suddenly.

"Pretty much. Oh, he gets provoked now and then. I'm new to this kind of work, and I make mistakes. But he's never really mad at me."

This girl has freckles, and teeth like a horse, and she's the luckiest girl in the world, thought Janie. She was still envying her as they drove off.

"That's the way to live," said her companion soberly, after a while.

"Do you like farming?"

"I don't know; I might. . . . What I mean is, those two seem to have a swell time. They work hard, too. I suppose it's because they pull together. Things can't always go right, but they give and take. That's the way to get on—to be friends with the person you're in love with."

"It's a nice idea," said Janie. . . . Go ahead, Life, rub it in. I have to take it. . . . "But suppose the person you were in love with turned out to be a flop? Like *your bridesmaids?*" she finished vindictively.

"Oh, in that case you wouldn't stay in love with him. Or—at least you could try to get over it. Who knows? You might succeed."

That's all he knows about it, she thought miserably. Perhaps some people could. She took refuge in "What did you do about dinner? Would they let you give them anything?"

"I put a couple of dollars in a bank they had on the mantel. It's either for a tractor or a pig."

THEIR conversation after that was impersonal; again they might have been living on a pleasant island of their own, detached in space and time, and made intimate by such discoveries as that they both hated ginger, rock gardens, and people who talked about golf. When they reached the Junction, far too soon, it was half past two, and the last train to Saugatuck had gone. The baggagemaster's brother, a local justice and a self-confessed judge of character, re-leased them the car. They had almost forgotten their objective, but they dutifully concocted another telegram. "Missed train Junction car still running don't wait ceremony more love and congratulations." Janie said that they might as well economize and send just one. She was abandoned, by this time, to enjoying the brief and deceptive happiness of this interlude of life.

And then, a little way out of the Junction, it happened. First of all there was a sharp explosion, a sort of hissing noise, and a front tire settled down on its rim. They looked at each other and shook helplessly.

When they had stopped laughing Janie said he owed her fifty cents. He contested this, however; he claimed it was only a quarter. His fifty-cent bet, he said, was on the rear-left to go before noon. They fought over this for a while, and then remembered that something should be done about the spare. He found tools under the suitcases and the rear seat.

"Want to help?" he asked.

Premonition clutched coldly at Janie's heart. That was just what he had said that day at Loon. She had known all along that this was too good to last. She got out bravely, however, helped him jack up the car and took charge of the nuts he handed her, one by one as he unscrewed them.

"This spare isn't much of an improvement," he announced cheerfully as he rolled it around from the rear. "Take a look at it and tell me how you're betting."

Janie examined it critically.

"Seventy-five cents it won't make five miles," she said. "We'll write *this* bet down."

They finally got the thing on.

"How about that other nut?" he asked presently.

"That's all," Janie said.

"It can't be all, woman," he said sternly. "There were four of the things."

She looked again on the running board where she had laid them, in the dust below, and in the grass where she stood. No nut.

"Sure you didn't take it?"

"Of course I'm sure."

THEY both hunted, with no success.

"*You're* a big help," he said. "Are you always this efficient? . . . Why, what's the matter?"

"I've lost it. I would," said Janie desperately. "Now go on. Swear at me!"

"Swear? At you? Why—good Lord, Janie, so that's what you thought!"

"What was there to think?"

"I broke my arm," said Bill.

"You what!"

"Broke my arm. I tried to tell you, but the thing hurt so confoundedly that I almost fainted. I held on to the radiator and cussed to beat hell to keep myself together. Then you ducked out—"

"Bill! Oh, Bill!" She was in his arms. "How could I? Please, Bill," she sobbed, "will you forgive me?"

"No," said Bill, holding her tighter, "I won't forgive you. That would be a smug gesture. But—I love you. Do you mind?"

"Certainly not," said Janie.

A little later, sitting on the running board, they checked up on things.

"After you went off with the Hitts'," said Bill, "Charlie cranked the car. We hunted up a doctor and I had the arm set. We missed the train, of course. You were going West next day, and I thought if you cared at all I'd hear from you."

"Nobody told me," said Janie.

"Well, we've wasted a year," said Bill, and proceeded to make up for some of it. . . . "When I first saw you on the train I didn't want to speak to you. It was hard enough losing you the first time. And then when you got off at the wrong stop I knew that wherever you went I had to go."

"You knew it was the wrong station?"

"Of course," said Bill.

They made up for a couple more months.

"You think *you've* been going through something," said Janie. "This whole year's been hell. Thinking you were like that. And today's been worse. You were so horribly casual, and nice—and the Christiansens—and having to go on to that wedding. . . ."

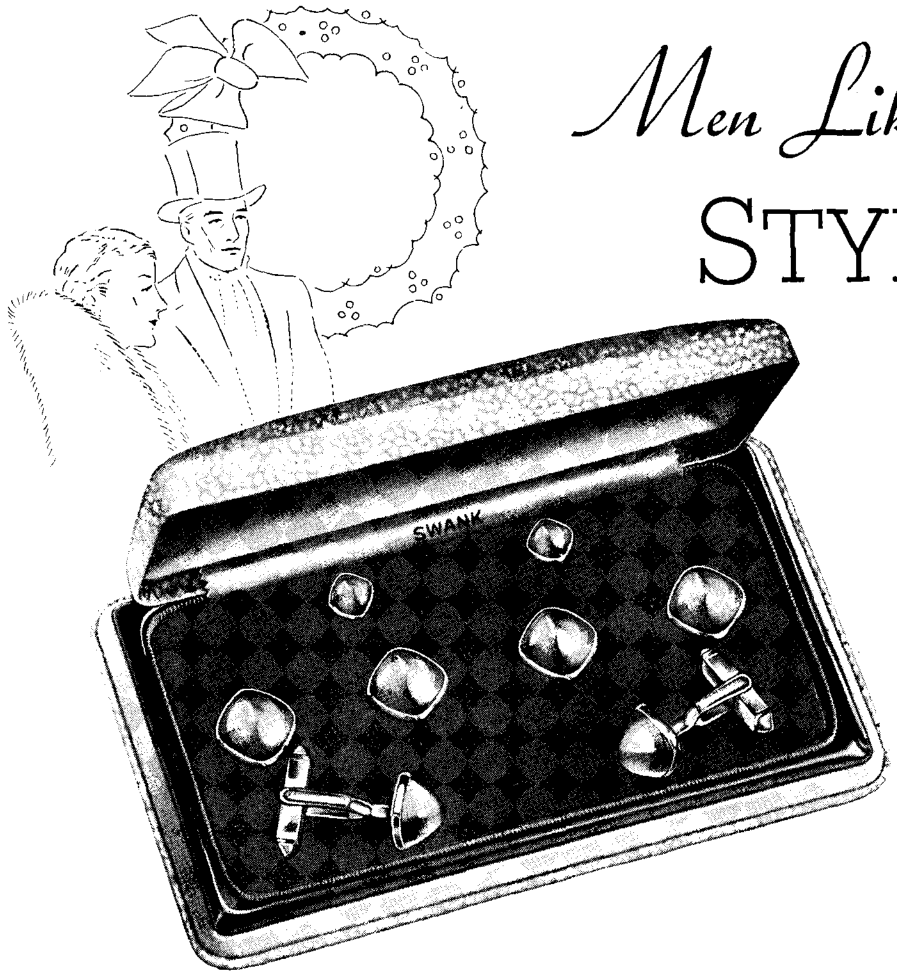
"Well, you're not," said Bill decidedly. "We're going back to the Junction. We have to send a telegram."

On the way back they talked, unreservedly, about weddings. The nutless, seventy-five-cent right-front spare carried them successfully back to the baggagemaster's brother. Bill wasn't taking any chances, he announced, of turning into Janie's description of a groom.

The judge said certainly, he could do it right away; he had a ring somewhere, and he sold them a new set of tires.

This is how it happened that Caro and Dick, after a wedding minus one bridesmaid and one usher, received the message:

"Missed all trains stop Bought car stop Keep your old ceremony we have one stop How about love and congratulations Mr. and Mrs. William Webb."



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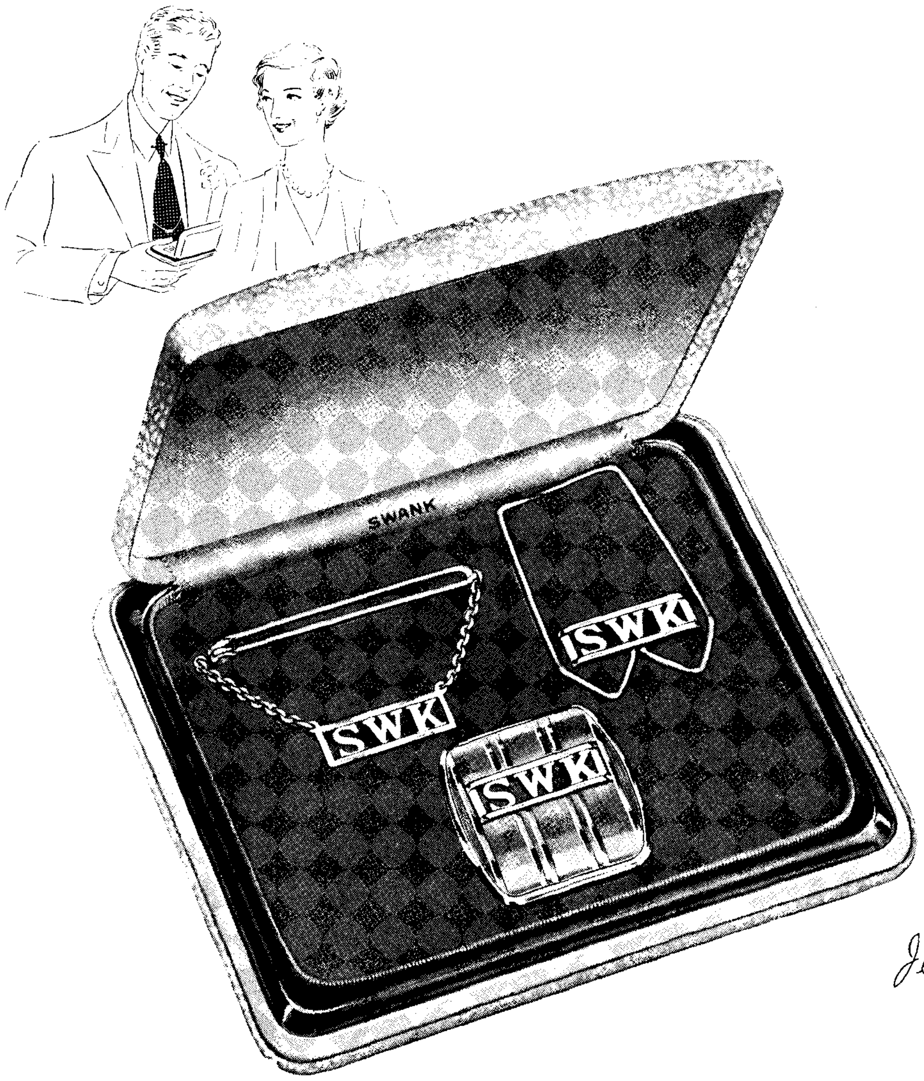

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Nobody's Business

Continued from page 46

before a door. It was lettered with the name, *Max Galinat*. Below was the explanation that old gold and silver might be sold at good prices within.

A bell tinkled when Anson opened the door. Kirby stepped into a barely furnished office. A desk, a table, a telephone and three or four chairs comprised its appointments. On the table were a pair of jeweler's scales and a box of graduated weights. The man who sat at the table, sorting an accumulation of rings, empty watch cases, brooches and other dismantled pieces of jewelry, was small, dark and thin. He wore a green eyeshade. In the open drawer of the table Kirby saw a flat automatic.

The man looked up.

"Hello, Anson," he said.

"Hello, Max." Anson nodded to Kirby. "Meet my friend Kirby. Some day you'll see one of his shows. You'll have to pay to get in, too."

"The theater is lousy," Galinat said. "Plays are written and produced for the cloak and suit trade. There's no art."

ANSON outlined his chin with his fingers.

"Who did Scott Boyd marry?"

Max Galinat pushed up his eyeshade.

"A girl named Chandler."

"Libby Chandler?"

"That's right."

Kirby said:

"Has she brown-gold hair?"

"And lots of class," Galinat added.

"That must have been his wife he was with," Kirby said to Anson.

"How long has he been married, Max?"

"A couple of months."

"Were they hooked in town here?"

"At the Municipal Building chapel."

Anson nodded.

"Thanks, Max. I'll see you get a pass for Kirby's first show."

Galinat shrugged.

"I hope it's better than the last one I saw, two years ago."

"Who is he?" Kirby asked, when they left.

"Max used to be a pigeon for the police department. They got to know him. He outlived his usefulness and opened up in this trade. What he isn't wise to isn't worth memorizing."

"So the girl came here from Chicago."

"So did Capstan. Coincidence. We'll take a cab—if we can find one."

They had to wait ten minutes in the shelter of a drugstore awning. Anson conferred with the driver of the taxi that finally stopped at their signal. The run wasn't long. A half-dozen streets north, one west. They pulled in before an old-fashioned private house. Anson gave the chauffeur a dollar.

He led the way up brownstone steps. A man opened the inner door. He looked out at them before admitting them.

"Good evening, Mr. Anson. Haven't seen you for a long time."

"Barney around?"

"He's upstairs in the lounge."

"We'll find him. This gentleman's a friend of mine. The name's Kirby, Stanley Kirby. He writes plays. Want to produce one?"

The house was richly decorated. With a familiarity born of frequent visits, Anson directed his steps down a passage and up to double doors.

They stood ajar. Light gushed from the room beyond. Anson pulled the doors wide and walked in with Kirby.

"Don't get up," he said to the gross, florid man who sprawled on one end of a red leather divan. A bottle of Scotch, a glass, ice pail and siphon were on a table beside it. "Is Harry Capstan on your pay roll, Barney?"

The man shook his head.

"I streeted him a month ago. He's so crooked he has to lock up his own roll at night—so he won't get up and weed it."

Anson reflected. "Four weeks ago? What's he been doing since?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Four weeks," Anson mused. "That should put him in a position to need scratch. Ever hear of Libby Chandler?"

Barney grunted.

"No. Who is she?"

"Just a gal, a good-looking doll, from Chi."

"So they have them there, too?"

"Where'd Capstan live when he was working for you?"

"What is this—a gag?" Barney asked.

"Not exactly. Call it a hunch. We're circulating around—my pal here and I—trying to tuck a rainy night in. I'm interested in Harry Capstan. Find out where he lives now."

Barney sighed. He shook his head. He got up with an effort. He went over to a wall telephone.

"Eddie," he said, "where does that Capstan louse live?"

He listened, hung up and returned to the divan. Anson pulled down his cuff.

"Lend me a pencil," he said to Kirby. "If you write plays you must be alive with them."

"Capstan," Barney said, "has a furnished apartment in the Shanleigh Chambers. It's located on Twenty-third Street near Ninth Avenue."

"I made a mistake," Anson told Kirby, when they descended the stoop steps. "I should have told that tin-can pilot to wait. We'll get a little wet hoofing it over to the Alley."

"Rain's good for the complexion," Kirby said. "Are you paying Capstan a visit?"

"I expect to."

"What's the idea?"

"Curiosity—principally. When Boyd left the table, Capstan made a date with Libby Chandler. It's an even-money bet she'll go to his rooms. We'll drop down and take a gander. No harm; it won't cost anything." He whistled shrilly for a cab. "Still live at the Surrey?" he asked Kirby.

"Yes, but—"

"The Surrey," Anson told the chauffeur. "I want you to get one of your plays. Bring it along," he said to Kirby.

"What's the idea?"

"Do what I ask and let it go at that."

THE Surrey was a bachelor apartment on East Fifty-third Street. Kirby went to his rooms. He got a copy of one of his plays. When he returned to the cab he found Anson missing.

"He's in that drugstore on the corner," the taxi driver said.

Anson came back after a few minutes.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting. I had to make a phone call. Got the play?"

"Right here."

"Roll it up and put it in your pocket. The Shanleigh Chambers, driver. Know where it is?"

"Like the smile on my mother's face."

"Move."

Kirby leaned back against the worn upholstery.

"Didn't you come from Chicago?"

"I used to operate there," Anson said. "For a couple of years I had a half-interest in the Oasis, a night spot in the

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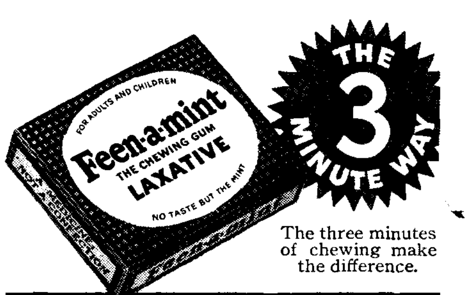

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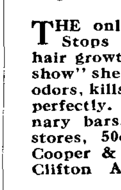

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Loop. Did nice business. Elegant floor show. One morning a guy named Lyndheim got himself erased in one of the private rooms. The cops put on the pressure. I sold my fifty per cent for what I could get and came East. I like it here."

The taxi continued downtown by a devious course.

"What are you going to do if Boyd's wife isn't at Capstan's?"

"I never cross my bridges until I see my dentist," Anson smiled.

They drew up in front of the Shanleigh Chambers. The building rose in high, narrowing tiers. Anson told the taxi man to wait. Kirby went inside with him. A uniformed hall attendant confronted them.

"Capstan," Anson said.

"Who shall I say is calling?"

"Don't say anyone. This is a surprise party. We'll go right up."

The man hesitated.

"It's against the rules, sir. Everyone has to be announced."

Anson walked toward the elevators.

"Break 'em for once and see how it feels. Nobody's going to get you in trouble. If we throw a surprise party for Capstan whose business is it? What floor did you say?"

"Fifteen A."

KIRBY noticed Anson's thin, shrewd face shadowed when they stopped at Capstan's door. The corridor was quiet. Anson pressed a thumb over the pearl circle of the bell. A minute or two passed before the door opened. A colored man looked sleepily out.

"Is Mr. Capstan home?" Anson asked. "Don't bother, we'll go right in."

He gave Kirby the office with a look. They brushed by the Negro. The hall was wide and strewn with rugs. At its far end a room was shut off from it by velvet portieres. They parted. Harry Capstan came out.

"What is it, Sam?" he inquired sharply.

"Just a couple of late callers," Anson said.

Capstan stepped back.

"Who—"

"Mrs. Boyd here yet?" Anson passed Capstan. In the small lounge room on the other side of the draperies, he looked at the girl who had gotten quickly up from the chair where she had been sitting. "Good evening, Mrs. Boyd. I had an idea you'd be here."

She said nothing. There was wonder in her pretty face. She stared at Anson with parted lips. Kirby saw that at close range Libby Chandler was more attractive than he had at first imagined. The shaded lamplight softened her expression. Her skin was like damask, glowing, warm. Her eyes, an intense blue, were clear and bright. Her mouth was a red bow.

"What is this?" Harry Capstan demanded.

"That," Anson said, "is what we came to find out. Suppose you tell us, Mrs. Boyd? It's nobody's business, of course, but we'd like to know. What are you doing down here? What sort of a proposition is this egg spraying you with?"

The blue eyes moved over Anson. The girl glanced briefly in Kirby's direction. She seemed to relax. She drew a little breath and sat down.

Capstan walked over to a mahogany secretary. He opened the top drawer. Kirby, watching him, saw him reach in.

"I wouldn't bring out any artillery," Anson said mildly.

Capstan shoved the drawer shut.

"Come on, what's it about?" he said belligerently.

"Suppose I take a guess and tell you." Anson slipped off his topcoat and draped it over a chair. He gave Kirby a nod. He pulled down his cuffs and took a cigarette from a silver case. "My guess," he continued, "is that you've got Libby down here to ante up some cash. Boyd's doing pretty well these days, what with picture rights and his gross at the Stuyvesant. How much is he asking?" he said to the girl.

"Five thousand," she answered slowly.

Anson struck a deliberate match for his cigarette.

"Can you raise it?"

She shook her head.

"Not without Scott—my husband—knowing."

"And if you don't come across," Anson went on, "he'll spill past history?"

"Yes," she said.

Kirby noticed a muscle twitching in Capstan's hard, inscrutable face.

"Then Boyd doesn't know about your two-year visit at that Illinois seminary?"

"No."

Anson dropped the ash from his cigarette into an onyx tray.

"How did you slip him to keep this appointment?"

"I told a lie. I said I—I had to see a girl who worked in a show with me once. I said I'd be back in an hour."

Anson looked at his watch. He turned to Harry Capstan.

"You're a rat. If I had my way about it I'd telephone for a couple of flatfeet to step around and take you for a walk. If I do you'll open that big yap of yours and talk. If I don't you'll be permanently muzzled. So I won't."

Capstan's eyes narrowed.

"Much obliged," he said shortly. "That's certainly sweet of you."

Anson turned back to the girl.

"Don't ever pay him a penny, Mrs. Boyd. And don't let him frighten you. His threats aren't worth a dime a dozen."

She gave him a strained, anxious look.

"You mean—"

"When it comes to spilling past history," Anson said, "I can tip a couple of buckets myself. Capstan knows what I mean. I don't think he'll bother you again. In fact, I'm sure of it."

The girl's slim, white hands moved unsteadily.

"You don't know how much this means—"

"I think I do. That hour's almost up," Anson said. "I think we'll start back. I've got a taxi waiting. We'll drop you off anywhere you want."

THEY left her at a hotel in the seventies.

"We'd better stop at Guido's for a drink," Anson suggested.

"You knew Mrs. Boyd in Chicago?"

"She used to work for me at the Oasis. Song and dance. I took her on after her stretch. She was in for pennyweighting: shoplifting to you. She claimed she was framed. Maybe yes, maybe no."

"And you've got something on Capstan strong enough to keep him quiet?"

Anson pushed out his long legs.

"I've always had an idea he handled the trigger work that morning at my place. There was some kind of a feud between Lyndheim and the gamblers. Capstan slid out of town in a hurry. He hasn't been back since."

Kirby dropped a hand to the bulge in his pocket.

"What about this play?"

"That was an out in case Boyd followed Libby to Capstan's apartment. I thought it would be nice if he found you reading it to all three of us. Sort of homey. Perhaps it's just as well he didn't show up."

"Why?"

Anson laughed.

"It might be a rotten play." He leaned and rubbed breath moisture from the taxi window. "Take a look. It's stopped raining."

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Welcome Home

Continued from page 25

man," said Captain Bottom, "when it is better to hit a woman than not to hit her."

"We better hold them," advised Carroway, "till we've made an offing. Then we can push 'em overboard and let 'em swim ashore."

To bring off this little coup d' etat, not less important to Captain Bottom and his companions than the 18 Brumaire was to Napoleon, it was necessary to move their base closer to the activities of the savages. And for this move the first night of a miserable, cold, torrential rain was chosen. When it was time to start, Captain Bottom simply stood up in his rainproof house and led the way. The others followed, drenched and shivering. A quarter of a mile this side of where the canoe was beached and of the smooth-barked tree on which Captain Bottom had scored his message, the leader turned right from the beach and came to a halt in a hollow.

SOME slept a little. But at the croak of dawn all were awake. The storm had blown inland over the mountains. In its turn the sun rose over the mountains. The cold jungle refuge turned hot and began to steam. Carroway slunk nearer to the encampment of the savages to reconnoiter.

Slinking forward, club in hand, he discovered to his horror that he was on the trail of a fellow slinker, of two, of several. Carroway and his heart stood still. But these not even remotely anticipated fellow slinkers were not of the tribe upon which they were slinking. These too were negroid but of lesser stature, bigger muscled, lower in the animal scale.

The ancient pit was a deepish cave in the side of a bank. Into this the women of the canoe party disappeared, and at intervals emerged with baskets of mixed clay and pebbles which they emptied onto a growing pile. The three children played at modeling clay which had already been dug and refined into various shapes.

One of the women was pretty in a black way. She spoiled herself a little; rested longer at the mouth of the cave than the others, mattocked out no more than two baskets of clay to each three of the homelier women.

Suddenly on the top of the bank against which the beautiful black girl stood and rested, there appeared the long-armed muscular shape of one of the ebony strangers. His teeth flashed white as he dropped lightly to her side, locked her in his arms—and found that he had caught a tartar. A greased pig weighing a hundred and twenty pounds would have been as easy to hold. She screamed like a pig, only louder. She wrenched a hand loose and, forking a pair of fingers, thrust at her assailant's eyes. Out of the clay pit rushed her companions, full of screeches and fight. A stone mattock rose and fell. The beautiful girl was free. She rescued her own mattock from the cave, and screeched and snorted defiance.

The slinkers whom Carroway had observed ran ominously forward into the open. Others appeared from here, from there. There were two dozen at least, perhaps three. And to kill the women with thrown spears would have been child's play for them. But the ecstasies of immediate slaughter were not upon their program.

The women, their backs to the cave, heaved their stone mattocks, and stood at bay. Alternately they screeched at the top of their lungs for help and, daughters of a sea-going and warlike race, shouted derisive epithets.

The marauders bunched, and consulted with one who appeared to be their leader. At his word they dropped their weapons and, spreading into a black semicircle, began to close in upon the women. The stone mattocks could do little.

The boy child coolly picked up a stone and began to rap rhythmically upon the stem of a coconut palm. He was telegraphing the bad news to the men of his tribe.

To this day Carroway cannot explain the why of it. As the marauders rushed, he too rushed, yelling for help and falling upon them from behind. With his well-balanced club of driftwood, shaped a little by fire, he dropped two. The next he knew he was with the women, his back to the cave, striking with them and for them. But he and they went down almost at once under the weight of numbers—went down, were disarmed, were roughly used, but were hard to hold.

Then it was that Grult, Dobbin and Jeffers came howling to the rescue, and went down in their turn under the weight of numbers but with half a dozen cracked crowns to their credit. And all might then have been over but for the advent of Captain Bottom. Retarded by the weight of his traveling house, and by the stroke of genius which had impelled him to wear it to the attack, he came into the open at a smooth trot.

His was a psychological change. It was one thing to stand off the witchcraft of horrible white demons with horrible beards and to master them, but it was altogether a different thing to stand up to the attack of a house—of a house that yelled and swore. The marauders thrilled with fear. They looked to their chief for countenance. He was a brave man. He picked up one of the mattocks which had been taken from the women and advanced to meet the house. Then he perceived that it had feet and arms and under the roof-like top the part of a bearded face and real courage entered him. He showed all his teeth in a grin of profound relief, and all in a flash he had a complete plan. He would knock the house on the roof, set fire to it, and devour whatever was found to have been roasted within.

But he paused for a moment and made a quick brushing flick at his left breast. It was just as if he had been stung by an insect. If an insect, it had a short, rounded wooden body, and a tail of feathers. Also it had a pointed and barbed head by which it hung to him loosely. He plucked it loose, looked at it with a sick smile and knew that he was a dead man. Two others of the ebony band were thus stung and a third. And then black faces turned gray, and their owners fled. They fled without weapons or women, or meat for the pot. They vanished like pebbles thrown into a pond.

THE chief of the clay diggers, no longer young, came now into the open carrying his twelve-foot blowpipe, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Captain Bottom stepped out of his house and advanced to meet him, speaking words of a dialect which he hoped might meet with understanding. They did. And the women told their story over and over from the beginning, and there was friendship. But it seemed wisest to postpone any feast of rejoicing and to depart at once out of that place.

So the entire party sailed away in the great crab-claw canoe. But first Captain Bottom deleted some of the message which he had once scored in the smooth bark of the great tree. When he had finished it simply read: Captain Bottom Has Gone.

About his neck in a neat bird-skin sack Captain Bottom carried a small fortune in pearls.

Papuan society regarded Mrs. Bottom as a widow, but she herself was too spirited to subscribe to any such belief. It wasn't the first time her husband had been shipwrecked and staggered the croakers by showing up laughing and smiling. Very likely it would not be the last time. She had a naïve faith in her husband's ability to take care of himself in any circumstances. And in the English phrase she "carried on" precisely as if his absence had not been unduly prolonged. And every night in the sticky hour between dinner and bedtime she kept up the old practice of reading aloud to Johnny and Freddie. Johnny's taste in books was beginning to change, but he was good-natured and patient, and still took pleasure in stories supposed to be more suitable to Freddie's tenderer years.

THE house was well stocked with books, and many of them were sufficiently well preserved to be legible. This was due to a varnish which resisted the depredations of white ants and mildew. But even so there was nothing to prevent a book from coming unglued and falling in pieces when you were in the act of reading it. And often Mrs. Bottom would spoil a thrilling climax by exclaiming "Drat it!" as she discovered either that a page had stuck to her, or that she had stuck to a page or that two pages had stuck to each other. And the boys never did find out how Tilden Guinea and his savage neighbors lured the good ship Blossom to her doom against the rocks of Scragaway.

But Freddie, whose curiosity and ingenuity had not retrogressed with the passing of time and the addition of several inches to his stature, gave the matter a lot of thought and solved it to his own satisfaction. Take the entrance pass to the Bottom's own private harbor, for instance. How, for instance, could a ship seeing that narrow way between savage reefs for the first time sail right into it and through without hitting?

Well, the skipper of the approaching ship, if he had a proper chart and sailing directions and it happened to be daylight, would examine the shorescape until he discovered two extraordinarily tall coconut trees whose tops had been removed and whose trunks had been painted white. He would maneuver then until the nearer tree shut off the view of the farther one, or, to make it more clear, until his ship and the two trees (distant 150 yards from each other) were three points in a straight line. He would then sail boldly along the line thus created, and slip through the pass as blithely and surely as if it were a part of the open sea.

If, however, the skipper's approach were by night he would not look for white tree trunks but for the bright fire of candle nuts kept burning near the base of each. Locally the white trees were known as "Bottom's Monuments," and the morning after the climax of the "Tilden Guinea, Wrecker" book Freddie visited them, and at once made the discovery that the two trees and the center of the pass were three points in a straight line. It was of course too much trouble to move either of the trees, so he experimented by pretending that he was a tree and moving himself.

If he moved fifteen or twenty feet to the right or left of either tree the new alignment no longer had the center of the pass for a third point, but the adamantine shoulders upon one side or the other. Upon these shoulders the long-drawn breakers crashed and thundered, and suggested no very long expectancy of life either to ship or man.

(Continued on page 60)

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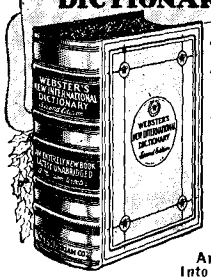

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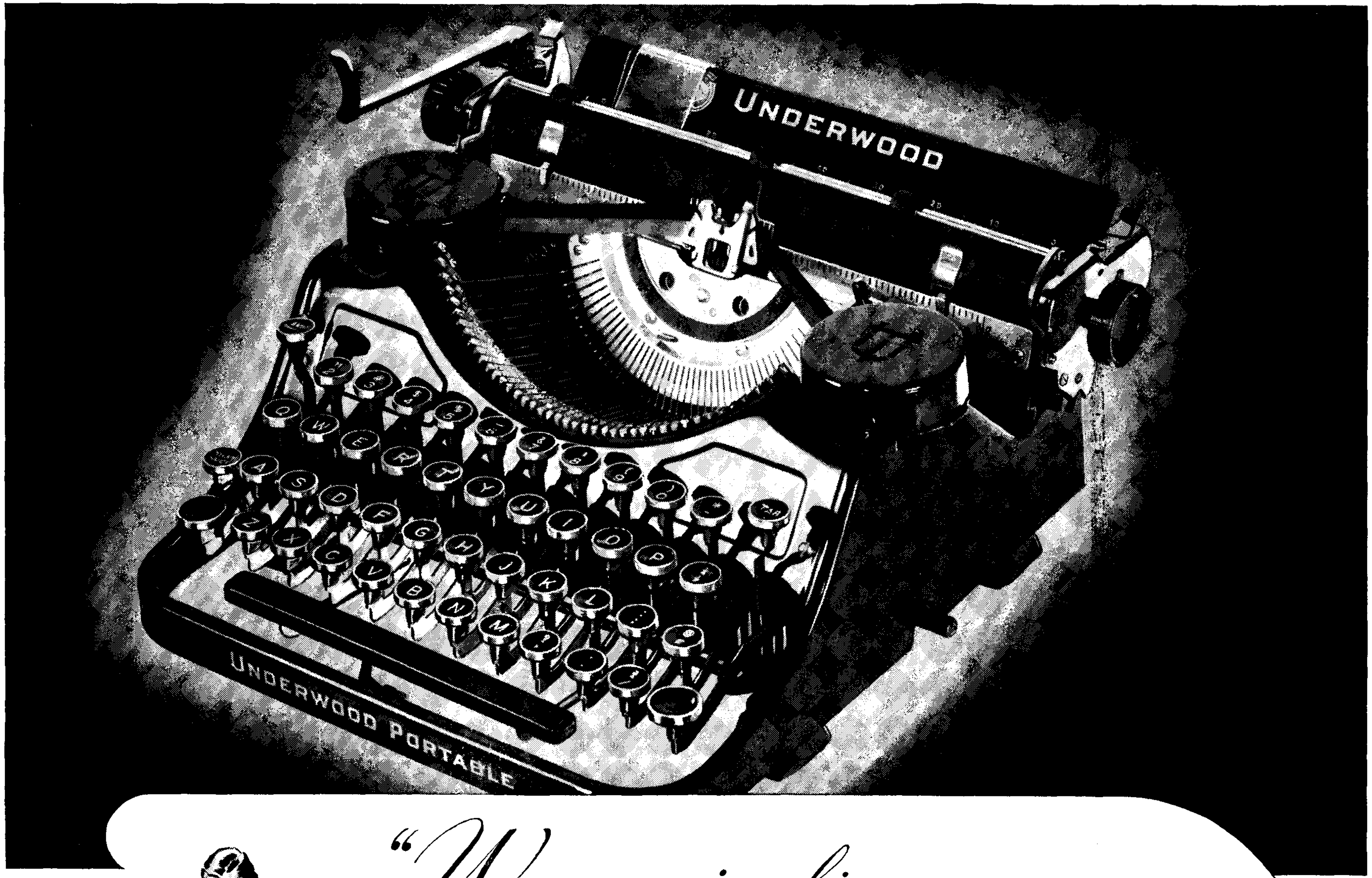

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Welcome Home

Continued from page 58

Near the base of each tree was a large stone hollowed like an Indian mortar and blackened by fire. These were the flares which at night, especially on the pitchy nights of the new moon, served instead of the white tree trunks as monuments to the approaching mariner. Under a handy little roof was a supply of candle nuts and a tin of gasoline. A handful of the nuts dropped into one of the hollow stones, sprinkled with gasoline and touched with a match, would burn for hours. But it would have been as easy for Freddie to move one of the trees as one of the stones. This disgusted him until he discovered that the stones had nothing to do with getting a flare started or keeping it going. A pile of the oily nuts burned with equal brilliance upon bare ground. And Freddie's determination to have at least one wreck to his credit so tickled him that he laughed out loud. He had only from time to time, especially on the nights of the new moon, to climb out of his bedroom window, and interfere with the routine of the flares.

But Captain Bottom's harbor was not a main port of entry and it began to look after a dozen tamperings with the monuments on dark nights as if Freddie's new game of Tilden Guinea, Wrecker, would for want of a victim soon play itself out.

Bismoo, the regular flare boy, of course, knew that Freddie was occasionally changing the alignment of the flares but he dared not say anything about it. Once, when he was young and inexperienced—he was now seventeen—he had told on Freddie and it had been once too often. He had wakened from a sound sleep to find that the half-opened mouth with which he slept had been almost filled with cayenne pepper, and that the servants' water cooler to which he rushed screaming had still further stimulated his torment with a hastily swallowed gourd of gasoline. And then and there Bismoo reached the conclusion that, while it was fascinating to know what Freddie was up to, it did not pay to share the knowledge with anybody else.

THE adventurers were soon in home waters. The mountains talked to them and told them where they were. And they coasted along the shores of the great island in the highest spirits imaginable. They were safe. They were rich. They were still young enough. The world was still their oyster. But it was growing dark when the blue mass of the mountain Tamaroo began to slide behind the greenish-gray mass of Tomai, and Captain Bottom began to strain his twenty-twenty eyes for the first sight of the tall white monuments which marked the entrance to his own home waters. But the tropic dusk lasted no longer than an orchestral overture, and the first black night of the new moon came down like a curtain.

There was just enough breeze for headway and the canoe sailed slowly to the tops of mountainous smooth swells and less slowly down into the valleys between. The homing mariners tried to conceal their excitement from each other with efforts in casual or blatant vein. All agreed that they could "do" with a haircut and a shave. Carroway was all for a shampoo with tar soap. Jeffers harpingly stammered upon the beauties of breakfasts whose chief ingredients were eggs and more eggs and bacon and more bacon.

But Captain Bottom, no longer at the steering oar, but forward, said little. The thundering roar of the great swells breaking on the barrier reef filled his ears, and his eyes were strained for the first flicker of the twin flares. Several times he knew that he did. First one, then the other, then the other alone, then the first alone again, and then both.

"Port your helm!" he cried.

Gradually the lights drew closer together. And they became gradually brighter. Just when they were about to be joined together one of them went out.

"Luff!" cried Captain Bottom. The canoe came into the wind, lost way and began to drift. Then just as Captain Bottom was giving up the idea of making port that night the doused glim flashed once more into being. He cried an excited order, the canoe began to gather momentum and once more the flares drew toward each other and then met.

"Steady—as you are! As you are!" cried Captain Bottom. The breeze freshened. The surf thundered nearer and nearer. And then presently, for that night the sea was a little flecked with phosphorescence, Captain Bottom perceived to his horror that the breakers were not to port and starboard of him where they should have been, but dead ahead. Too late to make an offing, too great an impelling swell, too light a breeze.

"We're on the reef," he shouted in a great voice, and the next moment he did not know where he was or where anybody else was or anything. He was shaken, dragged, pounded, rolled, tossed, dropped, and then carried in a rush of strong foam clear over the reef and into the still waters beyond.

BETWEEN crashes the human voice could make itself heard. And Captain Bottom began to shout the names of his men. One by one they answered him, and staggered and stumbled toward him through the still, shallow waters of the lagoon. Only Carroway was seriously hurt. He had broken an arm. But for several reasons no one felt strong enough to swim across the bay to Captain Bottom's wharf. The distance was only a few hundred yards. One of the best reasons was sharks. So it was decided that in the comparative stillness between crashes all should shout in unison for help.

Mrs. Bottom, a light sleeper, was the first to hear. The call came faint but distinct: Crash — roar — "Hellup!" — Crash . . .

On the way from her bed to her bedroom door, propped open for air, she changed from a nightgown to a dress, thrust her feet into sandals, ran down stairs and out into the night.

The periodic cries for help sounded louder and clearer. They seemed to come across the water from the reef. Mrs. Bottom shouted orders at the top of her lungs to rouse the servants and ran on.

She caught Freddie red-handed. He had poured water on the fake flare which he had kindled, and was in the act of touching off the true flare with a match.

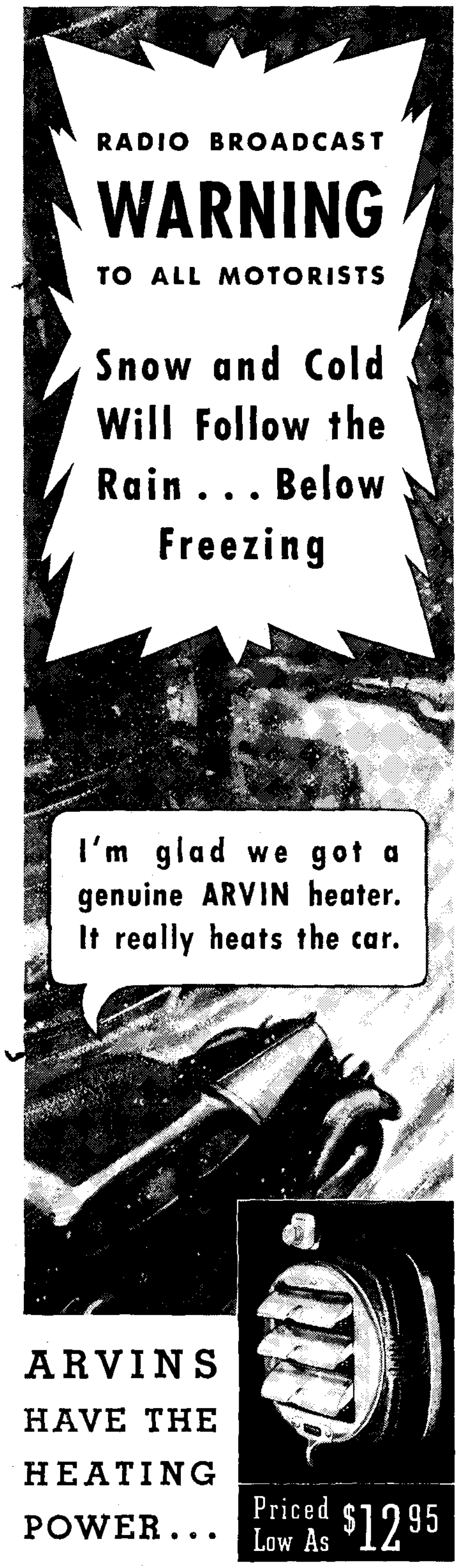
"Oh, you dreadful, bad, murderous child!" she cried, "you just wait till your father comes back."

And this time Tilden Guinea, Wrecker, did not have long to wait.

From a rescuing canoe five horrible bearded men climbed into the lantern light at the end of the wharf, and one of them, from whose neck a bird-skin sack of valuable pearls had been torn by the surf, turned out to be Freddie's father.

The palm of his right hand was heavy, hard and knotty like a chunk of tree with the bark on, and he knew how to use it and when.

If he had known about the broken bottle at the bottom of the lagoon it is doubtful if Freddie would have lived to tell the tale.



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Food for the Hungry

Continued from page 11

51,725,000 pounds of butter; 17,361,000 pounds of lard; 20,292,000 pounds of cereal foods; 3,602,000 pounds of cheese; 885,000 pounds of dried apples; 195,000 bags of citrus fruit. These factors had been present, so far as the farmers were concerned, many times prior to 1929, but never before had the government attempted to do what was obviously the practical, common-sense thing to do.

Purchases were made in every state in the Union. Not a dollar's worth of these products was sold, every pound of food going to a family on the relief rolls, and we have substantial evidence that it was so distributed that it did not to any extent affect the regular commercial markets for their products. More than that, the removal of surpluses played a large part in the substantial advance of farm prices.

Relief Through Employment

Another problem that faced us immediately concerned the care of transients. Even after a federal grant was made to a state, local authorities usually felt that nonresidents should be given no care until all residents were provided for. This resulted in transients being kicked around from pillar to post, a favorite way being to put them in trucks and hustle them across the state line at the point of a gun. Obviously, this method merely transferred the problem from one place to another, aggravating things to a point where people began writing articles about transients, giving fantastic figures as to their numbers, and emphasizing the number of women moving around from town to town.

We made up our minds that the only way to handle the problem was to earmark money which the states must spend on transient care alone, thereby in effect making it a federal responsibility. Decent shelters were set up throughout the country, transient camps were built, and simple work projects provided by which "guests" earned their board and room and a dollar a week in cash.

The highest number in our transient camps and centers was 300,000 on February 15, 1935, and the number steadily decreased to 218,000 on September 16, 1935. In terms of volume, therefore, the problem was never very great, but it was, and still is, a constant irritant. Cities do not like transients, and doubtless never will like them.

For the benefit of those who have the idea that FERA existed only to encourage idleness, let me say that never at any time did I believe that relief alone was the answer to our problem. From the very first day I figured on a way to give *jobs*, and my greatest pride is that we soon had a work-relief program in operation that permitted 1,500,000 people to gain their relief income through employment. Useful employment, too! Parks and swimming pools were built, malaria swamps were drained, roads were built, public buildings constructed and repaired, and hundreds of well-constructed rural schools replaced shacks.

In the fall of 1933 it became apparent that the Public Works Administration program, while progressing according to schedule, was not going to provide work for the great mass of the unemployed. Slum clearance and power projects do not lend themselves to speed. What seemed an urgent necessity, both for the morale of the whole nation and in the interest of business itself, was to put large numbers of people to work at regular wages through the winter months. It was believed that if this could be done between November, 1933, and April, 1934, on the one hand business would be appreciably stimulated, and on the other hand, from a relief standpoint, the program would carry the restless and discouraged unemployed through a trying period. Meeting this crisis squarely, the President created the Civil Works Administration.

At this point it may be well to clear up a confusion in the public mind caused by all these alphabetical agencies. The Public Works Administration, or PWA, with Secretary Ickes at its head, was a pump-priming affair, designed to stimulate employment. The Federal Emergency Relief Administration, or FERA, was just what its name implies. The Civil Works Administration, or CWA, was an independent agency for a specific purpose, created by executive order of the President under authority granted in the 1933 Public Works Act. In order to tie it in with FERA, I was made the director. For the same reason, when Congress passed the work relief bill in April, I was made director of the Works Progress Administration, the WPA, although retaining my post as head of the FERA. Both the CWA and PWA were independent agencies, created for limited periods to do particular jobs.

The Civil Works Administration started off with an initial appropriation of $400,000,000, and with this sum 4,000,000 unemployed were to be put to work immediately. Thirty days after the order, that number *were* at work on some hundred thousand different projects throughout the nation, and the Christmas of 1933 was the first happy Christmas in many a home since 1928. Men and women went to work by the tens of thousands. Families hopelessly discouraged because of unemployment found new encouragement. Men who had been tramping the streets in fruitless search for work again held up their heads. Why? Because they had jobs.

Two million of the four million people employed came from the relief rolls. The other two million came from the ranks of the unemployed who were not on relief rolls. Instead of the usual large increase during the winter, the number of families on relief dropped from 3,365,000 in November, 1933, to 2,486,000 in January, 1934.

From Airports to Zoos

Congress provided additional funds early in the winter so that the entire sum which went into the CWA for the work program was $863,000,000. To this should be added the $94,000,000 contributed by the local communities. A total of $957,000,000 and exactly seventy-nine per cent of it went for wages.

I know, of course, that a great many people honestly believe that the majority of CWA projects were silly and a criminal waste of money, just as there are many worthy folks who are firmly convinced that the whole relief problem has been exaggerated and mishandled. The reason for it is fairly plain. Poverty is not a pretty sight, and few like to hear about it, and still fewer like to see it first hand. As a consequence, our case has difficulty in getting across.

The record, however, sustains the CWA at almost every point. Approximately 500,000 miles of roads were built or repaired, mostly "farm to market." Sixty million dollars were spent repairing and rebuilding 20,000 schools. In the state of Wisconsin alone 1,089 schools were overhauled and put in condition.

Eight thousand other public buildings were built or repaired, and a majority of the state capitols rehabilitated. In

(Continued on page 62)

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All Edwin Cigars are made with 'Smoking Vent' in mouth end. No tip biting
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If you don't receive in YOUR OWN OPINION at least $2.50 worth of supreme smoking pleasure from these 25 cigars, just write us and we will refund every penny of your money—and the smokes will be on us!
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(Continued from page 61)

Alabama the administrator stated that every courthouse in the state had been overhauled. Great historical monuments, such as the Alamo and the ancient structures in Santa Fé, were saved from ruin.

A conservative estimate of the work done on swimming pools, bathhouses, ball fields and other recreational facilities would put the number of these projects at approximately 9,000. Near Syracuse, New York, we impounded about a dozen salt springs, building an earth dam 150 feet high and 900 feet long, and made a lake where 200,000 people enjoyed salt-water bathing the next summer. In the Interstate Palisades Park, 200,000 yards of rock and earth were moved to improve this playground. About twenty zoos throughout the country were rehabilitated by CWA or new buildings built in them. Two million acres of forest land in the national parks were protected by firebreaks and other forestry work.

At least 1,000,000 bushels of seed oysters were sowed along the Atlantic and Gulf coast; projects for the benefit of Indians were carried out on reservations in 22 states, employing 4,423 workers, mostly Indians, improving government buildings, schools and housing for them.

The completion of 2,000 airports improved the airport map of the United States to such an extent that air transport is twice as safe as it was before these facilities were provided. The operators of aircraft have available in emergency from two to three times as many landing fields as they had before the program was undertaken.

"White Collar" Projects

With respect to public health work, 2,000 miles of drainage ditches were dug and 400 miles of streams cleared, resulting in the drainage of hundreds of thousands of acres in the campaign against malaria. More than 250,000 sanitary privies were built. Several thousand miles of sewers were installed and several thousand miles of water mains laid. A modern tuberculosis sanitarium was built in Arizona, and tuberculosis cabins in various states. At least 2,000 tuberculosis patients were supplied with new hospitalization facilities, and approximately two million microscopic blood examinations were made by CWA workers. About 7,500,000 rats were killed in a campaign against spotted fever.

Coming to "white collar" projects, out of which arose the cry of "boondoggling," I say now, as I said when the attack was first made, that the people responsible for the clamor did not understand what we were doing. Will anyone deny that the 528,000 desperate, destitute "white collar" people in the country today are not just as deserving of relief as manual laborers? Or say it is common sense to take musicians, lawyers, artists, doctors, actors and writers, and put them to work with pick and shovel? As best we could, we gave these people the sort of work they could do and that they were used to doing, and it was fine, splendid work!

Hundreds of orchestras took classical music and dance music to sections of the country where nothing had ever been heard but a harmonica. There were opera companies, too, one in particular that "wowed" them in the Ozarks, and hundreds of dramatic companies, carrying plays to communities that never saw one before. Many state symphony orchestras are now permanent and self-sustaining.

Just as actors, singers and musicians were given a chance to earn relief, so were 3,800 artists employed to paint pictures and murals for public buildings throughout the country. More than 2,000,000 library books were repaired, and research people, engineers, architects, doctors and dentists were also given opportunity to work in the public interest.

Along with "boondoggling," another favorite charge is that the whole CWA was shot through with graft. What are the facts? With 4,000,000 people at work on 100,000 projects, 4,000,000 pay checks being drawn every week, and with millions of dollars' worth of supplies bought day by day the CWA ended with just 756 specific complaints of graft or corruption. Investigated by the proper authorities, all but 267 cases were dismissed as baseless, and of this number, 170 were irregularities that did *not* involve criminality. Ninety-seven cases were turned over to United States district attorneys for criminal prosecution, and twenty-two resulted in the conviction of a total of 27 persons. What finer testimonial could be given to the honesty and high purpose of the people of America?

Of course there were blunders and wastes. We were not planning an expedition to dig up Egyptian mummies. It was a rush job that meant hope and a living for millions of citizens. When a house is on fire you don't call a conference; you put it out! The CWA was an emergency measure, not a device for developing a planned economy. The one and only purpose of the program was to provide employment during the winter months. It started on schedule, and it ended in April, 1934, exactly on schedule.

Just as we were getting ready for the year's relief work that we knew to be ahead, however, the worst drought in the history of the nation came upon us. Whole states were burned up. Millions of bushels of wheat, corn, hay and oats were destroyed before the very eyes of their appalled owners. Cattle starved because there was neither feed nor water, and instead of great surpluses of grains, forage and livestock, the nation was confronted with shortages. It was a problem involving 1,200,000 farmers and a total population of 5,400,000 in the stricken area. Instead of relief rolls showing the decline that we had expected, they shot up from some 13,000,000 in May to 18,169,766 individuals in August.

Here again action was required, not long-winded conferences and pious public statements, and at the request of the President, Congress promptly appropriated $500,000,000 for drought relief. With an additional 5,000,000 people to care for, we made quick decision to buy and slaughter all cattle except base herds, processing and distributing the food to our relief rolls. Swinging into swift action, the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation made contracts with the packers, or developed canning facilities in the states under the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, for slaughtering a total of 6,798,000 head of cattle. The meat provided by this program is still being distributed to the unemployed throughout the nation. Some 75,900,000 pounds of tin plate were required to pack the meat and 190,000 railroad cars were required to ship the cattle. Farmers were paid $112,000,000 in seven months, and over $25,000,000 went to packers.

A Worth-While Enterprise

Wells were dug throughout the drought area and water was transported. Base herds were conserved by placing stock feed at strategic centers. All of this was accomplished through the relief machinery of the country. Five hundred thousand farmers were saved from hopeless ruin, and their economic interests protected throughout that long trying summer of 1934, the tragic results of which were only alleviated by the fine rains and crops in the spring of 1935. Not a pound of feed was destroyed; everything was salvaged, and a great disaster averted.

Out of the drought experience we learned that giving farmers direct relief or work relief when they should be working on their farms was a poor way of meeting the agricultural problem. An increasing number of farmers were on relief, and tens of thousands of farm laborers, share-croppers and tenants had not received the benefits of the recovery program. The intelligent thing, we concluded, was to try to rehabilitate them on the land in a manner that would free them from dependence on relief. We therefore organized our rural rehabilitation program to treat the farmers, share-croppers and tenants on an individual basis. Where necessary, we gave a cow, provided land, built a house, and furnished seed instead of giving unwanted direct relief. Two hundred thousand farm families took advantage of these opportunities, particularly in the South. Over $70,000,000 was advanced to them, and at the present time half of that amount has already been returned. In this way the family is made self-supporting and it was found that the cost of rehabilitation was less than the cost of supporting the family on the relief rolls. Thousands of letters and accurate case histories attest the worthwhileness of this enterprise.

No Time for Theories

As part and parcel of this program it was essential to get a large number of farmers, share-croppers, tenants and farm laborers out of their present environment, because the very character of the land made it impossible for them to make a decent living. Thus, with the coöperation of the several states, a number of communities were developed; e. g., Cherry Lake in Florida, Mississippi County in Arkansas and Pine Mountain Valley in Georgia. Large acreages of land, carefully surveyed by experts in advance, were purchased at reasonable prices by the government, and modest homes built at a cost of from eight to twelve hundred dollars, including electricity, community canneries, power facilities, schools and churches.

A family that had been carefully investigated as to its resources, and whose future looked hopeful, was given the opportunity to purchase a home and between ten and forty acres of land, on reasonable terms payable in from twenty to thirty years. The price of these units complete ranges from $1,500 to $2,500, and income from the land is supplemented by part-time employment in the neighborhood. No one is given anything, and the government will get back every cent that has been invested.

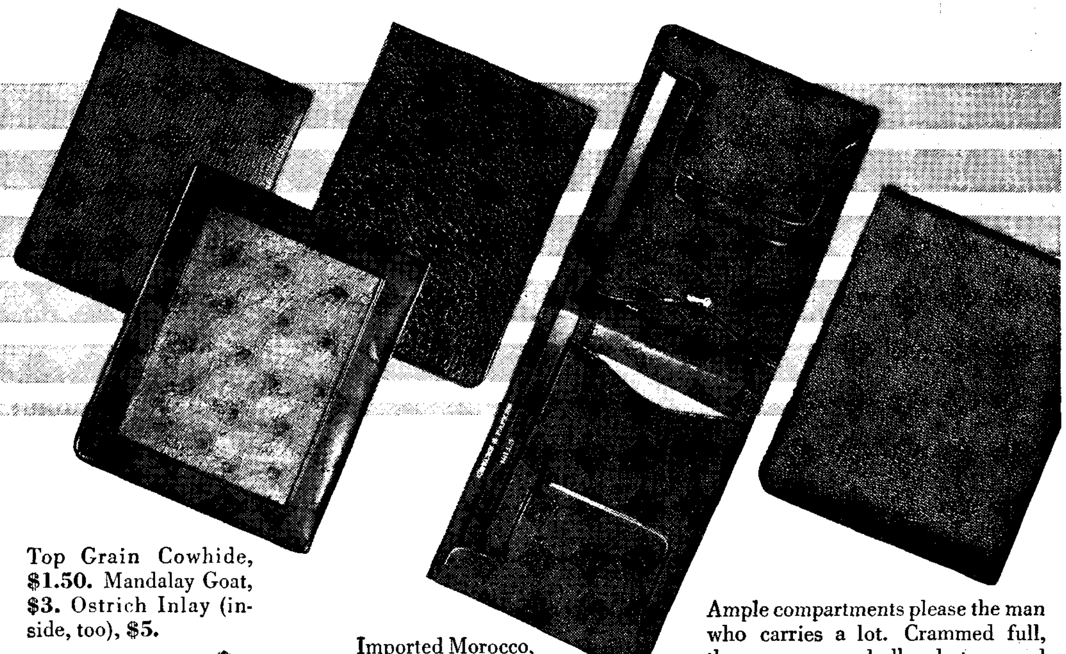
Looking back over two and a half years of bitter, unceasing struggle, I say again that it is incredible we did not flounder more and blunder more. The emergency task of feeding, clothing and sheltering twenty million American citizens of every race and religion in every state, county and town had to be approached realistically. Just as there was no time for red tape and cautious rounding of corners, so was there no time for theories and surveys. There was a job to be done, and it *was* done.

Moreover, it was done courageously. We haven't guessed, and we haven't concealed. We determined in the very beginning to find out just what the problem was, and for the first time ascertained the exact number of people on relief, breaking it down into families and single persons, transients, agriculturists, industrialists, professions, ages and even the skills of the individual. Instead of hiding and lying, we gave the figures to the public. No fact has been so ugly that we refused to face it, and as a result we know today just where we are. That, in itself, is a tremendous gain, for America is now in a position to quit stop-gap methods and deal fundamentally and permanently with the great and pressing questions of social and economic insecurity. Relief is merely an emergency measure, *not* the answer.

No Stitches to Rip

and spoil the usefulness of these good-looking Billfolds

For the Buxton "Stitchless" Billfold looks trimmer and stands hard wear better than any other you can buy



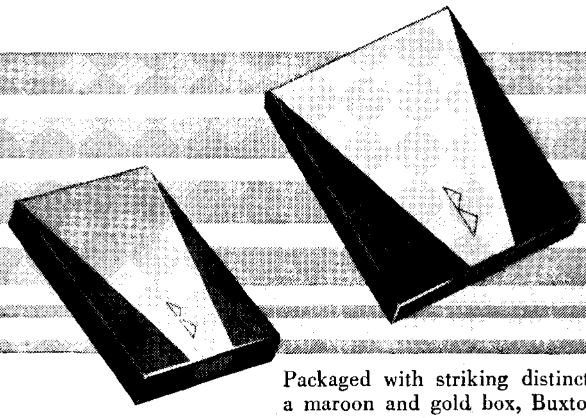
It's a Unique Construction

One single piece of leather, ingeniously interlocked, and patented by Buxton. No stitches to fray out and make your Billfold shabby before its time. Every Buxton Stitchless is guaranteed for the life of its long-wearing leather. And only Buxton makes the Stitchless Billfold.

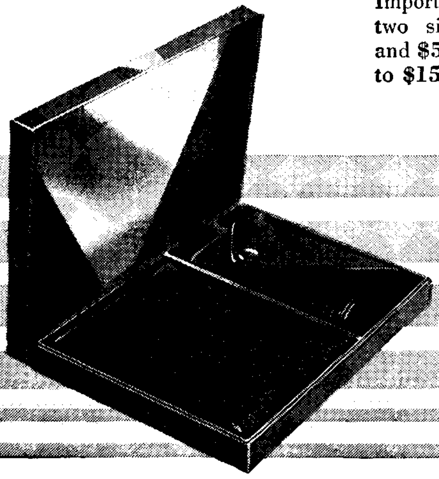
Top Grain Cowhide, **$1.50.** Mandalay Goat, **$3.** Ostrich Inlay (inside, too), **$5.**

Imported Morocco, two sizes, **$3.50** and **$5.** Others, **$3** to **$15.**

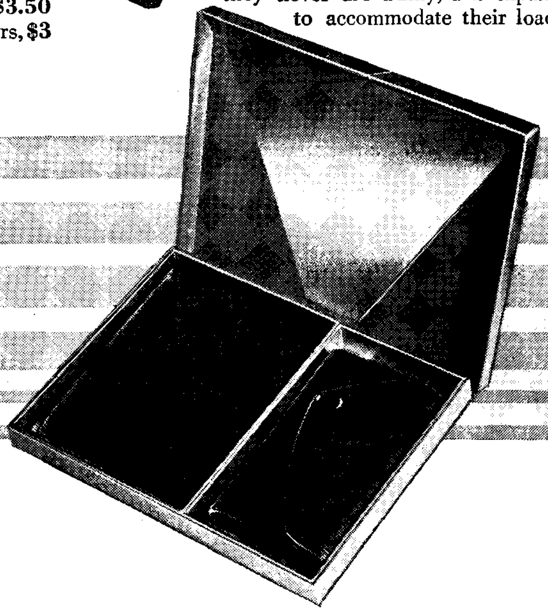
Ample compartments please the man who carries a lot. Crammed full, they never are bulky, but expand to accommodate their load.



Packaged with striking distinction in a maroon and gold box, Buxton gifts always have a festive air.



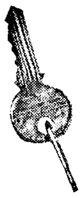
Gift Set in Mandalay Goat, **$3.50.** These sets make a practical gift, always popular with men. Others from **$2.50** to **$20.**



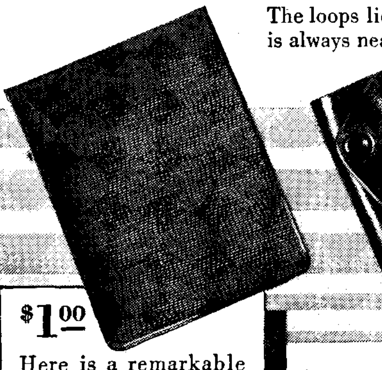
Gift Set in India Goat, **$5.** Stitchless Billfold and 6-loop Key-Tainer. Others from **$2.50** to **$20.**

A New Loop

locked into the Key-Tainer keeps your keys safe. Yet by pressing the automatic latch, loop and key are released instantly. No outdated hooks to spread and tangle. The loops lie flat, and your Key-Tainer is always neat and trim. From **50¢** up.

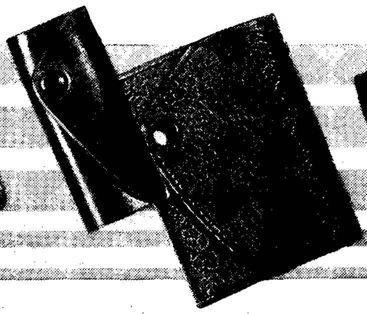


The Key-Tainer saves your time and temper. Can be opened with a flick of the thumb. Only requires one hand to use. Smart cutaway flap prevents "dog-ears" and holds your Key-Tainer in shape.

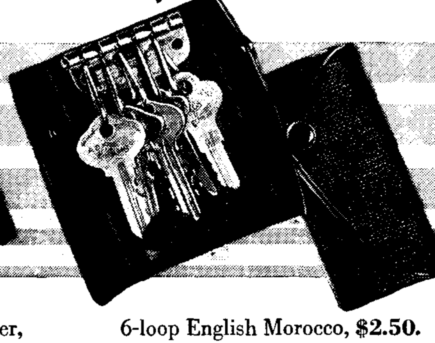


$1.00

Here is a remarkable gift for the money. A sturdy, flexible Cowhide Billfold in handsome Wing design. Solid leather throughout.



2-loop smooth Cowhide Key-Tainer, **50¢.** 8-loop Mandalay Grain Goat, **$2.**



6-loop English Morocco, **$2.50.** 4-loop India Goat, **$1.50.**

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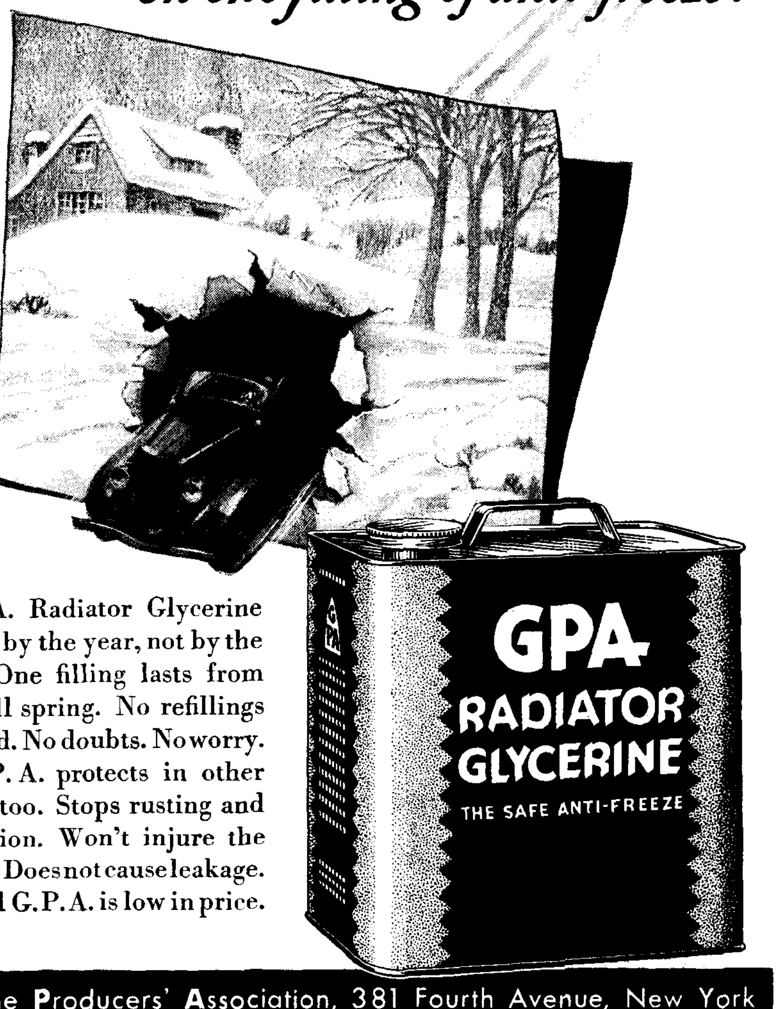


G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine works by the year, not by the day. One filling lasts from fall till spring. No refillings needed. No doubts. No worry.

G. P. A. protects in other ways, too. Stops rusting and corrosion. Won't injure the finish. Does not cause leakage. And G. P. A. is low in price.

Glycerine Producers' Association, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Traveling Light

Continued from page 9

the car around in a wide turn; the tires shrieked wildly and the car careened and skidded, but righted itself. George was thrown violently to the floor.

"Call your shots, you lug!" he cried, getting up groggily.

Looking back, Johnny saw one of the squad cars go over as it tried to make the turn, saw a man thrown clear and into a field at the side of the road. But the second car came on. George began to fire out the back window with the machine gun.

"Guy shooting with a rifle," said George calmly.

A bullet whined past them, then another. Suddenly they heard a loud metallic ping; then there was a terrific explosion.

"Good night," said George. "Church is out."

The man with the long-range rifle had hit a rear tire. The car turned half around, careened wildly, then jumped the road and rolled over into a field.

When Johnny came to they were carrying him into the county jail on a stretcher. Looking up, he saw Red, handcuffed, walking beside him. Red grinned.

"Nice party, eh?"

Johnny saw the stern faces of the deputy sheriffs. An old man with a tobacco-stained mustache was staring down at him.

"Okay, sonny?" he asked, smiling slightly.

"Yeah. I guess so. Where's the girl?"

"They just took her in. What she's doing with you, I don't know. She used to be a mighty nice girl. Knew her father."

Johnny sat up.

"Listen here . . ."

"Never mind, son," said the sheriff. "It'll all come out later."

RED and Johnny had been put into the first cell in the corridor and, pressing their faces against the bars, they could see what was going on in the sheriff's office at the front of the jail. George was in the cell next to them. Beyond George was the tank, where some drunks were shouting and laughing. The girl had been put into a cell at the far end of the L-shaped cell block and they could not see her.

The sheriff's office was jammed all afternoon; lawyers, deputies, city officials of all kinds, newspapermen and photographers milled about, and there was so much noise that George got up from time to time and yelled to them to be quiet, as he was trying to rest.

The cell block was not partitioned off from the sheriff's office but was a continuation with a low railing dividing it from the front hallway. All afternoon men crowded to the railing to stare in at the famous bank robbers: Red Hammond and George (Gloomy) Cooke.

Johnny sat on his bunk, staring at the floor.

"Red," he said, "why don't they let the girl and me go? You told them all about us."

"Fat chance," said Red. "They're all scared. Two to one you both stand trial. Course I'll testify for you; I like to testify. So will George and he can make any prosecuting attorney look like a deuce. He's smart, that guy. You'll get off, don't worry. But you may stand trial."

"I'm surprised the girl's boy friend hasn't turned up."

"How'd you like it, if she was your girl, not knowing all the facts?"

Johnny said nothing.

Red turned from the bars and came over to the bunk.

"What's up?" asked Johnny.

"Nothing. I thought it was the chief of police again. It's just one of the process servers. Didn't you get a bang out of that chief of police? Boy, we got friends in this place. All the big shots want us to come and stay with them. The chief sure would've liked to get us in his new escape-proof jail. Boy, didn't the old whittler swell up, though? We was his prisoners. Hot-cha!"

"Pipe down, Red," called George.

"Okay." Red sat down and lit a cigarette.

"That sheriff's all right," said Johnny. "He doesn't treat you like you were dirt, like all the others."

"No, he's friendly," said Red with a laugh; then he added: "God bless his dear old heart of gold."

Johnny said nothing.

"I told you to pipe down. That mouth of yours will get you in trouble some day," called George.

Red jumped up.

"Look here—" he said.

A matron was coming down the corridor with the girl. Johnny ran up to the front of the cell. He saw a tail, thin, light-haired young man standing at the railing, waiting for the girl.

"Her boy friend," said Johnny.

"I lose," said Red.

The girl turned and smiled wanly at Johnny. Then she went up to the young man. His face was stern. He began shouting at her. She started back, bewildered, then lowered her head. Johnny and Red strained their ears, trying to hear. From time to time they caught a phrase: ". . . You weren't satisfied to stay here . . . all the way to Texas . . . mixed up with gangsters . . . what will everybody say? . . . how do I know you were hitchhiking . . . getting in with three strange men . . . I'd have sent you the money . . . no, I can't help you now . . . you asked for it, now you've got it . . . disgracing all my people . . ."

Red laughed and shouted:

"What a baboon you turned out to be! Say, that gal's on the square."

"Some of your friends, I see," said the young man, then he turned and went out.

The girl followed the matron back along the corridor.

"Stiff upper lip," Johnny called after her.

"You got yourself a girl," said Red. "Right on the good old bounce. See? She's right in your lap."

Johnny sat down on the bunk. He felt better now, much better. After a while, without realizing it, he began to whistle.

AFTER they had eaten and the turnkey had taken the tin plates away, the sheriff came down the corridor and stopped before the first cell.

"How you doing, boys?" he asked, smiling at them. He had his coat off, as it was a rather hot evening, and they saw that he had a big revolver in a shoulder holster in addition to the automatic on his hip.

"Two-gun man, eh, sheriff?" said Red, grinning.

"Used to be," the sheriff replied. "I can remember the days of the gun-fanners. Well, boys, sleep tight. Food okay? We aim to please."

They saw him go into the front part of the jail, where his office was, and sit down at his desk. Near him a clerk was working at a typewriter, painfully typing a letter with one finger. A new turnkey came on duty and sat for a while on the sheriff's desk, talking to him, then disappeared.

George had been looking out the window of his cell ever since he had eaten.

"What's up?" Red demanded.

"Squad car cruising this district. Sort of making regular rounds. The chief of police's not taking any chances, I guess. Time is it?"

Red pressed his face against the bars and stared out into the front office.

"Ten after six."

Johnny watched them. They seemed excited. He was almost certain they were up to something; what, he couldn't imagine. Of course Red had boasted that they had friends in El Portal, but Johnny thought that he might be joking. After all, "friends," if any, don't storm jails. But why had they been in such a hurry to get to El Portal? Were they running away from something or toward it? Johnny watched, while Red walked back and forth slowly.

"How many left now?" George asked suddenly.

"Three," said Red, "but the clerk don't count and I can't see the turnkey."

There was a long silence, then Red gave a jump and hissed:

"Okay, George."

Pressing his face against the bars, Johnny saw three well-dressed men walk quickly into the jail. The sheriff, who had been reading a newspaper, jumped up. But the men were already holding guns on him. A dapper little man in a tight blue suit seemed to be the leader.

"Well, Buffalo Bill," he said, "stick up your paws. Reach for the ceiling."

The sheriff stood with his mouth open, his hands shaking.

"Where are you, boys?" yelled one of the men.

"Right back here," yelled Red. "Get the turnkey." In his excitement, Red began to rattle the cell door. He had forgotten all about Johnny, who still had his face pressed to the bars.

"Where is he?"

"Look around for him. He can't be far."

The man in the blue suit shouted at the sheriff: "Where's the turnkey?"

"Don't know."

"Remember quick."

Johnny held his breath.

"I won't tell you."

"Look for him, look for him," cried Red.

The man in the blue suit hit the sheriff over the head with the barrel of his revolver, and when the sheriff didn't fall, he hit him again.

Johnny gritted his teeth.

"No sense in that," he said, half crying, almost unable to bear the sight of this brutality.

STAGGERING, the sheriff went for his gun. A man in a brown suit jumped forward suddenly and hit the sheriff in the mouth with his fist. The sheriff fell back into his chair. In spite of his bravado, you could see that he was a very old man; his hat had fallen off and his sparse gray hair was standing up all over his head. The man in the brown suit disarmed him, then leaned forward and hit him again with his fist.

"Talk, you old goat!"

But the man in the blue suit shouted: "There's the turnkey."

Johnny heard the turnkey cry out.

Then he saw two of the men pulling him up the corridor. The clerk had fainted and had fallen forward across his desk, upsetting an inkwell. Johnny saw the ink dripping to the floor.

The turnkey, pale as death, goaded by the visitors, who were nervous now, fumblingly unlocked the door of Red's cell, then George's. Red leaped out into the corridor. The man in the blue suit handed Red an automatic, then turned and hit the turnkey over the head with the barrel of his revolver. The turnkey fell limp. George grabbed a Thompson gun from one of the men and they all started down the corridor. The man in the blue suit turned.

"What about this monkey?" he demanded, jerking his thumb at Johnny.

"Don't pay no attention to him," cried Red, "he's a softie. Let's get going."

Johnny stood at the door of the cell, not knowing what to do. He was trembling with excitement and rage. These dirty, lowdown brutes, treating a nice old guy like that; it was just ignorance and viciousness; absolutely unnecessary; they could have managed the jailbreak much better with a little less violence.

The man in the brown suit amused himself by slapping the sheriff's face several times very hard. Johnny saw the old man recoil; his nose began to bleed. Johnny lost his head. Rushing down the corridor, he tackled George from behind, and when they fell, he grabbed George's machine gun and got to his knees. George was knocked out by the fall onto the cement floor and lay groaning.

"Beat it," yelled the man in the blue suit. "Ain't that a siren I hear?"

Red glanced at George, then he fired twice at Johnny, two snap shots that went wide. The machine gun cut loose in Johnny's hands. Scared half to death, and amazed by the violent recoil of the gun, Johnny tried to stop it; he was firing high, spattering lead all over the walls and ceiling of the jail. The men ran out, shouting. Red turned and fired again, missing; then he ran out. The gun slipped from Johnny's grasp, kicked him in the stomach, knocking him over, then it subsided.

He heard the screaming of sirens and the roar of a powerful motor on the getaway, then he got groggily to his feet and walked over to the sheriff.

"Are you all right?" he cried.

"Well," said the sheriff, trying to smile, "I wouldn't go as far as to say that, but I'm still here."

THE judge leaned forward and looked at Johnny and the girl, who were a little nervous and kept glancing at each other. The judge was a young man with the face of a humorist.

"Case dismissed," he said, then he shook his finger at them. "Now I could say, let this be a lesson to you. But I know it won't. Nothing is ever a lesson to anybody, and if that sounds like philosophy, make the most of it. It was a mighty nice thing you did, standing up for old Jim Hughes, but why couldn't you have used a revolver! It's going to cost us five hundred dollars to fix up that jail and we may take it out of your share of the reward."

A bailiff turned to the sheriff and winked, then they both burst out laughing.

"Order in the court," said the judge. "Another thing, if Jim Hughes was a Democrat I'd like him better, but I guess he just got started wrong. As I said before, case dismissed."

"Thanks, your honor," said Johnny, grinning.

The sheriff got between Johnny and the girl and put his arms around them.

"Don't suppose you want to go over and see your friends in the new city jail, eh?" He laughed, then he groaned and rubbed his jaw. "That one fellow surely had a hard hand. Must have done some honest work before he started using a gun. You kids come and have lunch with me and the missus. How about it?"

"Well," said Johnny, "I've got to see a fellow first."

"What fellow?" asked the girl.

"Why," said Johnny, "that boy friend of yours. I feel like I'm responsible for getting you in this jam, so I thought I would—"

"Going to ask him to take me back?"

"Well, I thought . . ."

The sheriff stood looking at them, smiling slightly.

"What an idiot you are!" said the girl, then she turned to the sheriff. "Yes, we'll come for lunch."

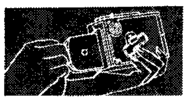
The New Gift is the New FILMO Straight 8

A compact, lightweight, truly pocket-size 8 mm. Movie Camera

Makes brilliant, lifelike motion pictures easily and economically. Loads almost instantly with the new Bell & Howell 8 mm. film costing only $1.45 a roll, including processing. Just look through the spyglass viewfinder and press the button . . . *what you see, you get!*

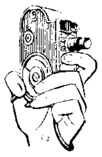
Never before has Bell & Howell offered so desirable a camera at so low a price . . . only $69. What gift could bring so much genuine pleasure?

Nearly identical in size and appearance is the Filmo Double 8, a 50-foot capacity 8 mm. camera, priced at $75.



For those who prefer 16 mm. . . . the new Filmo 121 Camera, magazine-loading, small, light, excellent for Kodachrome full color movies and for black and white.

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · HOLLYWOOD · LONDON · PARIS
World's largest manufacturer of precision equipment for professional motion picture studios



MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

Bell & Howell Co., 1802 Larchmont Ave., Chicago

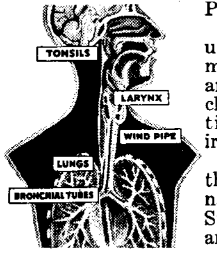
Please send booklet on ☐ Filmo Straight 8, ☐ Filmo Double 8, ☐ Filmo 121, and name of nearest dealer.

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*____________*State*________

In a single year . . . OVER 1,000,000 PRESCRIPTIONS were filled for PERTUSSIN

—because it relieves Coughs safely

OVER a million doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year. This estimate is based on the Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Assn.



When you cough, it's usually because tiny moisture glands in throat and bronchial tubes have clogged or dried. Infectious phlegm collects, irritates—you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture freely. Sticky phlegm loosens and is easily raised.

Get a bottle. All druggists.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!
Name____________________
Address Dept. CO-12-7

PRES-TO-FILL
the New *Combination*
POUCH *and* TOBACCO
DISPENSER

No Waste Tobacco!

50¢
Postpaid in U. S. A.

Holds 2 full ounces!

Dispenses tobacco directly into bowl of pipe by pressing sides at bottom of pouch . . . PRES-TO-FILL COMBINATION POUCH AND TOBACCO DISPENSER is the answer to the pipe-smoker's prayer. It dispenses tobacco directly into bowl of pipe. Pressing lightly on the sides does the work. NO WASTE. EXCLUSIVE AIRTIGHT FEATURE . . . KEEPS TOBACCO FRESH! PRES-TO-FILL is pracitcal and convenient. Very light weight! Molded of specially prepared, durable rubber, finished to resemble grain leather. Available: black or brown. Furnished in cellophane gift package. ORDER TODAY—your money will be refunded promptly if you are not completely satisfied.

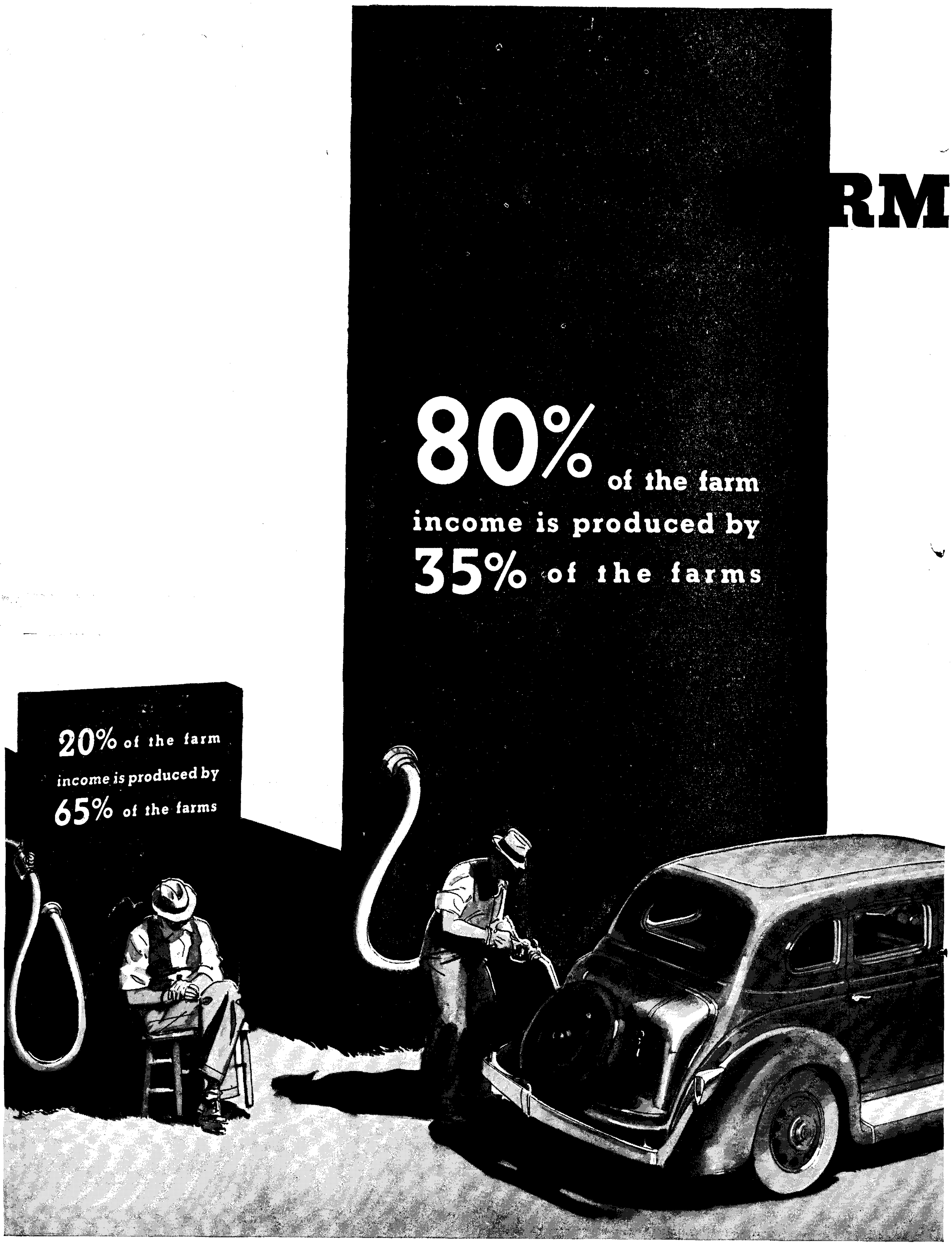
Pres-To-Fill Products Co. C-11-30
300 W. Adams St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Send at once............ PRES-TO-FILL Combination Pouches and Tobacco Dispensers @ 50¢ ea. (postpaid).

Colors wanted: ....Brown ....Black.

I enclose ......Check ......Cash ......Money Order ......Stamps
I understand that my money will be refunded if I am not thoroughly satisfied.

Name..............................
Address..............................


RM
80% of the farm income is produced by 35% of the farms
20% of the farm income is produced by 65% of the farms

MARKET A goes to town

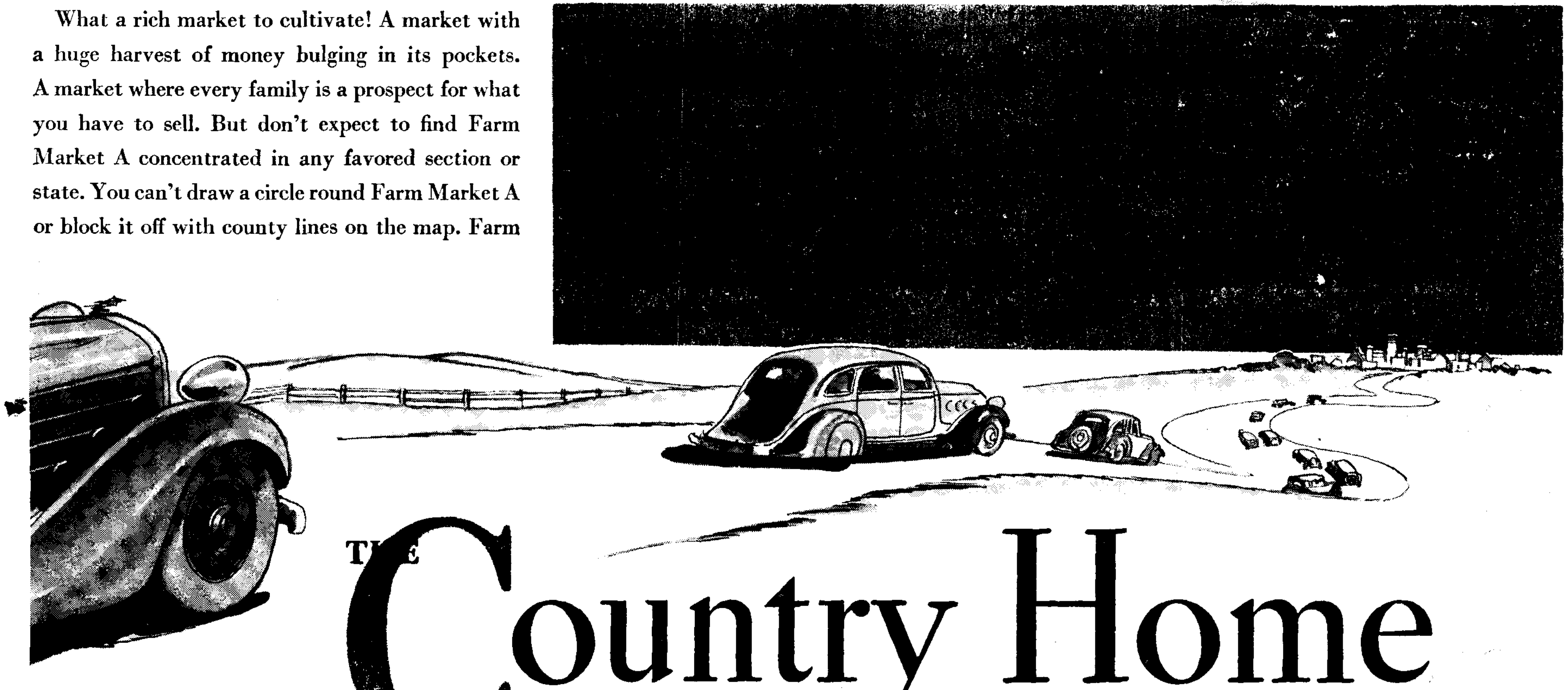
WITH 5½ BILLION DOLLARS TO SPEND

KEEP your eye on the man from Farm Market A. He's driving to town with his wife and family—to spend the biggest part of America's farm income. More than likely, he'll come home with those license plates bolted on a new car. *For Farm Market A buys more automobiles, more trucks and tractors than all the other farm markets put together!*

Here's the reason. While Farm Market A is made up of only 35% of all the farmers in this country, it gets 80% of the national farm income. In 1935, the gross income of these two million families will average over $3,000 apiece—*seven times as much as the average in Farm Market B, C, and D.*

What a rich market to cultivate! A market with a huge harvest of money bulging in its pockets. A market where every family is a prospect for what you have to sell. But don't expect to find Farm Market A concentrated in any favored section or state. You can't draw a circle round Farm Market A or block it off with county lines on the map. Farm Market A is a *national* market. It is the top farmers in the forty-eight states—*the farmers in the richest counties from coast to coast!*

Now for the most amazing fact. Through The Country Home magazine you can reach this rich, national rural market *for less cost-per-page per thousand readers than you can by using the so-called "coverage" or sectional farm magazines.* By using this national farm publication—the "accepted" publication of Farm Market A—you skip the country slums and dollar-a-day farm families. You reach only the top farmers in every community. When the subscriber's name is stenciled on the wrapper of The Country Home magazine, you know your sales message is directed to the cream of all prospect lists in rural America—to 1,500,000 of the country's richest farmers. Here is promotion with minimum waste. Here is promotion with maximum results—for your advertising goes to a market where buying dollars are counted in billions. Drive your sales story home to Farm Market A—and Farm Market A will drive home *in* your product—or *with* your product. Sell to the top—*sell to Farm Market A in 1936—and "go to town!"*



THE Country Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

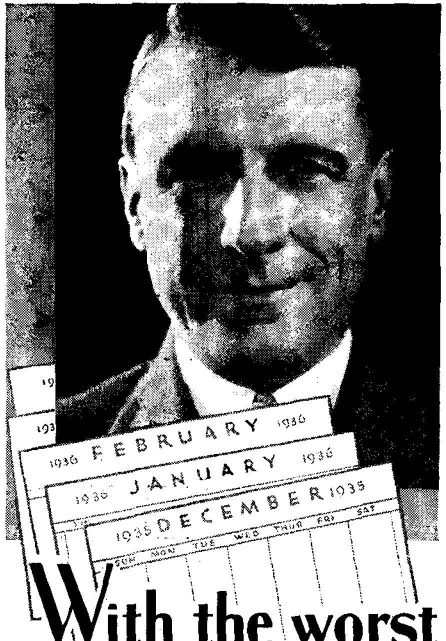
MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

Largest circulation in the rural field

© 1935, The Crowell Publishing Co.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S · WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE · THE COUNTRY HOME

● *Tune in*—"To Arms for Peace!". Presented by E. R. Squibb & Sons in cooperation with World Peaceways. Thurs., 9:30 P.M.E.S.T.—Columbia network



With the worst months of winter coming . . . . . .

No one can afford to neglect his *general resistance!*

Why are the winter months just ahead considered the "worst" months for common, winter ills? Why is it so important to take advance precautions against them?

Newer scientific facts show that these conditions move in a regular cycle. It's at the *end* of winter, not the beginning, that they strike hardest. You run the greatest risk in *January* and *February*.

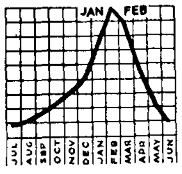
This is one reason. When you've gone through a few months of indoor living, by January your *general resistance* is more likely to be low.

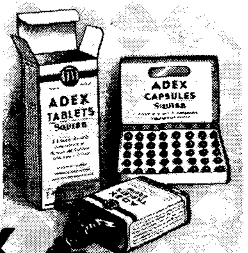
Perhaps during the fall, you're able to get along on the resistance you've stored, but before mid-winter, your physical forces may need replenishing. That's why it's important to *build general resistance* in advance of the "peak illness months."

An excellent aid is found in *Squibb Adex*. It provides Vitamins A and D from three of the richest known sources—halibut and cod liver oils and Viosterol. Each tablet supplies not less than 3,300 units of Vitamin A and 660 units of Vitamin D.

Taken *every day*, Adex will help to prepare you for the winter months just ahead. Ask at any good drug store for the original *Squibb Adex*. An exclusive product of E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.





ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

Snarls of Joy

Continued from page 26

and innovated a hair net crocheted of chenille, varnished twine, silk or wool yarn for daytime and for evening of seed pearls or gold or silver cord. Kostio de War showed hand-knits ranging from Alps-climbing costumes through cocktail and evening gowns. Lucien Lelong made an eloquent speech in favor of knitting and delivered a lamé evening wrap lined and collared with hand-knitted brown woolen yarn, a formal street suit with hand-knitted scarf edged with silver fox, and climactically, a bridal gown with a hand-knitted cap.

Now will you sniff at the girls who would rather count stitches than bridge scores? Or will you, more sensibly, dash right around to the knitting corner of your favorite department store?

There are the almost endless varieties of yarn—a census in one shop revealed 135, not counting colors. Just to look them over will give you ideas for things to do—lightweights like feathery Iceland suggest a lacy bed jacket; fingering yarn, fine and sturdy, proposes a trim ribbed sweater (knit a row, purl a row) with anklets to match for golf or walking. The Shetlands indicate smart sports suits; the bouclés of silk or rayon or wool-rayon mixtures will make dressy frocks. Soft Saxony yarn makes you think of baby things.

Tall Yarns

And then there are the novelties; the jiffy yarns to be worked on large wooden needles, making complete costumes in no time at all; raw silk or linen thread for unusual blouses and frocks; chenille for a stunning knit chaise longue cover lined with velvet—does the prospect begin to tempt you? And we haven't even mentioned the color combinations, the heathery tweeds, the delicate pastels with silk or even cellophane threads to make them glitter, the spotty and knotty and other imaginative new yarns that will have you giddy before you can make a choice. When you run out of husbands, children and friends for whom to knit, you can always join one of the hundreds of competitions being run all over the country, and you'll be sure that your contribution, at least, is practical as well as pretty.

In odd moments you can turn out coasters for cocktail glasses, mats to guard the dining table from hot platters, or a trim doily set. If your husband is talking wistfully about a new golf sweater for spring, show him how to knit it himself during the long winter evenings. Maybe even Junior will catch the virus and knit himself a necktie. If he balks, tell him about the prince, who thriftily uses up an extra bit of yarn by making mittens to match—quite a mark for Junior to shoot at, for mittens are a tricky job. Perhaps he'd better try a ski cap first.

There is a rumor in inner circles to the effect that His Royal Highness was persuaded to take up the needles by an enterprising American yarn manufacturer who pointed out the encouragement it would offer the Australian sheep raisers. However that may be, the yarn manufacturers have not exactly tried to dam up the wave of woolly homework that has swept the civilized world. As a result of their efforts, even if you have until this moment thought a purl was the result of an oyster's indigestion, you can become a knitter in good standing almost overnight by the simple exertion of writing for a booklet. They come in all varieties for all stages of proficiency, from those which show you how to cast on, with diagrams, to those which picture the newest version of the three-piece hand-knitted sports suit, Paris designed, tailored to fit, full instructions in the back.

Tailoring's the thing in this newest incarnation of the old art. You won't find it easy to laugh off a badly fitting armhole, just because you knitted it yourself. Some of the experts knit their garments in sections and stitch them together, like the parts of a dress pattern. There are even dressmaking enthusiasts who cut and fit a knitted garment just as they would a fabric one. But you'll find it unnecessary to take to the scissors (it's dangerous anyway unless you know how to catch all the ends) if you follow directions carefully. It's a case of simple arithmetic: every costume has with it a set of measurements based on a stitch gage. Measure yourself carefully at all important points, take the size given and figure out where you diverge. Then take up your needles and knit several trial inches. Count the number of stitches you take to make an inch of width, and the number of rows for an inch of length, and compare it with the stitch gage given. Write down your mathematical pattern, and go to it.

All the knitting teachers in the land join in a plea for you to take this matter seriously. The stitch gage varies with every kind of yarn and every size of needles. Moreover, no two people knit alike, and you yourself knit more tightly when you're tense and more loosely when you're relaxed. One woman who got her instructions by telephone insisted she knitted six stitches to the inch, and some days later she brought in a sweater to fit her small daughter's doll. Luckily that particular garment submitted to blocking—they pulled and yanked it to her size.

Blocking is the saving grace that covers a multitude of knitting sins. If, despite all your measurements, the finished garment doesn't fit as it should, don't lose heart. Pin your hope to a pad according to the corrected measurements, and steam it into shape with a hot iron over a damp cloth. When you've done one side turn it over and repeat. And when it's dry, don't hang the precious thing on a hanger. Fold it neatly and put it in a dresser drawer. Pink ribbon bows and clouds of worshipful incense are optional.

A word about buying yarns: to be sure you have the right weight and quality for the thing you're making, get your whole supply at once to insure its being the same dye lot. It would be tragic to have your particular kind run out just as you got to the armhole, and, worse still, to go on and find the new batch is off color. Streaking, by the way, is not unusual even in the best yarns, especially those containing rayon. A way of eliminating this danger is to keep two balls rolling simultaneously; some very lively effects are achieved this way, especially with the tweedy yarns. When you're really expert, you'll be doing checks and plaids, and keeping as many as half a dozen balls of different colors going all the time.

The Tangled Sleeve of Care

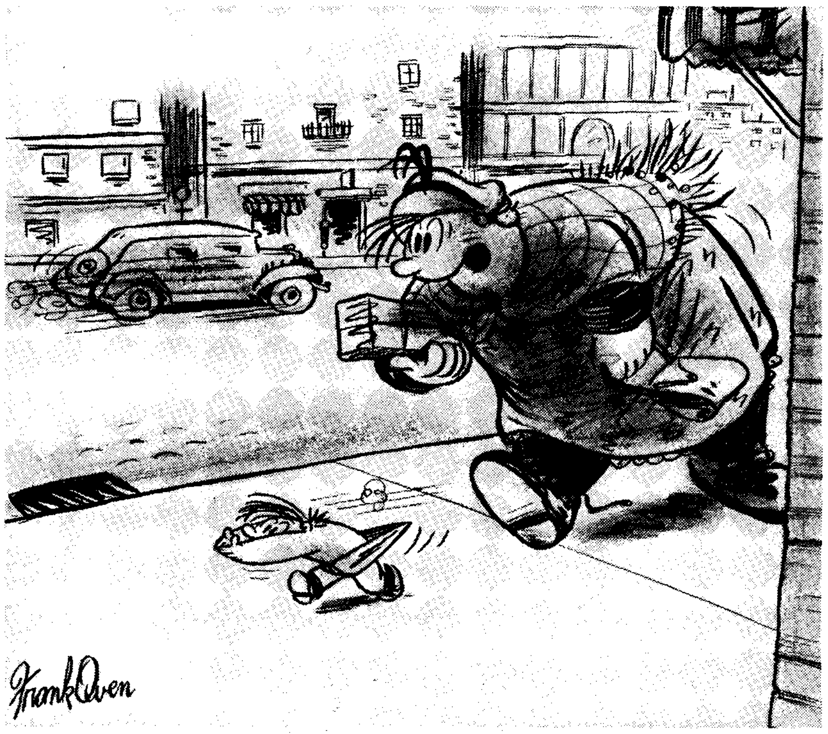
If there is still a benighted soul in our advertisement-educated land who does not know better than to wash a knitted garment in hot water, rub it and wring it and hang it up to dry, let her go ahead and do it. Some garments never react so well to the most careful washing as they do to a cleaning fluid. For most, however, tepid water, some minutes of soaking in pure suds, squeezing to get out the spots, and then spreading on a towel in its proper shape are the time-honored rules. A clever girl has invented a gadget for drying into shape, nothing more than a combination of wooden rods for sweaters or blouses and another one for skirts, which can be had in your size or near enough. Ask your Bachelor of Knitting and Crocheting about it.

And while you sit and knit, it may add to your pleasure to remember that you're doing just what the doctor ordered for quiet nerves and a balanced mind. You'll agree with him—until the moment when you discover a dropped stitch!

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"So that's why you wanted your pants starched! You've gone streamline!"

Research–a *fundamental* Means to an end

. . . getting facts is never an end in itself

THE true function of advertising research is apt to become blurred in these complex times. Too often, it assumes an academic importance which loses sight of its fundamental task—that of getting new facts about markets and merchandise from which to evolve great selling ideas.

How to find out often over-shadows *what to find out.* But Lord & Thomas always remember that *getting* facts is not an end in itself, though we yield to none in our recognition that fact-finding is a fundamental means to our ends.

Where Facts Are Found

Facts from which great Reasons-Why are sifted may be found *outside*, as well as *inside*, a client's business. And in the fundamental research which yields these facts, Lord & Thomas delve deeply in many fields.

We believe, for instance, that we are unique for our "liaison" between science and advertising. Many of our most successful campaigns result from facts gathered through personal contact with men in scientific centers, laboratories, hospitals and universities.

Lord & Thomas' ability to get significant facts—*fast*—without involving either a client or ourselves in costly procedure, comes from *knowing exactly where to go.* Every Lord & Thomas office has developed a technique whereby its research is proportioned not only according to population, but according to incomes, occupations, sex, age and race. This makes it possible for us to get our facts with a minimum number of calls.

Here is an Example

We recently completed a national survey for a maker of a small popular-priced packaged article. We interviewed 13,000 consumers in 80 cities, from coast to coast. The time allowed us was three weeks—in which we had to make the survey, plan it, organize trained investigators, collect returns, tabulate and analyze them. We had one of the largest independent research organizations in the country estimate on the job. They said, "$7500—but it can't possibly be done in three weeks."

Lord & Thomas' own Research Department did the job in less than three weeks, at a cost of less than $4000. And from its facts came a *Reason-Why* that was at once new, compelling and exclusive.

Research Reveals Every Detail of our Client's Business

Lord & Thomas seek to know every detail of a client's business. His manufacturing, merchandising and distribution are subject to our constant study—from the *outside viewpoint.* We seek to know, personally, the key buyers and policy-pioneers in every line of trade affecting our clients. We contact them regularly. And we have scores of devices for keeping in tune with shifting buying habits, brand preferences, price policies and trade practices.

Rich By-Products Often Revealed

The getting of these facts is tremendously important. Not only for the ultimate great *Reason-Why*, but for the mine of helpful suggestions which so often reveal themselves as rich by-products for the advertiser. And yet—research can never be more important than as a *fundamental means* to this end: that of sifting these facts for the *one great selling idea* on which success in advertising mainly depends.

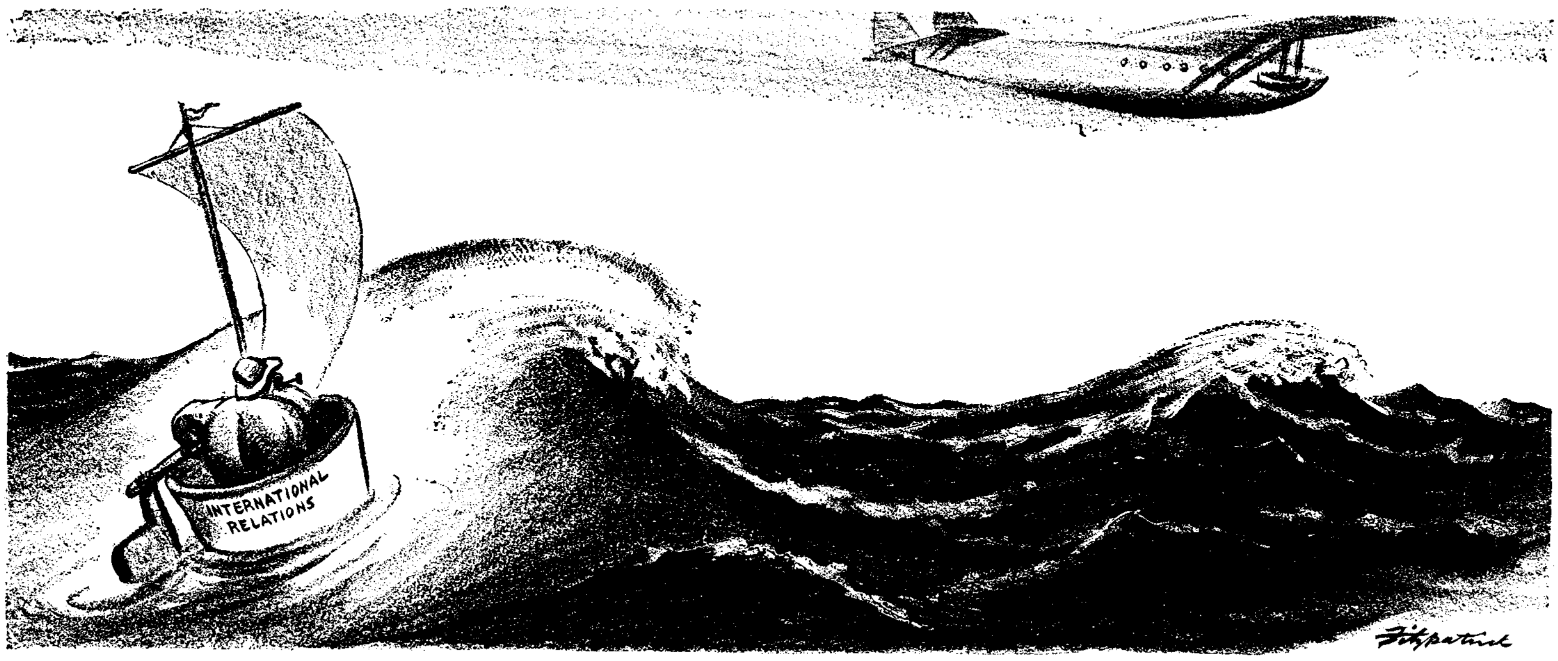
This *selection* is the big fundamental in all advertising research. It is also the rare and difficult. But it is a working principle at Lord & Thomas—a *tested* principle born of experience in investing $500,000,000 for clients in advertising, over a period of 63 years. And of this sum, $180,000,000 has been placed through us *in the last five years of depression.*

LORD & THOMAS · *advertising*

There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London
Each office is a complete advertising agency, self-contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



Wings Across the Sea

IT IS a great moment when the huge seaplane rises above San Francisco's gleaming waters and begins to wing its long way to Hawaii and points beyond until West becomes East. Here is an achievement of which as Americans we can be proud. A new chapter in human progress is being unfolded.

We make our history quickly these days. Just a hundred years ago the famous sailing ships called clippers began to startle the world with their speed. California by the fastest ships and the luckiest voyage was three months away from New York. Japan was a closed kingdom. China was months distant from the nearest American or European ports.

The clipper ships, swift and beautiful and efficient though they were, had a brief reign. The first large clipper, the Ann McKim, of 494 tons, was built in Baltimore in 1833. By 1854 steam engines had won the economic struggle with sail and the clippers were on the way out.

Curiously, the first airship built especially for the transpacific trade is the China Clipper, also a product of Baltimore. Just one hundred and two years compasses the gap between the first of the fast sailing ships and the great air clipper.

Transportation, varying endlessly in form but always swifter in pace and cheaper in economic cost, is the great factor in all of the changes through which we have passed. As the China Clipper and the sister ships of the Pan American Airways settle down to their schedules, Manila or Canton will be brought within a few days of San Francisco, and Honolulu within eighteen hours. By the time the routine has been well established, schedules will be further shortened. Within the limits of the ordinary two-week vacation it will be practicable to visit China or the Philippines or Japan.

The detailed consequences of this new transportation link between Asia and America cannot be accurately prophesied. Thirty years ago no one foresaw clearly what effects the development of the motorcar would have on our civilization. It is easy to see now, looking backward, the prodigious changes it brought about. Nearly all of our activities and interests have in one way or another been profoundly influenced by what we called pleasure cars when Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House.

What the motorcar has accomplished in the domestic field, the transoceanic airplane may bring about in the realm of international relations. Those responsible for establishing air transport over the Pacific are, naturally, absorbed in making a success of a commercial undertaking. They are looking for profitable business just as the owners and masters of the old sailing ships sought profit on their long voyages of trade.

The fact that it is possible for a businessman or a diplomat or a soldier to cross the Pacific in a few days instead of weeks, or to cross the Atlantic in even shorter time, will bring about its own far-reaching consequences. For the moment, almost all countries are highly nationalistic in temper. Most profess to want to live to themselves alone without regard to what happens to others.

How long this wave of nationalism will continue no one knows. We do know, however, that international travel is destined to be immensely stimulated and increased by the inauguration of the transpacific service and the transatlantic flights soon to follow. We also know that this increased frequency of travel will inevitably result in the creation of new international relationships. As governments we may conceivably go on being suspicious of one another, but as travelers we shall develop more intimate relationships.

Serious political difficulties had to be overcome before the purely technical problem of surveying the transpacific airline could be approached. Fortunately for the American pioneer the United States controls a chain of islands which bridge the Pacific. Honolulu, capital of the first and largest group, is 2,400 miles from California ports. Midway Island, Wake Island, Guam and Manila provide landing points after flights ranging from 1,242 to 1,500 miles.

At Manila the political difficulties arise. The Philippines are now autonomous. China, Japan and all of the Asiatic coast present problems. Popular demand for air transport is, however, too insistent long to be frustrated by politicians.

As the service is developed, it must be extended. American-owned islands merely shortened the time.

Even now political obstacles delay the establishment of a transatlantic service. The flights of the Pan American ships over the Pacific have demonstrated the ease with which the shorter distances across the Atlantic can be accomplished.

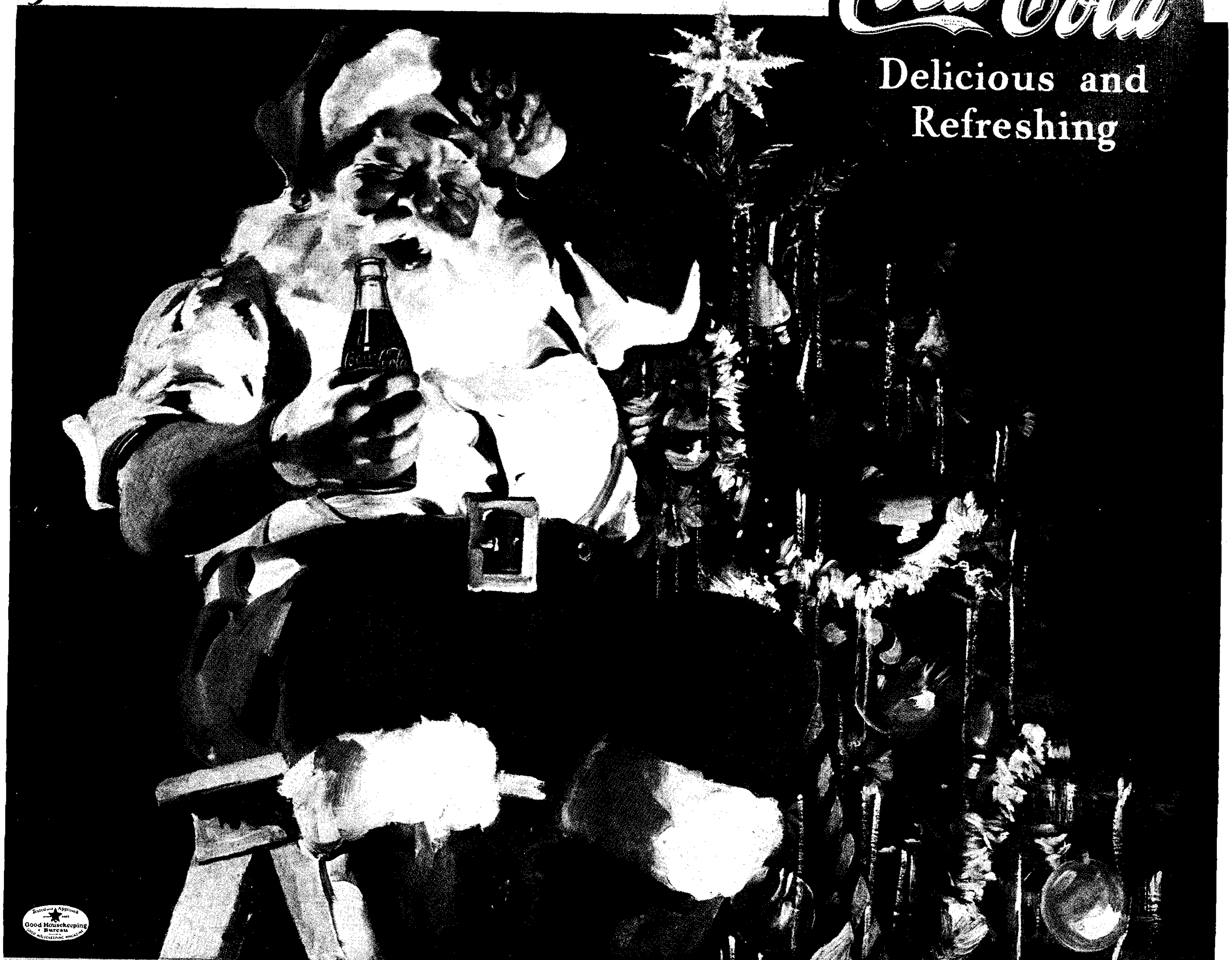
Before we realize what has happened, the political difficulties which have delayed the transatlantic service may vanish. Suddenly we may be offered the opportunity to fly to Europe in sixty or forty-eight hours or less.

If in some ways politics shows up our worst traits, the science and the industry which have made practicable long flights across oceans exhibit the finest and most exhilarating qualities of men. The great seaplanes, capable of carrying forty or fifty men across 2,400 miles of water between sunrise and sunset of a long summer's day, express glorious imagination as well as the most precise thinking and the most careful experimentation. Flight is the product of the creative thinking of disciplined and disinterested minds.

Perhaps we shall learn sometime to devote these capacities which are so fruitful in technical achievement to resolving problems in politics and in international relationships. At any rate, we may be certain that the great airlines are helping to establish new conditions to which we must adjust ourselves. Transpacific flight on a routine commercial basis is a guidepost in history. It marks the beginning of a development the end of which is far beyond our horizon.

"It will refresh you, too"

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES
5¢

Of course there's a Santa Claus. Of course he gets tired and thirsty. Ice-cold Coca-Cola, with energy-giving refreshment, quenches his thirst as nothing else can. It will do the same for you, too . . . of course.

ON THE AIR
Refreshment Time · RAY NOBLE and his orchestra.
CBS coast-to-coast every Wednesday night, 9:30 EST

$10,000.00 — In cash prizes for Mrs. Jones' answer!

In the picture, Mrs. Smith is asking Mrs. Jones about the flour she uses. What is Mrs. Jones going to tell her? Probably she will mention some of the facts emphasized below. Write down your idea of what she'll say . . . what you write may bring you a check for $3,000.00! The best statement of not more than 50 words will receive first prize of $3,000.00. And there will be 1519 other prizes, from $1,000.00 down.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS WHY WOMEN LIKE PILLSBURY'S BEST. READ THEM!

Then, make up a simple statement — 50 words or less — for Mrs. Jones!

You know, there are two wonderful things about Pillsbury's Best Flour.

First, it is dependable. Wherever and whenever bought, Pillsbury's Best is always the same. This may not be true of flour made from only one kind of wheat grown in one territory. For when a new crop of wheat from that territory comes in, the quality of that wheat may be different . . . and if so, of course the flour is different! You are likely to have baking trouble. This can never happen with Pillsbury's Best —for it is made from many fine wheats, blended in such a way that the quality of Pillsbury's Best never changes!

Now, here's the second advantage. A flour made from only one kind of wheat may work all right for bread but not for cakes . . . or for biscuits and not for bread. But, with Pillsbury's Best, everything you bake turns out perfectly, from bread to the most delicate pastry . . . for the exclusive Pillsbury's Best blend of wheats makes a "balanced" flour that is exactly right for *all* baking!

In short, Pillsbury's Best helps you do the kind of baking that wins compliments. You can *see* and *taste* the difference. And Pillsbury's Best guards you from wasteful, expensive baking failures, too! So, you see, Pillsbury's Best is not a luxury, but actually an economy!

"WHAT KIND OF FLOUR DO YOU BUY, MRS. JONES?"
"I BUY PILLSBURY'S BEST BECAUSE . . ."
(NOT OVER 50 WORDS IN ALL)
Pillsbury's PANCAKE FLOUR
Balanced Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Flour

MRS. ELIZABETH GOODING . . more than 80 years old . . WON $3,000.00

Mrs. Elizabeth Gooding, who lives with two daughters on a farm in Illinois, won first prize of $3,000.00 in a previous Pillsbury's Best contest. She's glad she didn't give up before she started! It's worth trying . . . do it today!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Simply write a statement of not more than fifty words, giving your idea of what Mrs. Jones would tell Mrs. Smith about Pillsbury's Best. You need not use the five opening words shown in the picture unless you wish. Use only one side of the paper. Write your name and address under your statement.
2. Attach to your statement the sack trade-mark clipped from the recipe folder in a bag of Pillsbury's Best Flour. Mail to Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Contest Department 3, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
3. Submit as many statements as you like, but each must be accompanied by one of the trade-marks described in Rule 2.
4. Your entry must be postmarked before midnight of December 15, 1935.
5. Judges are: Miss Bess M. Rowe of The Farmer's Wife, Mrs. Lettie Gay of Parents' Magazine and Miss Clementine Paddleford, noted food editor and writer. The decision of the judges is accepted as final by all entrants.
6. Prizes will be awarded for statements which, in the opinion of the judges, would have the greatest value in advertising Pillsbury's Best Flour. No special consideration will be given decorated or fancy entries.
7. Each winner agrees to permit the use of his or her prize-winning statement, photograph, name and address in published or radio announcements. No entries will be returned.
8. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
9. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Pillsbury Flour Mills Company or its advertising agency, and their families.

$3,000.00 if you write the best statement!
$1,000.00 if you write the second best!
$500.00 if you write the third best!

AND 1517 OTHER PRIZES

4TH PRIZE $250.00 5TH PRIZE $100.00

Ten prizes of $50.00 . . . Twenty-five prizes of $10.00 . . . Four hundred eighty prizes of $5.00 . . . One thousand prizes of $2.00.

Here's a really simple, easy contest—one in which you have a real chance to win! All you have to do is write down in everyday language what one woman might say to another about Pillsbury's Best Flour. At the upper left are printed some *reasons why* Pillsbury's Best is so good.

Read these reasons carefully. Then think back over all the good baking days you've had with Pillsbury's Best. (If you haven't tried it, buy a bag today from your grocer and find out!) Then imagine a young bride—a new neighbor or a friend—asking you about Pillsbury's Best. Simply write down what you'd say to her. The sincere, honest, from-the-heart statement is a lot more likely to win than fancy writing.

Send your statement in promptly. Entries must be postmarked not later than December 15, 1935. Just think of the things you could do if you could go downtown tomorrow and cash a check for $3,000.00! And . . . if you miss the first prize, there are 1519 other prizes, every one worth winning—any one worth the few minutes you spend writing this simple, easy statement.